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FRIENDS
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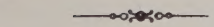
Ewing Galloway

KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE AT CAMELOT

The Academy Classics

BOOK OF STORIES

SELECTED AND EDITED
BY
EMILY HANSON OBEAR
WALTON JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL
NEW YORK CITY



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PREFACE

THESE stories have been collected for the enjoyment of pupils of junior high school age. More than half these tales were written by living authors of established reputation, several of whom have generously written letters to the boys and girls who are to read this book.

The first consideration in selecting the stories was to include only those that are good examples of the story-teller's art. Besides this element of interest, many of the stories have ethical and social values that will furnish the class group with subjects for lively discussion.

The meanings of unfamiliar words and expressions have been given as an aid to rapid reading and interpretation. The suggestions for study and for creative work by the pupils will encourage and motivate original composition. Questions have been included to help young readers develop a standard by which they may learn to judge the value of short stories.

The list of books for boys and girls has been compiled to meet young readers' demands for interest and variety in their reading material. Included are stories of everyday experiences, stories of adventure, stories of brave dogs, stories of New York City, of Maine, and of South America, as well as stories associated with literature and history.

The object of this *Book of Stories* will be accomplished if it helps boys and girls of junior high school age to travel with eager pleasure far into the land of good books.

E. H. O.

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A BOOK OF STORIES

BETSY HAS A BIRTHDAY[1]

By Dorothy Canfield

Betsy's birthday was the ninth of September, and the Necronsett Valley Fair is always held from the eighth to the twelfth. So it was decided that Betsy should celebrate her birthday by going up to Woodford, where the Fair was held. The Putneys weren't going that year, but the people on the next farm, the Wendells, said they could make room in their surrey for the two little girls; for, of course, Molly was going, too. In fact, she said the Fair was held partly to celebrate her being six years old. This would happen on the seventeenth of October. Molly insisted that that was plenty close enough to the ninth of September to be celebrated then. This made Betsy feel like laughing out, but observing that the Putneys only looked at each other with the faintest possible quirk in the corners of their

[1] Reprinted from *Understood Betsy* by Dorothy Canfield. Published by Henry Holt and Company.

serious mouths, she understood that they were afraid that Molly's feelings might be hurt if they laughed out loud. So Betsy tried to curve her young lips to the same kind and secret mirth.

And, I can't tell you why, this effort not to hurt Molly's feelings made her have a perfect spasm of love for Molly. She threw herself on her and gave her a great hug that tipped them both over on the couch on top of Shep, who stopped snoring with his great gurgling snort, wriggled out from under them, and stood with laughing eyes and wagging tail, looking at them as they rolled and giggled among the pillows.

"What dress are you going to wear to the Fair, Betsy?" asked Cousin Ann. "And we must decide about Molly's, too."

This stopped their rough-and-tumble fun in short order, and they applied themselves to the serious question of a toilet.

When the great day arrived, and the surrey drove away from the Wendells' gate, Betsy was in a fresh pink-and-white gingham which she had helped Cousin Ann make, and plump Molly looked like something good to eat in a crisp white little dimity, one of Betsy's old dresses, with a deep hem taken in to make it short enough for the little butterball. Because it was Betsy's birthday, she sat on the front seat with Mr. Wendell, and part of the time, when there were not too many teams on the road, she

drove, herself. Mrs. Wendell and her sister filled the back seat solidly full from side to side and made one continuous soft lap on which Molly happily perched, her eyes shining, her round cheeks red with joyful excitement. Betsy looked back at her several times and thought how very nice Molly looked. She had, of course, little idea how she herself looked, because the mirrors at Putney Farm were all small and high up, and anyhow they were so old and greenish that they made everybody look very queer-colored. You looked in them to see if your hair was smooth, and that was about all you could stand.

So it was a great surprise to Betsy later in the morning, as she and Molly wandered hand in hand through the wonders of Industrial Hall, to catch sight of Molly in a full-length mirror as clear as water. She was almost startled to see how faithfully reflected were the yellow of the little girl's curls, the clear pink and white of her face, and the blue of her soft eyes. An older girl was reflected there also, near Molly, a dark-eyed, red-cheeked, sturdy little girl, standing very straight on two strong legs, holding her head high and free, her dark eyes looking out brightly from her tanned face. For an instant Betsy gazed into those clear eyes and then . . . why, gracious goodness! That was herself she was looking at! How changed she was! How very, very different she looked from the last

time she had seen herself in a big mirror! She remembered it well — out shopping with Aunt Frances in a department store, she had caught sight of a pale little girl, with a thin neck, and spindling legs half-hidden in the folds of Aunt Frances's skirts. But she didn't look even like the sister of this browned, muscular, upstanding child who held Molly's hand so firmly.

All this came into her mind and went out again in a moment, for Molly caught sight of a big doll in the next aisle and they hurried over to inspect her clothing. The mirror was forgotten in the many exciting sights and sounds and smells of their first county fair.

The two little girls were to wander about as they pleased until noon, when they were to meet the Wendells in the shadow of Industrial Hall and eat their picnic lunch together. The two parties arrived together from different directions, having seen very different sides of the Fair. The children were full of the merry-go-rounds, the balloon-seller, the toy-venders, and the pop-corn stands, while the Wendells exchanged views on the shortness of a hog's legs, the dip in a cow's back, and the thickness of a sheep's wool. The Wendells, it seemed, had met some cousins they didn't expect to see, who, not knowing about Betsy and Molly, had hoped that they might ride home with the Wendells.

"Don't you suppose," Mrs. Wendell asked Betsy, "that you and Molly could go home with the Vaughans? They're here in their big wagon. You could sit on the floor with the Vaughan children."

Betsy and Molly thought this would be great fun, and agreed enthusiastically.

"All right then," said Mrs. Wendell. She called to a young man who stood inside the building, near an open window: "Oh, Frank, Will Vaughan is going to be in your booth this afternoon, isn't he?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the young man. "His turn is from two to four."

"Well, you tell him, will you, that the two little girls who live at Putney Farm are going to go home with them. They can sit on the bottom of the wagon with the Vaughan young ones."

"Yes, ma'am," said the young man, with a noticeable lack of interest in how Betsy and Molly got home.

"Now, Betsy," said Mrs. Wendell, "you go round to that booth at two and ask Will Vaughan what time they're going to start and where their wagon is, and then you be sure not to keep them waiting a minute."

"No, I won't," said Betsy. "I'll be sure to be there on time."

She and Molly still had twenty cents to spend out of the forty they had brought with them, twenty-five earned by berry-picking and fifteen

a present from Uncle Henry. They now put their heads together to see how they could make the best possible use of their four nickels. Cousin Ann had put no restrictions whatever on them, saying they could buy any sort of truck or rubbish they could find, except the pink lemonade. She said she had been told the venders washed their glasses in that, and their hands, and for all she knew, their faces. Betsy was for merry-go-rounds, but Molly yearned for a big red balloon; and while they were buying that, a man came by with toy dogs, little brown dogs with curled-wire tails. He called out that they would bark when you pulled their tails, and seeing the little girls looking at him, he pulled the tail of the one he held. It gave forth a fine loud yelp, just like Shep when his tail got stepped on. Betsy bought one, all done up neatly in a box with blue string. She thought it a great bargain to get a dog who would bark for five cents. (Later on, when they undid the string and opened the box, they found the dog had one leg broken off and wouldn't make the faintest squeak when his tail was pulled; but that is the sort of thing you must expect to have happen to you at a county fair.)

Now they had ten cents left and they decided to have a ride apiece on the merry-go-round. But, glancing up at the clock-face in the tower over Agricultural Hall, Betsy noticed it was half-past two and she decided to go first to the booth where

Will Vaughan was to be and find out what time they would start for home. She found the booth with no difficulty, but William Vaughan was not in it. Nor was the young man she had seen before. There was a new one, a strange one, a careless, whistling young man, with very bright socks, very yellow shoes, and very striped cuffs. He said, in answer to Betsy's inquiry: "Vaughan? Will Vaughan? Never heard the name," and immediately went on whistling and looking up and down the aisle over the heads of the little girls, who stood gazing up at him with very wide, startled eyes. An older man leaned over from the next booth and said: "Will Vaughan? He from Hillsboro? Well, I heard somebody say those Hillsboro Vaughans had word one of their cows was awful sick, and they had to start right home that minute."

Betsy came to herself out of her momentary daze and snatched Molly's hand. "Hurry! quick! We must find the Wendells before they get away!"

In her agitation (for she was really very much frightened) she forgot how easily terrified little Molly was. Her alarm instantly sent the child into a panic. "Oh Betsy! Betsy! What will we do!" she gasped, as Betsy pulled her along the aisle and out of the door.

"Oh, the Wendells can't be gone yet," said Betsy reassuringly, though she was not at all sure she was telling the truth. She ran, as fast as she could drag

Molly's fat legs, to the horse-shed where Mr. Wendell had tied his horses and left the surrey. The horse-shed was empty, quite empty.

Betsy stopped short and stood still, her heart seeming to be up in her throat so that she could hardly breathe. After all, she was only ten that day, you must remember. Molly began to cry loudly, hiding her weeping face in Betsy's dress. "What will we do, Betsy! What can we *do!*" she wailed.

Betsy did not answer. She did not know what they *would* do! They were eight miles from Putney Farm, far too much for Molly to walk, and anyhow neither of them knew the way. They had only ten cents left, and nothing to eat. And the only people they knew in all that throng of strangers had gone back to Hillsboro.

"What will we do, Betsy?" Molly kept on crying out, horrified by Betsy's silence and evident consternation.

The other child's head swam. She tried again the formula which had helped her when Molly fell into the Wolf Pit, and asked herself, desperately, "What would Cousin Ann do if she were here?" But that did not help her much now, because she could not possibly imagine what Cousin Ann would do under such appalling circumstances. Yes, one thing Cousin Ann would be sure to do, of course; she would quiet Molly first of all.

At this thought, Betsy sat down on the ground and took the panic-stricken little girl into her lap, wiping away the tears and saying, stoutly, "Now, Molly, stop crying this minute. I'll take care of you, of course. I'll get you home all right."

"How'll you ever do it?" sobbed Molly. "Everybody's gone and left us. We can't walk!"

"Never you mind how," said Betsy, trying to be facetious and mock-mysterious, though her own under lip was quivering a little. "That's my surprise party for you. Just you wait. Now come on back to that booth. Maybe Will Vaughan didn't go home with his folks."

She had very little hope of this, and only went back there because it seemed to her a little less dauntingly strange than every other spot in the howling wilderness about her; for all at once the Fair, which had seemed so lively and cheerful and gay before, seemed now a horrible, frightening, noisy place, full of hurried strangers who came and went their own ways, with not a glance out of their hard eyes for two little girls stranded far from home.

The bright-colored young man was no better when they found him again. He stopped his whistling only long enough to say, "Nope, no Will Vaughan anywhere around these diggings yet."

"We were going home with the Vaughans,"

murmured Betsy, in a low tone, hoping for some help from him.

"Looks as though you'd better go home on the cars," advised the young man casually. He smoothed his black hair back straighter than ever from his forehead and looked over their heads.

"How much does it cost to go to Hillsboro on the cars?" asked Betsy with a sinking heart.

"You'll have to ask somebody else about that," said the young man. "What I don't know about this Rube state! I never was in it before." He spoke as though he were very proud of the fact.

Betsy turned and went over to the older man who had told them about the Vaughans.

Molly trotted at her heels, quite comforted, now that Betsy was talking so competently to grown-ups. She did not hear what they said, nor try to. Now that Betsy's voice sounded all right, she had no more fears. Betsy would manage somehow. She heard Betsy's voice again talking to the other man, but she was busy looking at an exhibit of beautiful jelly glasses, and paid no attention. Then Betsy led her away again out of doors, where everybody was walking back and forth under the bright September sky, blowing on horns, waving plumes of brilliant tissue-paper, tickling each other with peacock feathers, and eating pop-corn and candy out of paper bags.

That reminded Molly that they had ten cents

yet. "Oh, Betsy," she proposed, "let's take a nickel of our money for some pop-corn."

She was startled by Betsy's fierce sudden clutch at their little purse and by the quaver in her voice as she answered: "No, no, Molly. We've got to save every cent of that. I've found out it costs thirty cents for us both to go home to Hillsboro on the train. The last one goes at six o'clock."

"We haven't got but ten," said Molly.

Betsy looked at her silently for a moment and then burst out, "I'll earn the rest! I'll earn it somehow! I'll have to! There isn't any other way!"

"All right," said Molly quaintly, not seeing anything unusual in this. "You can, if you want to. I'll wait for you here."

"No, you won't!" cried Betsy, who had quite enough of trying to meet people in a crowd. "No, you won't! You just follow me every minute! I don't want you out of my sight!"

They began to move forward now, Betsy's eyes wildly roving from one place to another. How could a little girl earn money at a county fair! She was horribly afraid to go up and speak to a stranger, and yet how else could she begin?

"Here, Molly, you wait here," she said. "Don't you budge till I come back."

But alas! Molly had only a moment to wait that time, for the man who was selling lemonade answered Betsy's shy question with a stare and a curt,

"Lord, no! What could a young one like you do for me?"

The little girls wandered on, Molly calm and expectant, confident in Betsy; Betsy with a very dry mouth and a very gone feeling. They were passing by a big shed-like building now, where a large sign proclaimed that the Woodford Ladies' Aid Society would serve a hot chicken dinner for thirty-five cents. Of course the sign was not accurate, for at half-past three, almost four, the chicken dinner had long ago been all eaten and in place of the diners was a group of weary women moving languidly about or standing saggingly by a great table piled with dirty dishes. Betsy paused here, meditated a moment, and went in rapidly so that her courage would not evaporate.

The woman with gray hair looked down at her a little impatiently and said, "Dinner's all over."

"I didn't come for dinner," said Betsy, swallowing hard. "I came to see if you wouldn't hire me to wash your dishes. I'll do them for twenty-five cents."

The woman laughed, looked from little Betsy to the great pile of dishes, and said, turning away, "Mercy, child, if you washed from now till morning, you wouldn't make a hole in what we've got to do."

Betsy heard her say to the other women, "Some young one wanting more money for the side-shows."

Now, now was the moment to remember what Cousin Ann would have done. She would certainly not have shaken all over with hurt feelings nor have allowed the tears to come stingingly to her eyes. So Betsy sternly made herself stop doing these things. And Cousin Ann wouldn't have given way to the dreadful sinking feeling of utter discouragement, but would have gone right on to the next place. So, although Betsy felt like nothing so much as crooking her elbow over her face and crying as hard as she could cry, she stiffened her back, took Molly's hand again, and stepped out, heartsick within but very steady (although rather pale) without.

She and Molly walked along in the crowd again, Molly laughing and pointing out the pranks and antics of the young people, who were feeling livelier than ever as the afternoon wore on. Betsy looked at them grimly with unseeing eyes. It was four o'clock. The last train for Hillsboro left in two hours and she was no nearer having the price of the tickets. She stopped for a moment to get her breath; for, although they were walking slowly, she kept feeling breathless and choked. It occurred to her that if ever a little girl had had a more horrible birthday she never heard of one!

"Oh, I wish I could, Dan!" said a young voice near her. "But honest! Momma'd just eat me up alive if I left the booth for a minute!"

Betsy turned quickly. A very pretty girl with yellow hair and blue eyes (she looked as Molly might when she was grown up) was leaning over the edge of a little canvas-covered booth, the sign of which announced that home-made doughnuts and soft drinks were for sale there. A young man, very flushed and gay, was pulling at the girl's gingham sleeve. "Oh, come on, Annie. Just one turn! The floor's elegant. You can keep an eye on the booth from the hall! Nobody's going to run away with the old thing anyhow!"

"Honest, I'd love to! But I got a great lot of dishes to wash, too! You know Momma!" She looked longingly toward the open-air dancing floor, out from which just then floated a burst of brazen music.

"Oh, please!" said a small voice. "I'll do it for twenty cents."

Betsy stood by the girl's elbow, all quivering earnestness.

"Do what, kiddie?" asked the girl in a good-natured surprise.

"Everything!" said Betsy, compendiously. "Everything! Wash the dishes, tend the booth; *you* can go dance! I'll do it for twenty cents."

The eyes of the girl and the man met in high amusement. "My! Aren't we up and coming!" said the man. "You're 'most as big as a pint-cup, aren't you?" he said to Betsy.

The little girl flushed — she detested being laughed at — but she looked straight into the laughing eyes. "I'm ten years old to-day," she said, "and I can wash dishes as well as anybody." She spoke with dignity.

The young man burst out into a great laugh. "Great kid, what?" he said to the girl, and then, "Say, Annie, why not? Your mother won't be here for an hour. The kid can keep folks from walking off with the dope and . . ."

"I'll do the dishes, too," repeated Betsy, trying hard not to mind being laughed at, and keeping her eyes fixed steadily on the tickets to Hillsboro.

"Well, by gosh," said the young man, laughing. "Here's our chance, Annie, for fair! Come along!"

The girl laughed, too, out of high spirits. "Wouldn't Momma be crazy!" she said hilariously. "But she'll never know. Here, you cute kid, here's my apron." She took off her long apron and tied it around Betsy's neck. "There's the soap; there's the table. You stack the dishes up on that counter."

She was out of the little gate in the counter in a twinkling, just as Molly, in answer to a beckoning gesture from Betsy, came in. "Hello, there's another one!" said the gay young man, gayer and gayer. "Hello, button! What you going to do? I suppose when they try to crack the safe, you'll run at them and bark and drive them away!"

Molly opened her sweet, blue eyes very wide, not understanding a single word. The girl laughed, swooped back, gave Molly a kiss, and disappeared, running side by side with the young man toward the dance hall.

Betsy mounted on a soap box and began joyfully to wash the dishes. She had never thought that ever in her life would she simply *love* to wash dishes beyond anything else! But it was so. Her relief was so great that she could have kissed the coarse, thick plates and glasses as she washed them.

"It's all right, Molly; it's all right!" she quavered exultantly to Molly over her shoulder. But as Molly had not (from the moment Betsy took command) suspected that it was not all right, she only nodded and asked if she might sit up on a barrel where she could watch the crowd go by.

"I guess you could. I don't know why *not*," said Betsy doubtfully. She lifted her up and went back to her dishes. Never were dishes washed better!

"Two doughnuts, please," said a man's voice behind her.

Oh, mercy, there was somebody come to buy! Whatever should she do? She came forward intending to say that the owner of the booth was away and she didn't know anything about . . . but the man laid down a nickel, took two doughnuts, and turned away. Betsy gasped and looked

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Never were dishes washed better!

at the home-made sign stuck into the big pan of doughnuts. Sure enough, it read "2 for 5." She put the nickel up on a shelf and went back to her dishwashing. Selling things wasn't so hard, she reflected.

As her hunted feeling of desperation relaxed, she began to find some fun in her new situation, and when a woman with two little boys approached, she came forward to wait on her, elated, important. "Two for five," she said in a businesslike tone. The woman put down a dime, took up four doughnuts, divided them between her sons, and departed.

"My!" said Molly, looking admiringly at Betsy's coolness over this transaction. Betsy went back to her dishes stepping high.

"Oh, Betsy, see! The pig! The big ox!" cried Molly now, looking from her coign of vantage down the wide, grass-grown lane between the booths.

Betsy craned her head around over her shoulder, continuing conscientiously to wash and wipe the dishes. The prize stock was being paraded around the Fair; the great prize ox, his shining horns tipped with blue rosettes; the prize cows, with wreaths around their necks; the prize horses, four or five of them as glossy as satin, curving their bright, strong necks and stepping as though on eggs, their manes and tails braided with bright ribbon; and then, "Oh, Betsy, *look* at the pig!" screamed Molly again — the smaller animals, the

sheep, the calves, the colts, and the pig, which waddled along with portly dignity.

Betsy looked as well as she could over her shoulder . . . and in years to come she can shut her eyes and see in every detail that rustic procession under the golden, September light.

But she looked anxiously at the clock. It was nearing five. Oh, suppose the girl forgot and danced too long!

"Two bottles of ginger ale and half a dozen doughnuts," said a man with a woman and three children.

Betsy looked feverishly among the bottles ranged on the counter, selected two marked ginger ale, and glared at their corrugated tin stoppers. How *did* you get them open?

"Here's your opener," said the man, "if that's what you're looking for. Here, you get the glasses and I'll open the bottles. We're in kind of a hurry. Got to catch a train."

Well, they were not the only people who had to catch a train, Betsy thought sadly. They drank in gulps and departed, cramming doughnuts into their mouths. Betsy wished ardently that the girl would come back. She was now almost sure she had forgotten and would dance there till nightfall. But there, there she came, running along as light-footed after an hour's dancing as when she had left the booth.

"Here you are, kid," said the young man, producing a quarter. "We've had the time of our young lives, thanks to you."

Betsy gave him back one of the nickels that remained to her, but he refused it.

"No, keep the change," he said royally. "It was worth it."

"Then I'll buy two doughnuts with my extra nickel," said Betsy.

"No, you won't," said the girl. "You'll take all you want for nothing. . . . Momma'll never miss 'em. And what you sell here has got to be fresh every day. Here, hold out your hands, both of you."

"Some people came and bought things," said Betsy, happening to remember as she and Molly turned away. "The money is on that shelf."

"Well, *now!*" said the girl, "if she didn't take hold and sell things! Say . . ." — she ran after Betsy and gave her a hug — "you smart young one, I wish't I had a little sister just like you!"

Molly and Betsy hurried along out of the gate into the main street of the town and down to the station. Molly was eating doughnuts as she went. They were both quite hungry by this time, but Betsy could not think of eating till she had those tickets in her hand.

She pushed her quarter and a nickel into the ticket-seller's window and said "Hillsboro" in as

confident a tone as she could; but when the precious bits of paper were pushed out at her and she actually held them, her knees shook under her and she had to go and sit down on the bench.

"My! Aren't these doughnuts good?" said Molly. "I never in my life had *enough* doughnuts before!"

Betsy drew a long breath and began rather languidly to eat one herself; she felt, all of a sudden, very, very tired.

She was more tired still when they got out of the train at Hillsboro Station and started wearily up the road toward Putney Farm. Two miles lay before them, two miles which they had often walked before, but never after such a day as now lay back of them. Molly dragged her feet as she walked and hung heavily on Betsy's hand. Betsy plodded along, her head hanging, her eyes all gritty with fatigue and sleepiness. A light buggy spun round the turn of the road behind them, the single horse trotting fast as though the driver were in a hurry, the wheels rattling smartly on the hard road. The little girls drew out to one side and stood waiting till the road should be free again. When he saw them, the driver pulled the horse back so quickly it stood almost straight up. He peered at them through the twilight and then with a loud shout sprang over the side of the buggy.

It was Uncle Henry — oh, goody, it was Uncle

Henry come to meet them! They wouldn't have to walk any farther!

But what was the matter with Uncle Henry? He ran up to them, exclaiming, "Are ye all right? Are ye all right?" He stooped over and felt of them desperately as though he expected them to be broken somewhere. And Betsy could feel that his old hands were shaking, that he was trembling all over. When she said, "Why, yes, Uncle Henry, we're all right. We came home on the cars," Uncle Henry leaned up against the fence as though he couldn't stand up. He took off his hat and wiped his forehead and he said — it didn't seem as though it could be Uncle Henry talking, he sounded so excited — "Well, well — well, gosh! My! Well, by thunder! Now! And so here ye are! And you're all right! *well!*"

He couldn't seem to stop exclaiming, and you can't imagine anything stranger than an Uncle Henry who couldn't stop exclaiming.

After they all got into the buggy, he quieted down a little and said, "Thunderation! But we've had a scare! When the Wendells come back with their cousins early this afternoon, they said you were coming with the Vaughans. And then when you didn't come and *didn't* come, we telephoned to the Vaughans, and they said they hadn't seen hide nor hair of ye, and didn't even know you were *to* the Fair at all! I tell you, your Aunt Abigail

and I had an awful turn! Ann and I hitched up quicker'n scat and she put right out with Prince up toward Woodford and I took Jessie down this way; thought maybe I'd get trace of ye somewhere here. Well, land!" He wiped his forehead again. "Wa'n't I glad to see you standin' there . . . get along, Jess! I want to get the news to Abigail soon as I can!"

"Now tell me what in thunder *did* happen to you!"

Betsy began at the beginning and told straight through, interrupted at first by indignant comments from Uncle Henry, who was outraged by the Wendells' loose wearing of their responsibility for their children. But as she went on, he quieted down to a closely attentive silence, interrupting only to keep Jess at her top speed.

Now that it was all safely over, Betsy thought her story quite an interesting one, and she omitted no detail, although she wondered once or twice if perhaps Uncle Henry were listening to her, he kept so still. "And so I bought the tickets and we got home," she ended, adding, "Oh, Uncle Henry, you ought to have seen the prize pig! He was *too* funny!"

They turned into the Putney yard now and saw Aunt Abigail's bulky form on the porch.

"Got 'em, Abby! All right! No harm done!" shouted Uncle Henry.

Aunt Abigail turned without a word and went back into the house. When the little girls dragged their weary legs in, they found her quietly setting out some supper for them on the table, but she was wiping away with her apron the joyful tears which ran down her cheeks, such white cheeks! It seemed so strange to see rosy Aunt Abigail with a face like paper.

"Well, I'm glad to see ye," she told them soberly. "Sit right down and have some hot milk. I had some all ready."

The telephone rang, she went into the next room, and they heard her saying, in an unsteady voice: "All right, Ann. They're here. Your father just brought them in. I haven't had time to hear about what happened yet. But they're all right. You'd better come home."

"That's your Cousin Ann telephoning from the Marshalls'."

She herself went and sat down heavily, and when Uncle Henry came in a few minutes later, she asked him in a rather weak voice for the ammonia bottle. He rushed for it, got her a fan and a drink of cold water, and hung over her anxiously till the color began to come back into her pale face. "I know just how you feel, Mother," he said sympathetically. "When I saw 'em standin' there by the roadside, I felt as though somebody had hit me a clip right in the pit of the stomach."

The little girls ate their supper in a tired daze, not paying any attention to what the grown-ups were saying, until rapid hoofs clicked on the stones outside and Cousin Ann came in quickly, her black eyes snapping.

"Now, for mercy's sake, tell me what happened," she said, adding hotly, "and if I don't give that Maria Wendell a piece of my mind!"

Uncle Henry broke in: "*I'm* going to tell what happened. I *want* to do it. You and Mother just listen, just sit right down and listen." His voice was shaking with feeling, and as he went on and told of Betsy's afternoon, her fright, her confusion, her forming the plan of coming home on the train and of earning the money for the tickets, he made, for once, no Putney pretense of casual coolness. His old eyes flashed fire as he talked.

Betsy, watching him, felt her heart swell and beat fast in incredulous joy. Why, he was proud of her! She had done something to make the Putney cousins proud of her!

When Uncle Henry came to the part where she went on asking for employment after one and then another refusal, Cousin Ann reached out her long arms and quickly, almost roughly, gathered Betsy up on her lap, holding her close as she listened. Betsy had never before sat on Cousin Ann's lap.

And when Uncle Henry finished — he had not forgotten a single thing Betsy had told him — and

asked, "What do you think of *that* for a little girl ten years old to-day?" Cousin Ann opened the flood-gates wide and burst out, "I think I never heard of a child's doing a smarter, grittier thing . . . *and I don't care if she does hear me say so!*"

It was a great, a momentous, an historic moment!

Betsy, enthroned on those strong knees, wondered if any little girl had ever had such a beautiful birthday.

TOM SAWYER WHITEWASHES THE FENCE[1]

By Mark Twain

Saturday morning was come, and all the summer world was bright and fresh, and brimming with life. There was a song in every heart; and if the heart was young the music issued at the lips. There was cheer in every face and a spring in every step. The locust-trees were in bloom and the fragrance of the blossoms filled the air. Cardiff Hill, beyond the village and above it, was green with vegetation, and it lay just far enough away to seem a Delectable Land, dreamy, reposeful, and inviting.

Tom appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence, and all gladness left him and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit. Thirty yards of board fence nine feet high. Life to him seemed hollow, and existence but a burden. Sigh-

[1] Reprinted from *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* by Mark Twain, by the express permission of the Trustees of the Estate of Samuel L. Clemens, the Mark Twain Co., and Harper and Brothers, publishers.

ing, he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation; did it again; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree-box discouraged. Jim came skipping out at the gate with a tin pail, and singing *Buffalo Gals*. Bringing water from the town pump had always been hateful work in Tom's eyes, before, but now it did not strike him so. He remembered that there was company at the pump. White, mulatto, and negro boys and girls were always there waiting their turns, resting, trading playthings, quarrelling, fighting, skylarking. And he remembered that although the pump was only a hundred and fifty yards off, Jim never got back with a bucket of water under an hour — and even then somebody generally had to go after him. Tom said:

"Say, Jim, I'll fetch the water if you'll whitewash some."

Jim shook his head and said:

"Can't, Mars Tom. Ole missis, she tole me I got to go an' git dis water an' not stop foolin' roun' wid anybody. She say she spec' Mars Tom gwine to ax me to whitewash, an' so she tole me go 'long an' 'tend to my own business — she 'lowed *she'd* 'tend to de whitewashin'."

"Oh, never you mind what she said, Jim. That's the way she always talks. Gimme the bucket —

I won't be gone only a minute. *She* won't ever know."

"Oh, I dasn't, Mars Tom. Ole missis she'd take an' tar de head off'n me. 'Deed she would."

"*She!* She never licks anybody — whacks 'em over the head with her thimble — and who cares for that, I'd like to know. She talks awful, but talk don't hurt — anyways it don't if she don't cry. Jim, I'll give you a marvel. I'll give you a white alley!"

Jim began to waver.

"White alley, Jim! And it's a bully taw."

"My! Dat's a mighty gay marvel, *I* tell you! But Mars Tom, I's powerful 'fraid ole missis —"

"And besides, if you will I'll show you my sore toe."

Jim was only human — this attraction was too much for him. He put down his pail, took the white alley, and bent over the toe with absorbing interest while the bandage was being unwound. In another moment he was flying down the street with his pail and a tingling rear, Tom was whitewashing with vigor, and Aunt Polly was retiring from the field with a slipper in her hand and triumph in her eye.

But Tom's energy did not last. He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day, and his sorrows multiplied. Soon the free boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expe-

ditions, and they would make a world of fun of him for having to work — the very thought of it burnt him like fire. He got out his worldly wealth and examined it — bits of toys, marbles, and trash; enough to buy an exchange of *work*, maybe, but not half enough to buy so much as half an hour of pure freedom. So he returned his straitened means to his pocket, and gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys. At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him! Nothing less than a great, magnificent inspiration.

He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight presently — the very boy, of all boys, whose ridicule he had been dreading. Ben's gait was the hop-skip-and-jump — proof enough that his heart was light and his anticipations high. He was eating an apple, and giving a long, melodious whoop, at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding-dong-dong, ding-dong-dong, for he was personating a steamboat. As he drew near, he slackened speed, took the middle of the street, leaned far over to starboard and rounded to ponderously and with laborious pomp and circumstance — for he was personating the *Big Missouri*, and considered himself to be drawing nine feet of water. He was boat and captain and engine-bells combined; so he had to imagine himself standing on his own hurricane-deck giving the orders and executing them:

"Stop her, sir! Ting-a-ling-ling!" The headway ran almost out, and he drew up slowly toward the sidewalk.

"Ship up to back! Ting-a-ling-ling!" His arms straightened and stiffened down his sides.

"Set her back on the stabboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow! ch-chow-wow! Chow!" His right hand, meantime, describing stately circles — for it was representing a forty-foot wheel.

"Let her go back on the labboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow-ch-chow-chow!" The left hand began to describe circles.

"Stop the stabboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Stop the labboard! Come ahead on the stabboard! Stop her! Let your outside turn over slow! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow-ow-ow! Get out that head line! *Lively* now! Come — out with your spring-line — what're you about there! Take a turn round that stump with the bight of it! Stand by that stage, now — let her go! Done with the engines, sir! Ting-a-ling-ling! *Sh't! s'h't!* sh't!" (trying the gauge-cocks).

Tom went on whitewashing — paid no attention to the steamboat. Ben stared a moment and then said:

"Hi-*yi! You're* up a stump, ain't you!"

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist, then he gave his brush another gentle sweep and surveyed the result, as before.

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"Why, it's you, Ben! I warn't noticing."

Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said:

"Hello, old chap, you got to work, hey?"

Tom wheeled suddenly and said:

"Why, it's you, Ben! I warn't noticing."

"Say — *I'm* going in a-swimming, *I* am. Don't you wish you could? But of course you'd druther *work* — wouldn't you? Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said:

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't *that* work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly:

"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh come, now, you don't mean to let on that you *like* it?"

The brush continued to move.

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth — stepped back to note the effect — added a touch here and there — criticised the effect again — Ben watching every move and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said:

"Say, Tom, let *me* whitewash a little."

Tom considered, was about to consent; but he altered his mind:

"No — no — I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence — right here on the street, you know — but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind and *she* wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it the way it's got to be done."

"No — is that so? Oh come, now — lemme just try. Only just a little — I'd let *you*, if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest injun; but Aunt Polly — well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him; Sid wanted to do it, and she wouldn't let Sid. Now don't you see how I'm fixed? If you was to tackle this fence and anything was to happen to it —"

"Oh, shucks, I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say — I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here — No, Ben, now don't. I'm afeard —"

"I'll give you *all* of it!"

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while the late steamer *Big Missouri* worked and sweated in the

sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite, in good repair; and when *he* played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with — and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had, besides the things before mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jews-harp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire-crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog-collar — but no dog — the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange-peel, and a dilapidated old window sash.

He had had a nice, good, idle time all the while — plenty of company — and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of white-wash he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

Tom said to himself that it was not such a hollow world, after all. He had discovered a great law

of human action, without knowing it — namely, that in order to make a man or a boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make the thing difficult to attain. If he had been a great and wise philosopher, like the writer of this book, he would now have comprehended that Work consists of whatever a body is *obliged* to do, and that Play consists of whatever a body is not obliged to do. And this would help him to understand why constructing artificial flowers or performing on a treadmill is work, while rolling ten-pins or climbing Mont Blanc is only amusement. There are wealthy gentlemen in England who drive four-horse passenger-coaches twenty or thirty miles on a daily line, in the summer, because the privilege costs them considerable money; but if they were offered wages for the service, that would turn it into work and then they would resign.

The boy mused awhile over the substantial change which had taken place in his worldly circumstances, and then wended toward headquarters to report.

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A NIGHT RIDE IN A PRAIRIE SCHOONER[1]

By Hamlin Garland

One afternoon in the autumn of 1868 Duncan Stewart, a veteran of the Civil War, leading a little fleet of "prairie schooners," entered upon "The Big Prairie" of northern Iowa, and pushed resolutely on into the west. His four-horse canvas-covered wagon was followed by two other lighter vehicles, one of which was driven by his wife, and the other by a hired freighter. At the rear of all the wagons, and urging forward a dozen cattle, walked a gaunt youth and a small boy.

The boy had tears upon his face, and was limping with a stone-bruise. He could hardly look over the wild oats, which tossed their gleaming bayonets in the wind, and when he dashed out into the blue joint and wild sunflowers, to bring a yearling back into the road, he could be traced only by the ripple he made, like a trout in a pool. He was a small edition of his father. He wore the same color and

[1] Reprinted from *Boy Life on the Prairie* by permission of the author, Hamlin Garland, and Harper and Brothers, publishers.

check in his hickory shirt and his long pantaloons (of blue denim) had suspenders precisely like those of the men. Indeed, he considered himself a man, notwithstanding the tear-stains on his brown cheeks.

It seemed a long time since leaving his native Wisconsin coulee behind, with only a momentary sadness, but now, after two days of travel, it seemed his father must be leading them all to the edge of the world, and Lincoln was very sad and weary.

"Company, halt!" called the Captain.

One by one the teams stopped, and the cattle began to feed (they were always ready to eat), and Mr. Stewart, coming back to where his wife sat, cheerily called:

"Well, Kate, here's the big prairie I told you of, and beyond that blue line of timber you see is Sun Prairie, and home."

Mrs. Stewart did not smile. She was too weary, and the wailing of little Mary in her arms was dispiriting.

"Come here, Lincoln," said Mr. Stewart. "Here we are, out of sight of the works of man. Not a house in sight — climb up here and see."

Lincoln rustled along through the tall grass, and, clambering up the wagon wheel, stood silently beside his mother. Tired as he was, the scene made an indelible impression on him. It was as though he had suddenly been transported into

another world, a world where time did not exist; where snow never fell, and the grass waved forever under a cloudless sky. Awe filled his soul as he looked, and he could not utter a word.

At last Mr. Stewart cheerily called: "Attention, battalion! We must reach Sun Prairie to-night. *Forward, march!*"

Again the little wagon train took up its slow way through the tall ranks of the wild oats, and the drooping, flaming sunflowers. Slowly the sun sank. The crickets began to cry, the night-hawks whizzed and boomed, and long before the prairie was crossed the night had come.

Being too tired to foot it any longer behind the cracking heels of the cows, Lincoln climbed into the wagon beside his little brother, who was already asleep, and, resting his head against his mother's knee, lay for a long time, listening to the *chuck-chuckle* of the wheels, watching the light go out of the sky, and counting the stars as they appeared.

At last they entered the wood, which seemed a very threatening place indeed, and his alert ears caught every sound — the hoot of owls, the quavering cry of coons, the twitter of night birds. But at last his weariness overcame him, and he dozed off, hearing the clank of the whippletrees, the creak of the horses' harness, the vibrant voice of his father, and the occasional cry of the hired hand, urging the cattle forward through the dark.

He was roused once by the ripple of a stream, wherein the horses thrust their hot nozzles; he heard the grind of wheels on the pebbly bottom, and the wild shouts of the resolute men as they scrambled up the opposite bank, to thread once more the dark aisles of the forest. Here the road was smoother, and to the soft rumble of the wheels the boy slept.

At last, deep in the night, so it seemed to Lincoln, his father shouted: "Wake up, everybody. We're almost home." Then, facing the darkness, he cried, in Western fashion, "*Hello! the house!*"

Dazed and stupid, Lincoln stepped down the wheel to the ground, his legs numb with sleep. Owen followed, querulous as a sick puppy, and together they stood in the darkness, waiting further command.

From a small frame house, near by, a man with a lantern appeared.

"Hello!" he shouted. "Is that you, Stewart? I'd jest about give you up."

While the men unhitched the teams, Stewart helped his wife and children to the house, where Mrs. Hutchinson, a tall, thin woman, with a pleasant smile, made them welcome. She helped Mrs. Stewart remove her things, and then set out some bread and milk for the boys, which they ate in silence, their heavy eyelids drooping.

When Mr. Stewart came in, he said: "Now,

Lincoln, you and Will are to sleep in the other shack. Run right along, before you go to sleep. Owen will stay here."

Without in the least knowing the why or wherefore, Lincoln set forth beside the hired man, out into the unknown. They walked rapidly for a long time, and, as his blood began to stir again, Lincoln awoke to the wonder and mystery of the hour. The strange grasses under his feet, the stars over his head, the dim objects on the horizon, were all the fashioning of a mind in the world of dreams. His soul ached with the passion of remembered visions and forebodings.

At last they came to a small cabin on the banks of a deep ravine. Opening the door, the men lighted a candle, and spread their burden of blankets on the floor. Lincoln crept between them like a sleepy puppy, and in a few minutes his unknown actual world merged itself in the mystery of his dreams.

When he woke, the sun was shining, hot and red, through the open windows, and the men were smoking their pipes by the rough fence before the door. Lincoln hurried out to see what kind of world this was to which his night's journey had hurried him. It was, for the most part, a level land, covered with short grass intermixed with tall weeds, and with many purple and yellow flowers. A little way off, at the left, stood a small house, and

about as far to the right was another, before which stood the wagons belonging to his father. Directly in front was a wide expanse of rolling prairie, cut by a deep ravine, while to the north, beyond the small farm (which was fenced), a still wider region rolled away into unexplored and marvelous distance. Altogether it was a land to exalt a boy who had lived all his life in a thickly settled Wisconsin coulee, where the horizon line was high and small of circuit.

In less than two hours the wagons were unloaded, the stove was set up in the kitchen, the family clock was ticking on its shelf, and the bureau set against the wall. It was amazing to see how these familiar things and his mother's bustling presence changed the looks of the cabin. Little Mary was quite happy crawling about the floor, and Owen, who had explored the barn and found a lizard to play with, was entirely at home. Lincoln had climbed to the roof of the house, and was still trying to comprehend this mighty stretch of grasses. Sitting astride the roof board, he gazed away into the northwest, where no house broke the horizon line, wondering what lay beyond that most distant ridge.

While seated thus, he heard a roar and saw a cloud of dust rising along the fence which bounded the farm to the west. It was like the rush of a whirlwind, and, before he could call to his father, out of the smooth sod to the south burst a platoon of

wild horses, led by a beautiful roan mare. The boy's heart leaped with excitement as these fine animals swept round the house toward the east, racing like wolves at play. Their long tails and abundant manes streamed in the wind like banners, and their imperious bugling voiced their contempt for man.

Lincoln shouted with joy and all of the family ran to the fence to enjoy the sight. A boy, splendidly mounted on a fleet roan, the mate of the leader, was riding after at a slashing pace, with the intent to turn the troop to the south. This boy was a superb rider, and his little Morgan pony strove gallantly without need of whip or spur. He lay out like a fox. He seemed to float like a hawk, skimming the weeds, and his rider sat him like one born to the saddle, erect, and supple, offering little hindrance to the beast.

On swept the herd, circling to the left, heading for the wild lands farther to the east. Gallantly strove the roan with his resolute rider, disdaining to be beaten by his own mate, his breath roaring like a furnace, his nostrils blown like trumpets, his hoofs pounding the resounding sod.

All in vain! Even with the inside track he was no match for his wild, free mate. The herd drew ahead, and plunging through a short lane, vanished over a big swell to the east; their drumming rush died rapidly away into silence.

This was a glorious introduction to the life of the prairies, and Lincoln's heart filled with boundless joy, and longing to know it — all of it, east, west, north, and south. He had no further wish to return to his coulee home. The horseman had become his ideal, the prairie his domain.

A Prairie Schooner

A RETURN TO CONSTANCY[1]

By Mary Ellen Chase

It was probably not by accident that Constancy had lost herself in the pasture swamp; but if it was (and Cynthia wished to be charitable), it was an accident that was fast developing into a confirmed habit. Of late Cynthia's patience had been sorely tried. At least on three nights out of seven, to state the minimum, Constancy had been knee-deep in the swamp at milking-time.

Cynthia, who had prided herself upon Constancy's distinctness from the other cows in the pasture, began to wish her charge less original. Benny Webster's "Co-boss!" screamed in a crescendo from the top rail of the pasture fence, seldom failed to bring forth a horned procession, which emerged like Roderick's men from pine thickets and huckleberry bushes. But Constancy was just as seldom numbered among its ranks, and Benny Webster was at that deplorable age when chivalry is unknown.

To-night, as on many nights past, Cynthia

[1] Reprinted from *Harpers Magazine*, November, 1918, by permission of Harper and Brothers.

watched Benny let down the bars and whistle nonchalantly as the Morton cow, the Davis, and his own stumbled across them. Then, while they sniffed the dusty roadside grass, he replaced the bars, grinned triumphantly at Cynthia, and started his charges down the hill. Cynthia did not watch him go. It was milking-time already, and her father was waiting for Constancy and her. Once more she hopelessly surveyed the pasture slope, but no cream-colored side was visible among the huckleberries and juniper, and no placid face, made a trifle sinister by one crumpled horn, gazed at her through a screen of friendly alders. So then there was no help for it. Constancy was in the swamp, and Cynthia must go in quest of her.

She stopped long enough to wrap the skirt of her gingham dress around her shoulders. It was her second-best gingham, and must do for several afternoons before washing. Then she crossed the close-cropped open space by the bars, skirted the rocky gully where the pasture brook ran, and took the path which zigzagged through the woods to the swamp.

Silence settled over the pasture. The two waiting cows at the bars were called for and driven away. Early evening came. Mists arose from the hollows. One star trembled from a golden sky and hung above the tallest pine like a Christmas star. A whippoorwill cried from a cedar thicket.

Just as dusk was wrapping the pasture in soft gray folds a meek face, surmounted by one horn and partly wreathed by another, parted the alders at the entrance to the wood-path, and Constancy emerged from the thicket, placidly chewing her cud of swamp-grass. Her progress toward the bars was somewhat hastened by revengeful cuts from a small alder switch which Cynthia used at intervals upon her sleek sides. Cynthia's feet were wet and her stockings torn. In spite of preliminary precaution, her second-best gingham was smeared with grass and mud stains. Her hair was disheveled from frequent contact with pine boughs and blackberry-bushes. Mosquito bites punctuated her flushed, perspiring face. She rubbed them savagely.

Constancy having stumbled across the bars, the journey homeward was pregnant with meekness on her part and with stern resolve on the part of Cynthia. This was the last time she would go to the swamp for Constancy. Or, to be more definite — for, knowing Constancy, one might as well face matters as they were — this was the last time she would go for her at all. She might make a concession by which she would continue in the morning journey until the end of the season. Early November, however, would eternally end her driving of cows.

Another star quivered in the sky, but Cynthia

did not see it. Her thoughts were not starry ones. Instead, they had to do with the instability of swamp hummocks which looked firm enough to bear one's weight, the horrid feeling of muddy water circulating in one's shoes, the scratch of blackberry-vines on bare hands and arms, the irritating sensation of being held by the hair while trying to penetrate a thicket. These fresh memories seething in her brain aroused her resentment to the boiling-point and strengthened her resolve. She was going on fourteen! She would never drive a cow again!

A grotesquely clad figure at the entrance to the driveway almost startled her, but it proved to be her father in his blue-and-white-checked milking-togs. He was sorry for Constancy's annoyance and for Cynthia's evident plight. She would best go indoors at once for her supper and a change of clothes.

It was well that Cynthia had reserved her announcement until the morning. She could not speak for the lump in her throat. She did not mind the tiredness, the mosquito bites, the scratches, or even the injury to her clothes — time would mend them — but the exasperation of it all was quite too much. Indoors, her mother deplored the condition of the second-best gingham, but could not blame Cynthia. Constancy was a pesky animal, she said, as she placed a warmed-up supper on the table, but Cynthia mustn't mind.

Cynthia did mind, however. She minded so much that she refused to play checkers with Judith and declined to see the baby undressed. Directly after she had finished supper she went to bed. For a few minutes she cried into the pillows. Then she thought.

Through no fault of her own, she had been assigned to that most hopeless of family situations — the middle. She was too young to have her opinions respected, and too old to be petted. Her three older sisters had assumed the guardianship of the three youngest members of the family. Mary Louise and Hilda mothered Judith and Robert, and Barbara, who was but two years older than Cynthia, had adopted the baby. Middle children neither mothered nor were mothered, Cynthia told herself, bitterly. They were just dividing-lines which separated clothes which had come down from the top, and did homely, left-over duties that no one else wanted, like driving the cow and feeding the pig.

In the half-light of the room Cynthia spied a white garment spread over a chair. It was the once-blue sailor-suit which had reached Barbara the summer before and now had come to Cynthia to be finished. Her life had been spent in finishing things, she told herself with ironic philosophy — in finishing things and driving cows!

However, she dared to hope that the last-named

curse was mercifully drawing to a close. As she planned her act of emancipation, which she should declare on the morrow, she wondered who would take her place. The substitute must be one of the family, for it was monstrous to think of outside help when there were those at home to give it. Certainly it could not be Hilda or Barbara. They coiled their hair occasionally and were in the Academy. As for Mary Louise, she would enter college in September. Judith was the only possibility remaining, for Bobby was only seven. It would be two years before he would be at the age where Cynthia had begun. Had it been only five summers that she had followed that horned torment from barn to pasture? It seemed a lifetime!

Of course, in all fairness to Constancy, Cynthia admitted that there had been compensations. There were no dishes to dry for the one who drove the cow, and Cynthia loathed the drying of dishes. Moreover, lingering on the way or in the pasture was seldom frowned upon, unless it interfered seriously with the night milking-time. Cynthia recalled May mornings at the pasture bars — the new grass wet with dew, the pink of the wild crab-apple tree, the thrilling call of a song-sparrow from the fence-post. There came back to her the evening fragrance of the hay in July, and the tragic history of the ground-sparrow who had nested in the meadow adjoining the pasture. She remembered

the dwarfed and crippled maple by the gully, which, despite its ugliness, was intrusted with autumn secrets long before its more stately neighbors in the field beyond. She would miss these things.

She returned to Judith as a possible substitute. Judith was eleven — quite old enough to receive the mantle of responsibility which falls early in a family of seven. And yet somehow Cynthia could not picture Judith as guardian to Constancy. Judith was pink-cheeked and slender. She wore her hair in curls and undressed her dolls every night. She was a clean little girl. Cynthia could not imagine her leaping from hummock to hummock and occasionally falling into the marsh. She could see Judith's eyes, big and round with fear, when she realized for the first time that Constancy was hidden away in the pasture woods or swamp. A great wave of tenderness swept through Cynthia's heart. She could not bear that Judy should undergo the hardships which she had endured.

The substitute problem was left unsolved while another anxiety came to trouble Cynthia. Emancipatory acts and declarations of independence were rare in her family. In fact, she could not recall a single instance where any member had declared what he would or would not do. Like the talents of the parable, duties were assigned to each one "according to his several ability," and

remonstrances were not anticipated. Cynthia longed for precedent, but could find none. If her father refused to acknowledge her rights in the case, there would be no alternative but to continue with Constancy. Under those circumstances, Cynthia would be sixteen and a sophomore in the Academy before relief could possibly come.

It might be well to modify her declaration, which she intended to make just before her father left for the office.

"Father," she had planned to say, "I'm going on fourteen. I've driven a cow long enough!"

Perhaps, existing conditions being what they were, the emancipatory speech would best take the form of a request.

"Father, do you think it would be possible for me to have a vacation from Constancy?"

She was rehearsing these remarks in a well-enunciated whisper, and weighing their relative merits, when she heard her father and mother enter their room, which adjoined her own. She postponed further rehearsals until after her mother's usual bedtime "rounds," and nestled under the covers with her face toward the wall. She did not wish to be thought awake. But a remark from her father, spoken in a low tone and apparently continuing some previous conversation, brought her suddenly to a sitting posture.

"I don't believe she's ever been on a trip with

me just by herself, and it seems to me she's earned it. That cow's been such a pest lately, and she's never fussed a bit about it — at least to me."

Cynthia's mouth was open and her eyes staring into the darkness. She was half out of bed in her eagerness to hear.

"She's been very patient," her mother said, in a half-whisper, "and the trip would be lovely for her, especially since it's to Augusta. Barbara and Hilda learned so much last time. I thought when you first mentioned it that I couldn't get her ready, but I guess I can. It's not likely to be hot, and her blue sailor-suit will do, I guess, with a fresh gingham. She really hasn't a coat, though, that's fit to wear, unless I let her have Hilda's brown one, and that isn't the right color."

"What's the matter with buying one in Bangor?" suggested Father, in a reckless fashion that brought a gasp from Cynthia.

"You could, of course" — Cynthia detected a dubious note in her mother's voice — "only, I hadn't planned on a new one for her this year. I thought she could wear Hilda's in the fall. Still, it's a good time to buy now, with the spring things so reduced. She'd be awfully pleased, I expect. She hasn't had a new one that's been bought for her for I don't know how long."

"Well," said Father, while Cynthia fairly held her breath, "we'll see. What's that place where

we trade most? But maybe you wouldn't be satisfied with my choosing. Blue always looks well, don't you think?"

"Yes," Mother acquiesced. "Nothing wears better than a dark-blue serge. Go to the Fashion and ask for Mrs. Hopkins. Ten dollars is plenty to pay, Edward, this time of year, and don't forget we get a ten-per-cent discount there."

Cynthia heard her father open his book for his usual hour of reading in bed.

"Well," he said, "we'll decide in the morning, but I rather think I'll take her."

The warning scratch of a match indicated that her mother was lighting the bedtime candle. Cynthia snuggled deeper, turned her face to the wall, and closed her eyes. They were awful moments when her mother opened her door and stood beside her bed. She tried to control her breathing, but could not. She hoped that the covers deadened the sound of her heart. But Mother did not stay long. There were six other beds to visit. She smoothed Cynthia's covers and brushed back a stray lock of hair.

"Poor, tired child!" she whispered, and went to smooth more covers.

It seemed hours before Cynthia slept. She no longer rehearsed her emancipatory speech. Instead, she pictured herself in a coat all her own going to Augusta with her father. She reviewed

the tales of Hilda and Barbara, who had gone the year before. She knew their experiences by heart — a hand-shake with the Governor; walks through corridors lined with the portraits of the great men of Maine; a stay in a hotel room where you rang an electric bell for ice-water and monogrammed letter-paper, and then, as unobtrusively as possible, gave a tip to a boy in brass buttons; a visit to a wonderful supply-office where tiers of tablets and thousands of pencils awaited fortunate legislators who paid nothing for them, and where it seemed the most natural thing in the world for the man in charge to say:

"Judge Blair's daughters from Petersport? Well, well! Could you young ladies make any use of a fountain-pen?"

But the glory of it all would lie in being for a few days, not one of seven, and the middle one at that, but the sole and selected companion of her father. Family honor and respect would rest upon her shoulders. Instead of receiving one-third or one-fourth of the attention given on various shorter and far less important excursions, she would for once receive it all. Even the dream of it was too great in view of a possible disappointment, for the promise had been only a "perhaps" one, and no one would consider the disappointment, since no one knew that she had heard. Perhaps she must suffer for the wrong of listening.

Sleep mercifully put an end to this new and most terrible fear. It was still gray outside when Cynthia awoke. She had been dreaming of contented legislators whose pockets exuded pencils of various hues and who drank numberless glasses of ice-water. She crept to the window. The yellow light in the east convinced her of a good day. The responsibility of being as nearly ready as possible when her father should announce his intention of the night before weighed upon her. She opened the top drawer of the bureau inch by inch and drew out a strange object which in the half-light sprawled across the chair like an octopus — Cynthia's clean, unmended stockings — knotted in the middle.

In the Blair family, children began at ten to mend stockings and to sew on buttons. Four years of experience had not made Cynthia realize the efficacy of a stitch in time, and the holes in her stockings invariably widened until at mending-time, which was usually indefinitely postponed, strange tucks and a drawing together in the heel, doubtless not peculiar to Cynthia, seemed unavoidable. She examined the stockings with no small misgivings, but was relieved to find one pair which at least promised possibilities. These she darned as carefully as she could, being somewhat hindered by lack of practice. The sun was up when she had finished, and Anna was bustling about in

the kitchen. But Cynthia crept back into bed and lay still until she had heard her father and mother dress and go downstairs. Her anxiety was too great for her to meet them before it was time to take Constancy to pasture.

At half past six she was waiting at the barn door. Her father gave Constancy an approving pat as he picked up the milking-stool in one hand and the brimming pail of milk in the other. Then he came toward Cynthia, whose cheeks grew pink from fear and hope.

"I'm going to Augusta for three days, Cynthia," he said. "I've been wondering how you'd like to go along."

It had come, and even with all her dreams Cynthia was unprepared for the joy of it.

"Oh, Father!" she gasped. "I'd like to if you really think I could."

Father considered a moment. "I don't see why not," he said. "Of course, there's Constancy. Could Judith manage her, do you think? Maybe not — at night."

Cynthia had partly recovered herself. "Mornings would be all right," she assured him. "She could go along now with me and see just how I do it. But she couldn't at night, Father. Of course, it doesn't matter about me. I'm used to the swamps and thickets, but Judy's too little. Don't you suppose Benny'd bring Constancy for three

nights? I could pay him something, you see, out of my allowance. I'd be glad to do it."

Father smiled at Cynthia. "We won't worry about that part. You run along with Constancy, and I'll see Benny when he goes by with his cow. We ought to be starting by nine o'clock, so you'd best not take too much time."

By nine o'clock, while Constancy browsed among late buttercups in the pasture swamp, Cynthia sat by the dining-room window and awaited her father. The family surrounded her — attentive, advisory, and a little envious. She emanated an unwonted dignity in her blue sailor-suit and her white straw hat. Her hands were incased in Hilda's gloves, which were a trifle small and which called forth warnings from Hilda.

"Please don't bend your hands any more than you have to, Cynthy," she begged, "and if it gets hot, take them off. Most girls of your age go barehanded anyway."

"And if you should curl your hair, be sure you tie the ribbon in just the same creases," warned Barbara. "It'll be my school ribbon all the fall."

"I thought she was going to wear my coat, Mother," Hilda suggested, anxiously. "She needs one, and if she'll be careful —"

"Father may buy me one in Bangor," Cynthia ventured, as casually as she could, and then stopped suddenly. She was not supposed to know. She

glanced at her mother, who was too much occupied in folding her clean gingham for the suit-case to notice her confusion.

"For goodness' sake!"

"Is he really?"

"I'm glad, Cynthy. Now you insist on a Norfolk! Remember! That's what's the most stylish nowadays. Priscilla Alden wore one to church the first Sunday after they came. It has a belt, you know, and straps."

"Please get a color that's becoming to me, too, Cynthy," piped Judith from the porch.

"Of course, in a way, you'll have a nice time all by yourself," vouchsafed Barbara, with just the right degree of patronage, "but it's almost more fun when there's some one else to talk things over with."

Cynthia glanced nervously at the clock. Even the most remote possibility of a companion at this eleventh hour startled her. But her father drove into the yard just then, and there was no more to fear. She kissed them all with the strange sensation that she was some one else — her mother returned from Boston or Aunt Elmira down for Old Home Week.

"Don't forget the discount at the Fashion if Father buys the coat," warned Mother when her turn came. "We've had it for years, and they'll understand."

"What'll I say?" queried Cynthia.

Hilda was more ready with an answer than her mother.

"Don't say anything until you've decided which one to take, and then when you've told her, just say: 'This for Mrs. Blair of Petersport. I'm Miss Blair. You will remember that you have favored us for years with a ten-per-cent discount'!"

Cynthia stared in admiration at Hilda, who was always so ready with everything. She seemed nearer twenty than seventeen.

But all fears of discounts and the announcement of such privileges vanished as she drove away with her father. The fourteen miles to the nearest railway station were quiet ones. Cynthia was too happy in the reality of the present and in the dreams of the immediate future to talk; and her father was absorbed between the ways and means of committing Miss Sophronia Haskell to the State Insane Asylum with the least possible notoriety, and the matter of the Treworgys' recent quarrel with the Perkinses over a certain much-disputed boundary-line. But in the half-way village of Dorset, where they stopped to water the horses, he set aside all such minor matters and asked Cynthia about the state of her finances.

"Twenty-five cents a month is all very well for an allowance when one isn't traveling," he said, "but we've got to reckon on more when we're

away from home. Better take this for spending-money." And he handed Cynthia a new two-dollar bill!

At Bangor, where they were to wait two hours for the Augusta train, the second mile-stone was erected and labeled in Cynthia's memory, for, in accordance with her father's suggestion, they went to the Fashion to look for coats. During the all-too-short elevator journey to the second floor, Cynthia rehearsed the announcement of the Blairs' time-honored discount, and was quite sure of herself when they stepped out upon the heavy carpets and made their way toward some long mirrors, countless uninhabited garments, and a few well-built, delicately tinted ladies who rustled audibly as they tripped about on the highest of heels among lifeless, well-dressed counterparts of themselves.

Father, prompted by Cynthia's bashful whisper, asked for Mrs. Hopkins, who, they were informed by a stout, highly colored lady in blue satin and ear-rings, had just left for luncheon. Would she not do as well? She would be glad to show them what they wanted. Father concluded that she would and accepted meekly the chair provided for him. Cynthia folded and unfolded her hands until Hilda's gloves cracked ominously. The stout lady, whose name, she told them, was Miss De Gracey, brought a surprising array of coats which she spread in a nonchalant fashion across some

chairs and began to array Cynthia in one after another.

It was a trying half-hour. Father and Cynthia, because of the unusual responsibility thrust upon them, were both seized with embarassed meekness in the presence of Miss De Gracey. The astuteness which Father showed in all matters of mortgages, boundary-lines, and town-meeting discussions was deplorably lacking. He was putty in the hands of Miss De Gracey, and was ready to pay a price unheard of in the annals of the Blair family for a white polo-coat, had not Cynthia risen to the occasion.

"Mother wouldn't like white," she whispered to him, as Miss De Gracey swished into the coat-cases for more possibilities. "It wouldn't be suitable for Petersport and me, and we can't get red, Father. That's too loud and easily soiled, and besides it isn't becoming to Judy. I think we'd best insist upon blue."

Father nodded helplessly, and Miss De Gracey, coming across the floor with a new idea and an armful of clothes, caught the last word.

"No one can make a mistake if they get blue," she announced, sweetly. "It's so good this year, too. I've been wondering, sir, why not a suit? These blue Norfolk collarless models are all the rage this year for young ladies of this young lady's age. Shan't we try some? You'd like a suit, girlie?"

"Y-yes," stammered Cynthia, Judith still on her mind. "But I don't know that Mother'd think best. What do you think, Father?"

"Let's slip on one before we ask him what he thinks," interrupted Miss De Gracey, genially, with a sidelong glance at Father. "This blue model's just in from New York — stunning thing for a young girl like you. Lots of style and serviceable. Fits like a glove, too. Just look at that back!"

She had clothed Cynthia as she chatted, and now turned her around like a pivoted model for her father's inspection.

"A darling suit, and a bargain, at eighteen-fifty. 'Twas twenty-five, but it's a little late, and we're able to make prices on that account. You couldn't do better in Boston or New York."

"Where's the collar?" asked Father, finding his voice with an effort.

Miss De Gracey hurried from the scene with the assurance, coupled with another glance from her china-blue eyes, that she would show him. Cynthia gazed at her father with troubled eyes.

"Do you like it?" he asked, courage returning with Miss De Gracey's absence.

She gave a worried sigh. "I love it," she said, "but I'm thinking of Judy. Maybe she wouldn't be old enough for it when I'm done with it. Maybe Mother wouldn't like it for me as well as a coat.

And, Father" — Cynthia went nearer and whispered in his ear — "eighteen fifty is more than we can afford, don't you think — sixteen sixty-five with the discount?"

The return of Miss De Gracey postponed Father's reply. She bore a black tie, two white linen blouses, and the same number of broad linen collars.

The "Buster Brown collar," she explained to Father, who rose uncomfortably at her approach. "This is worn with the suit, coming on the outside — so — and the black tie gives the finishing touch. There! So sweet and girlish! If she hasn't waists, she'll need these two — one ninety-eight each. A special price for to-day. With these and that suit, she's fixed beautifully."

"Have you waists, Cynthia?" asked Father.

"No, Father," said Cynthia.

"I'm so glad you've decided on that," cooed Miss De Gracey. "She'll look so well dressed — simple but elegant. Now shan't I send her sailor suit, and help her dress right here? Then you'll only have the extra waist to carry. That's best, don't you think?"

Ten minutes later Cynthia emerged, a little conscience-troubled but radiant, from the box-like dressing-room into which Miss De Gracey had conducted her. The new coat had straps and a belt and was therefore in accordance with Hilda's injunction; the new skirt was pleated; the collar

snowy white and vastly becoming; the tie was tied in the jauntiest of bows.

"Well!" greeted Father, frankly pleased.

"Well!" echoed Miss De Gracey, beaming upon Father. "We've some fine young lady here. The bill is twenty-two ninety-six in all, sir, and cheap at that."

Father took out his bill-book, but Cynthia laid a detaining hand upon his arm. She tried to remember Hilda's sentence. Failing in that, she strove to convey in simpler terms the fact of the Blairs' discount, but no words would come, and Miss De Gracey went toward the cashier's desk with bills amounting to twenty-five dollars.

They did not speak until they were going downward. The elevator boy being less terrifying, Cynthia approached her father on the matter of the discount.

"Mother'll be so sorry," she said. "She told me to be sure to ask for it. I don't know why I didn't."

"I do," said Father. "I know exactly. Never mind. I guess we're poor shoppers, but we won't tell Mother, and you do look nice, Cynthia."

There was a lump in Cynthia's throat and tears in her eyes as they went into the street and walked toward the station. She could not have told why, except that at her father's words they sprang up together from somewhere. She carried her head

higher and walked more carefully. She tried to choose windows which were showing interesting things, for she could not help looking at herself, and she wanted the passers-by to think that she was gazing at the things displayed. Her imagination flew to the following Sunday when she should walk down the church aisle in her new suit. Priscilla Alden, whose forefathers were of Plymouth name and fame, and who wintered in New York, must realize that style sometimes reached even Petersport.

The early lights were flashing in the Augusta streets when they reached the capital. Conscious of her pride in him and of his in her, Cynthia followed her father across the station platform and into a waiting cab, which bore them in state to an imposing brick building several stories high — the hotel of Cynthia's dreams.

At nine o'clock that evening, after a dinner of soup and steak and salad and dessert, Cynthia returned to the red-carpeted room which adjoined her father's. While he smoked and discussed state politics in the lobby, she unpacked his grip for him, pulled his curtains, and turned down his covers. Then, going to her own room, she searched for a moment in her purse, and with a beating heart, rang the electric bell. Almost instantly there was an answering knock, and the door opening revealed a boy in brass buttons.

"Did you wish anything, Miss?"

"Yes," said Cynthia. "Some ice-water, please, and some paper with the name of the hotel."

Her requests were fulfilled and Cynthia gave her first tip as unobtrusively as her sisters. No longer, she told herself, would Hilda and Barbara have the advantage over her. She, too, had rung for ice-water and for monogrammed letter paper.

The next morning they went to the Capitol. Cynthia followed her father through the great doors, down the corridors lined with the portraits of great men, and into a room with red velvet chairs, high ceiling, mahogany desks, and an air of distinction.

"This is the Council Chamber, Cynthia," her father explained, "where the Governor and the Councilors discuss matters. Ah, here's the Governor now."

Cynthia trembled. Her father spoke familiarly, quite as though the Governor were the Petersport minister or the second selectman. A tall, gray-haired man had opened the door of an inner office and was coming toward them.

"Well, Judge Blair," he said, "I'm glad to see you. And this must be your daughter. She looks like you."

Cynthia shook hands, but words did not easily come. She was proud to find that governors were known to her father, but she had not been prepared for such cordiality. Hilda and Barbara had been

delighted with a mere hand-shake. But it might be that governors, like school-teachers, had extra good days. And just then a man in blue called to her father and she was left alone with Maine's Chief Executive.

"Is this your first visit to Augusta, Miss Blair?" asked the Governor.

"Yes, sir," said Cynthia, recovering herself, "and it's proving very delightful."

The Governor smiled. "You should be proud of your father," he told her. "He is very highly respected in the state."

Cynthia beamed with pride. "He's first selectman of Petersport," she said, "and moderator at every town meeting. And he's working now to consolidate the district schools. That's very much needed in our part of the state."

The Governor agreed with her, and they talked about district-school teachers and poor salaries and spring mud.

"You're not the only daughter, are you?" asked the Governor. "It seems to me I remember some other girls being with your father when he came before."

"There are seven of us," Cynthia explained, strangely proud of them all. She had longed to be the only one so often. Now that had gone and she told the Governor of Mary Louise and her entering college, of Hilda and Barbara and their

It was with a strange feeling of being out of place that Cynthia sat between the Governor and her father.

success in debating, and of Judith and the boys. "If you are ever down near Petersport, Governor Hall," she concluded, "we'd be honored to have you call, or even visit us."

"That reminds me," said the Governor, springing from his chair. "Why couldn't you and your father lunch with me to-day? Mrs. Hall would be pleased, and there are no guests except two Massachusetts legislators here on business. Here's your father now. Judge, cannot you and your daughter lunch with me to-day?"

Father looked at Cynthia. "That's more than we were reckoning on, isn't it, Cynthia?" he said. "It's very kind of the Governor. What do you say?"

"It would be very wonderful, Father," said Cynthia, her heart in her eyes.

"I guess we'll go right along, then," said the Governor. "The carriage is outside now and it's about time."

It was with a strange feeling of being happily out of place that Cynthia sat between the Governor and her father and opposite the two Massachusetts legislators in a barouche drawn by two white horses, and was carried noiselessly along the streets toward the Executive Mansion. Every now and then she looked at her father. No one would ever dream but that he lunched with governors as a daily pastime. Cynthia held her head higher. She would help him to uphold the honor of the

family and the standard of Petersport. He might belong in the office of a country lawyer or on the platform of the Petersport town meeting, but now he was to lunch with the Governor, and such matters as the Treworgy-Perkins boundary-line and the mortgaging of Deacon Osgood's cow for the loan of twenty dollars were dropping from him like a cast-off garment. Cynthia might drive Constancy night and morning on ordinary days, but this was not an ordinary day, and she, like her father, put away the memory of cows and pasture swamps and exasperating hours of search.

It was a little terrifying to enter the great hall lined with portraits and set about with rare vases on mahogany tables; but Cynthia traversed the length in safety, and found herself shaking hands with a gracious lady — the first of the state of Maine. It was even more terrifying when luncheon was served, and when from her seat at the Governor's right she saw a bewildering array of silver on her right and on her left as ominous as the cannon on each side of the famous Light Brigade. Since she could not quite believe Father, in his position at Mrs. Hall's right, entirely infallible, she decided to watch her hostess. This she did with all success.

The men smoked, after what seemed numberless courses to Cynthia, and she and Mrs. Hall withdrew to the library. As she passed her father's chair, he spoke to her in an amused undertone.

"How do you suppose Constancy is?" he whispered. Cynthia's cheeks grew pink. "I expect she sort of misses us," she whispered back.

"Who's Constancy, my dear?" asked the first lady of the state as they sat in the great library. "It must be a joke. Who is she?"

Cynthia's cheeks grew pinker. "She's our cow," she explained. "You see, I drive her — that is, I have, though I'm thinking of giving it up. I'm getting too old, and she will be a nuisance and hide in the swamp."

"Don't!" cried the Governor's lady, and she squeezed Cynthia's hand ever so lightly and smiled into her eyes. "Don't give it up, even if she does hide in the swamp. I drove a cow, too, when I was a girl. I drove her till I was sixteen, and I'll never forget the lovely things I used to see in going back and forth to pasture."

Cynthia was staring at her. "You!" she cried. "*You* drove a cow! I never supposed you could do a thing like that!"

"Why not?" asked the Governor's lady. "Think of all the girls who have driven cows. Joan of Arc and Priscilla of Plymouth and Abraham Lincoln's mother and ever so many others. I'm sorry for girls who can't drive cows. Think of the lovely mornings in the pasture. Do you find song sparrows' nests and Mayflowers and pink lady's-slippers the way I used to?"

"Oh yes!" cried Cynthia. "And did catbirds have two families then? There's a new brood just hatched in the cedar-tree by the gully. They'll be flying when I get back home again."

"And the whippoorwills in the evening?" asked the Governor's lady. "Do you hear them nights when you're late?"

"Yes," breathed Cynthia. "They're very lonely and make you think of sad things. But I like that sometimes. And were you ever so late that the stars came out before you got home?"

"One night in September the moon had come up," said the Governor's lady, "and the pasture was so still that I could hear nothing except the insects singing. I never knew before that insects could sing so beautifully."

"I've never listened to them especially," said Cynthia, "but I shall this September."

The Governor, the Massachusetts legislators, and Father were ready to go long before the Governor's lady and Cynthia had finished, but not before an invitation had been given to Cynthia to spend a week the next winter in Augusta, and not before a great love for Constancy had filled Cynthia's heart. It was well that the barouche carried only her and her father back to the hotel, for she could not speak, and the Massachusetts legislators were detrimental to silence.

The two days that followed brimmed over with

experiences. There was an evening at the theater — the first play Cynthia had ever witnessed — when her joy was divided between the performance and a frequent smile sent in her direction by a pink-clad lady in the Governor's box. The man in the marvelous supply-room felt that she might make use of a pound of writing-paper and a dozen pencils of assorted colors as well as the longed-for fountain-pen. The librarian in the State Library discussed with her the days and the exploits of Sir William Phipps and Sir William Pepperell quite as though she were an authority on either subject. And one morning, quite by herself, she went shopping among the Augusta stores, and invested her two dollars in presents for the family.

When she and her father, in the late afternoon of the last day, reached the summit of the last hill on the fourteen-mile drive to Petersport and saw the white houses of the village below them, the heat of Cynthia's joy had cooled to glowing embers of happiness. The sun was nearly down. A song-sparrow sang from the alders. Her father smoked silently.

They drove down the hill, the horses' feet scraping in the gravel. The sparrow followed them and sang on. They passed a boy driving home his cow. Cynthia turned to her father. She must say something — must try to tell him —

"We're pretty good traveling companions, don't you think, Cynthia?" he said.

She smiled proudly. At last words came. "It's been lovely, Father — just you and I. Do you suppose it could ever be just us again — I mean after all the others have gone with you — maybe years from now? You see the one in the middle doesn't have a little one like Mary Louise and Hilda and Barbara. You see, Father, I —"

Father threw away his cigar, and smiled at Cynthia. "Well, how about you and me?" he said. "Suppose we pair off once in a while. You and I, with Constancy for a mascot, eh?"

"Yes," breathed Cynthia. "We couldn't leave out Constancy!"

They drove into the yard, and a moment later into the midst of the family, whose interest in Cynthia's return was lost in astonishment over her appearance.

"A suit, Cynthy!"

"Mother, you know you said a suit wasn't appropriate for me when I wanted one so much."

"*I'm* going to shop with Father now — see if I don't!"

"Was it expensive, Father? I'm afraid you've been extravagant!"

"'Twas eighteen-fifty, Mother," said Cynthia, bravely.

"That's a great deal, Cynthia. Still, with the

discount" — Mother figured silently — "it wasn't quite so bad."

Cynthia looked at Father, and Father at Cynthia.

"You must be very careful of it, Cynthia," warned her mother. "It must be your best for a long time."

"I will, Mother," Cynthia promised. "There's no point in finishing this, you see. It's mine."

"Benny wants to see you, Cynthy," called Judith, and Cynthia went to the door to meet the astonished eyes of Benny Webster, who stared in silence for several moments, and then, overtaken by a strange shyness, dug his toe into the gravel.

"Shall I get Constancy to-night, Cynthy? I'd just as soon."

She thanked him. "I'd rather, though," she said. "Has she been in the swamp since I've been gone?"

"Twice," said Benny.

Half an hour later Cynthia, in blue gingham, found Constancy tied to the pasture bars. In the half-light she deciphered a message traced on a dilapidated trunk-tag tied to Constancy's upright horn.

"Dear Cinthy — She was in the swamp, as usual."

With her hand on Constancy's sleek side, Cynthia listened to a whippoorwill deep in the woods

and watched the star tremble out above the big pine before she let down the pasture bars. Then, as the cow stumbled across them, she put her arms around the big, warm neck.

"Oh, Constancy," she whispered, "it's going to be Father and you and I now! Father and you and I!"

COMET[1]

By Samuel A. Derieux

No puppy ever came into the world under more favorable auspices than Comet. He was descended from a famous line of pointers. Both his father and mother were champions. Before he opened his eyes and while he was crawling about over his brothers and sisters, blind as puppies are at birth, Jim Thompson, Mr. Devant's kennel master, picked him out.

"I believe that's the best 'un in the bunch," he said.

On the day the puppies opened their eyes and first gazed with wonder at this world into which they had been cast, Jim stooped down and snapped his fingers. There was a general scampering back to the protection of the mother by all but one. That was Comet. Even then he toddled toward the smiling man, in a groggy way, wagging his miniature tail.

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At the age of one month, he pointed a butterfly that lit in the kennel yard.

"Come here, Janie," yelled the delighted Thompson, who saw it. "Pointed — the little imp!"

When Jim started taking the growing pups out of the yard and into the fields to the side of Devant's great southern winter home, Oak Hill, it was Comet who strayed farthest from the man's protecting care. While at sight of a tree-stump or a cow or some other monstrous object, his brothers and sisters would scamper back to the man, Comet would venture toward it, provided it were not too far, to see what it was. If the object were a cow, he would bark — anxious little yelps — to show how brave he was. Then he would turn and run back — but not until he had first barked.

Over and over, Jim, in speaking of him to his wife — they looked after Oak Hill in the summer — would say with conviction:

"He's goin' to make a great dog!"

It looked as if Jim's prophecy would be fulfilled. Comet grew to be handsomer than his brothers and sisters. When Jim taught them to follow when he said "Heel!" to drop when he said "Drop!" and to stand stock-still when he said "Ho!" Comet learned more quickly than the others. In everything he was favored, even in temperament. Now and then he quarreled with his brothers, who grew jealous of him, and sometimes the quarrel

ended in a fight. But the fight over, he never sulked even if he was beaten, but was a loving brother two minutes afterward.

His height he gained quickly, like tall bean-pole boys, and though big, his bones were shapely, and the muscles began to stand out on his lank, handsome body. At six months he was a stripling youth, two thirds pup, one third grown dog. Though he still romped with the others, it was plain to the practiced eye that he was different. Sometimes he lay in the shade a long time and thoughtfully gazed into the distance, dreaming as serious-minded youths dream the world over. But all Comet's dreams were centered in fields of broom-straw where birds lay hid and in the thrillings his nose told him there.

At six months he set his first covey of quail, and though he was trembling with the excited joy of one who knows he has found his life's work, still he remained stanch several minutes. And though when the birds flushed he chased them, he came quickly and obediently back at Jim's command.

Everything — size, contour, nose, muscle, intelligence, spirit — pointed to a great dog. Yes — Comet was one of the favored of the gods.

One day after the leaves had turned red and brown and the mornings grown chilly and pungent, a crowd of people, strangers to Comet, came to the big house at Oak Hill. With them were automo-

biles, trunks, horses. All this was tremendously exciting, and with noses pressed against the chicken wire of their yard, Comet and his brothers and sisters watched these goings-on.

Then out of the house with Thompson came a big man in tweeds, and the two walked straight to the curious young dogs who were watching them with shining eyes and wagging tails.

"Well, Thompson," said the big man, "which is the future champion you've been writing me about?"

"Pick him out yourself, sir," said Thompson.

They talked a long time, planning the future of Comet. His yard training was over — Thompson was only yard trainer — and he must be sent to a man experienced in training and handling for field trials. His grade-school days were past. He must go off to college. He must be prepared for the thrilling life of the field-trial dog.

"Larsen's the man to bring him out," said the big man in tweeds, who was George Devant himself. "I saw his dogs work in the Canadian Derbies. I like his methods."

Thompson spoke hesitatingly, as if he disliked to bring the matter up.

"Mr. Devant — you remember, sir, a long time ago Larsen sued us for old Ben, saying the dog was his by rights?"

"Yes, Thompson, I remember — now you speak of it."

"Well, you remember the court decided against him, which was the only thing it could do, for Larsen didn't have any more right to that dog than the Sultan of Turkey. But, Mr. Devant, I was there. I saw Larsen's face, sir, when the case went against him."

Devant looked keenly at Thompson.

"Another thing, Mr. Devant," Thompson went on, still hesitatingly. "Larsen had a chance to get hold of this breed of pointers. He lost out because he dickered too long. Now they've turned out to be famous. Some men never forget a thing like that, sir. Larsen's been talking these pointers down ever since. At least, that's what folks tell me. He's staked his reputation on his own breed of dogs. Calls 'em the Larsen strain."

"Go on," said Devant.

"I know Larsen's a good trainer. But it'll mean a long trip for the young dog. It'll be hard to keep in touch with him, too. Now there's an old trainer lives near here, old Wade Swygert. Used to train dogs in England. He's been out of the game a long time — rheumatism. He wants to get back in. He's all right now. I know he never made a big name, but there never was a straighter man than him. He's had bad luck —"

Devant smiled. "Thompson, I admire your loyalty to your friends, but I don't think much of your judgment. We'll turn some of the other

puppies over to Swygert if he wants them but Comet must have the best. I'll write Larsen tonight. To-morrow, crate Comet and send him off."

Just as no dog ever came into the world under more favorable auspices, so no dog ever had a bigger "send-off" than Comet. Even the ladies in the house came out to exclaim over him, and Marian Devant, pretty, eighteen, and a sportswoman, stooped down, caught his head between her hands, looked into his fine eyes, and wished him "Good luck, old man." In the living room, men laughingly drank toasts to his future, and from the high-columned front porch Marian Devant waved him goodbye as he was driven off to the station, a bewildered young dog in a padded crate.

Two days and two nights he traveled. At noon of the third, at a dreary railroad station in a vast prairie country, he was lifted, crate and all, off the train. A man, tall, lean, pale-eyed, came down the platform toward him.

"Some beauty here, Mr. Larsen," said the station agent.

"Yes," drawled Larsen in a meditative, sanctimonious voice. "Pretty to the eye, but he looks scared — er — timid."

"Of course he's scared!" protested the agent. "So would you be if I was to put you in some kind of whale of a balloon and ship you off to Mars."

The station agent poked his hand through the slats and stroked the young dog's head. Comet was grateful, for everything was strange. He had not whined or complained on the trip — but his heart had pounded fast and he had been homesick and bewildered.

And everything continued to be strange: the treeless country through which he was driven, a country of vast swells, like a motionless sea; the bald house, the group of huge red barns where he was lifted out and the crate door opened; the dogs, setters and pointers, who crowded about him when he was turned into the kennel yard.

They eyed him with enmity, these dogs; they walked round and round him with stiffened tails; but he stood his ground stanchly for a youngster, returning fierce look for fierce look, growl for growl, until Larsen called him sharply and chained him to his own kennel.

He wagged his tail, eager for friendship, as the man stooped to do so. He pushed his nose against the man's knee, but receiving no word of encouragement, he crawled with dignity into his box. There he lay, panting with the strangeness of it all, and wondering.

"One of George Devant's pointers," drawled Larsen to his assistant. "Pretty to look at but — er — timid about the eyes. I never did think much of that breed."

For days Comet remained chained to the kennel, a stranger in a strange land. A hundred times at the click of the gate announcing Larsen's entrance he sprang to his feet and stared hungrily at the man for the light he was accustomed to see in human eyes. But with just a glance at him, Larsen always turned one or more of the other dogs loose and rode off to train them.

This he could not understand. Yet he was not without friends of his own kind. He alone was chained up; and now and then another young dog strolled his way with wagging tail and lay down near by, in that strange bond of sympathy which is not confined to man. At these times Comet's spirit returned; he would want to play, for he was still half puppy. Sometimes he picked up a stick, shook it, and his partner caught the other end. So they tugged and growled in mock ferocity, then lay down and looked at each other curiously.

Had any attention been paid him by Larsen, Comet would have gotten over his homesickness. He was no milksop. He was like an overgrown boy off at college, or in some foreign city, sensitive, not sure of himself or his place in the order of things. Had Larsen gained his confidence, it would all have been different. And as for Larsen, he knew that perfectly well.

One brisk sunny afternoon Larsen entered the yard, came straight to him, and turned him loose.

So great was his joy at freedom that he did not see the shrewd light in the man's eyes. In the exuberance of his spirit he ran round and round the yard barking into the faces of his friends. Larsen let him out of the yard, mounted his horse, and commanded him to heel. He obeyed with wagging tail.

A mile or two down the road Larsen turned into the fields. Across his saddle was something the young pointer had had no experience with — a gun. That part of his education Thompson had neglected, or at least postponed, for he had not expected that Comet would be sent away so soon. That was where Thompson had made a mistake.

At the command "Hie on!" the young pointer ran eagerly around the horse, looking up into the man's face to be sure he had heard aright. Something he saw there made him momentarily droop his ears and tail. Again there came over him the feeling of strangeness, of homesickness, mingled this time with dismay. Larsen's eyes were slits of blue glass. His mouth was set in a thin line.

Had Comet seen a different expression, had he received a single word of encouragement, there would have been no calamity that day. If he had trusted the man, he would have withstood the shock his nerves were about to receive. But he did not trust this pale man with the strange eyes and the hard-set mouth.

At a second command, though, he galloped swiftly, boldly into the field. Once he turned for direction and Larsen waved him on. Round and round the extensive field he circled, forgetting any feeling of strangeness, every fiber of his being intent on the hunt. Larsen, from his horse, watched with appraising eyes.

Suddenly to the young dog's nose came the smell, strong, pungent, compelling, of game birds. He stiffened into an earnest, beautiful point. Heretofore, in the little training he had gone through, Thompson had come up behind him, flushed the birds and made him drop. And now Larsen, having quickly dismounted and tied his horse, hurried toward him as Thompson had done — except that in Larsen's hand was the gun.

The old-fashioned black powder of a generation ago makes a loud explosion. It sounds like a cannon compared with the modern smokeless powder used for almost a generation by nearly all hunters. Perhaps it was merely accident that had caused Larsen, before he left the house, to load his pump gun with black-powder shells.

As for Comet, he only knew that the birds rose with a whirr, and that then, above his head, burst a terrific roar, almost splitting his ear drums, shocking every sensitive nerve, filling him with terror such as he had never felt before. Even then in the confusion and horror of the noise he turned to the

Tail tucked, he ran away from that blasting noise.

man, ears ringing, eyes dilated. As for Larsen he declared afterward, to others and to himself even, that he noticed no nervousness in the dog, that he was intent only on getting several birds for breakfast.

Twice, three times, four times the pump gun bellowed its cannonlike roar, piercing the ear drums, shattering the nerves. Comet turned. One more glance backward at a face, pale, exultant. Then the puppy in him conquered. Tail tucked, he ran away from that blasting noise.

There is this in fear, that once man or dog turns, fear increases. Witness the panic of armies, of theater audiences when the cry of fire is given. Faster and faster from that terror that seemed following him, Comet sped. Miles and miles he ran. Now and then, stumbling over briars, he yelped. His tail was tucked, his eyes crazy with fear. Seeing a farmhouse, he made for that. It was noon hour and a group of men loitered about the yard. With the cry "Mad dog!" one ran into the house for a gun. When he came out, the others told him that the dog was under the porch, and must only have had a fit. And under the porch, in fact, was Comet. Pressed against the wall in the comparative darkness, the magnificent pointer with the quivering soul waited, panting, eyes gleaming, horror still ringing in his ears.

Here Larsen found him that afternoon. A boy crawled underneath and dragged him forth. He

who had started life favored of the gods, who that morning had been full of high spirit and pride, who had circled his first field like a champion, was a shrinking, cringing creature, like a homeless cur.

The men laughed at the spectacle he made. To many people a gun-shy dog is, in his terror, a sight for mirth. Perhaps he is. Certainly he is as much so as a dog with a can tied to his tail. But some day neither sight will be funny to any human soul.

As for Larsen, he kept repeating in sanctimonious tones that he had never been more astonished in his life, though to tell the truth he had never thought much of this breed of pointers. He was very sorry, he said, very sorry. But any one, peering at him from the bushes as he rode home, a dog with tucked tail at his horse's heels, would have seen a shrewd smile on his face.

And thus it happened that Comet came home in disgrace — a coward expelled from college, not for some youthful prank, but because he was yellow. And he knew he was disgraced. He saw it in the face of the big man Devant, who looked at him in the yard where he had spent his happy puppyhood, then turned away. He knew it because of what he saw in the face of Jim Thompson.

In the house was a long plausible letter, explaining how it had happened. "I did everything I could. I never was as much surprised in my life. The dog is hopeless."

As for the other inhabitants of the big house, their minds were full of the events of the season — de-luxe hunting parties, more society events than hunts; lunches served in the woods by uniformed butlers; launch rides up the river; arriving and departing guests. Only one of them except Devant gave the gun-shy dog a thought. Marian Devant visited him in his disgrace. She stooped before him as she had done on that other and happier day, and caught his head between her hands. But his eyes did not meet hers, for in his dim way he knew he was not now what he had been.

"I don't believe he's yellow inside!" she declared and looked at Thompson.

Thompson shook his head. "I tried him with a gun, Miss Marian. Just showed it to him. He ran into his kennel."

"I'll go get mine. I don't believe he will run again."

But at sight of her small gun, it all came back. Again he seemed to hear the explosion that had shattered his nerves. The terror had entered his soul. In spite of her pleading he made for his kennel. Even the girl turned away. And as he lay panting in the shelter of his box he knew that never again would men look at him as they had looked, nor life be sweet to him as it had been.

Then came to Oak Hill an old man to see Thompson. He had been on many seas, had fought in a

dozen wars, and had settled at last on a truck farm near by. Somewhere in a life full of adventure and odd jobs he had trained dogs and horses. His face was lined, his hair white, his eyes piercing, blue, and kind. Wade Swygert was his name.

"I'll take him if you're goin' to give him away," he said to Thompson.

Give him away — who had been championship hope!

Marian Devant hurried out. She looked into the visitor's face shrewdly, appraisingly.

"Can you cure him?" she demanded.

"I doubt it," was the sturdy answer.

"You will try?"

"I'll try."

"Then you can have him. And if there's any expense —"

"Come, Comet," said the old man.

That night, in a neat, humble house, Comet ate supper placed before him by a stout old woman, who had followed this old man to the ends of the world. That night he slept before their fire. The next day he followed the man all about the place. Several days and nights passed this way. Then, while Comet lay before the fire, old Swygert came in with a gun. At sight of it Comet sprang to his feet. He tried to rush out of the room, but the doors were closed. Finally, he crawled under the bed.

Every night after that Swygert got out the gun, until he crawled under the bed no more. Finally, one day the man fastened the dog to a tree in the yard, then came out with a gun. A sparrow lit in a tree, and he shot it. Comet tried to break the rope. All his panic had returned, but the report had not shattered him as that other did, for the gun was loaded light.

After that, frequently the old man shot a bird in his sight, loading the gun more and more heavily, and each time, after the shot, coming to him, showing him the bird, and speaking to him kindly, gently. But for all that, the terror remained in his heart.

One afternoon Marian Devant, a young man with her, rode over on horseback. Swygert met her at the gate.

"I don't know," he said, "whether I'm getting anywhere or not."

"I don't believe he's yellow. Not deep down. Do you?"

"No," said Swygert. "Just his ears, I think. They've been jolted beyond what's common. I don't know how. The spirit is willin', but the ears are weak. I might deefen him. Punch 'em with a knife —"

"That would be running away!" said the girl.

Swygert looked at her keenly, on his face the approbation of an old man who has seen much.

That night Mrs. Swygert told him she thought he had better give it up. It wasn't worth the time and worry. The dog was just yellow.

Swygert pondered a long time. "When I was a kid," he said at last, "there came up a terrible thunderstorm. It was in South America. I was water boy for a railroad gang, and the storm drove us in a shack. While lightnin' was hittin' all around, one of the grown men told me it always picked out boys with red hair. My hair was red, an' I was little and ignorant. For years I was skeered of lightnin'. I never have quite got over it. But no man ever said I was yellow."

Again he was silent for a while. Then he went on: "I don't seem to be makin' much headway, I admit that. I'm lettin' him run away as far as he can. Now I've got to shoot an' make him come toward the gun himself, right while I'm shootin' it."

The next day Comet was tied up and fasted, and the next, until he was gaunt and famished. Then, on the afternoon of the third day, Mrs. Swygert, at her husband's direction, placed before him, within reach of his chain, some raw beefsteak. As he started for it, Swygert shot. He drew back, panted, then hunger getting the better of him, started again. Again Swygert shot.

After that for days Comet "ate to music," as Swygert expressed it. "Now," he said, "he's got to come toward the gun when he's not even tied up."

Not far from Swygert's house is a small pond, and on one side the banks are perpendicular. Toward this pond went the old man, with the gun under his arm and the dog following. Here in the silence of the woods, with just the two of them together, was to be a final test.

On the shelving bank Swygert picked up a stick and tossed it into the middle of the pond with the command to "fetch." Comet sprang eagerly in and retrieved it. Twice this was repeated. But the third time, as the dog approached the shore, Swygert picked up the gun and fired.

Quickly the dog dropped the stick; then turned and swam toward the other shore. Here, so precipitous were the banks, he could not get a foothold. He turned once more and struck out diagonally across the pond. Swygert met him and fired.

Over and over it happened. Each time, after he fired, the old man stooped down with extended hand and begged him to come on. His face was grim, and though the day was cool, sweat stood out on his brow. "You'll face the music," he said, "or you'll drown. Better be dead than called yellow."

The dog was growing weary. His head was barely above water. His efforts to clamber up the opposite bank were feeble, frantic. Yet, each time as he drew near the shore Swygert fired.

He was not using light loads now. He was using the regular load of the bird hunter. Time had passed for temporizing. The sweat was standing out all over his face. The sternness in his eyes was terrible to see, for it was the sternness of a man who is suffering.

A dog can swim a long time. The sun dropped over the trees. Still the firing went on, regularly, like a minute gun. Just before the sun set an exhausted dog staggered toward an old man, almost as exhausted as he. The dog had been too near death and was too faint to care for the gun that was being fired over his head. On and on he came, toward the man, disregarding the noise of the gun. It would not hurt him, that he knew at last. He might have many enemies, but the gun, in the hands of this man, was not one of them. Suddenly old Swygert sank down and took the dripping dog in his arms.

"Old boy," he said, "old boy."

That night Comet lay before the fire, and looked straight into the eyes of a man, as he used to look in the old days.

Next season, Larsen, glancing over his sporting papers, was astonished to see that among promising Derbys the fall trials had called forth was a pointer named Comet. He would have thought it some other dog than the one who had disappointed him so by turning out gun-shy, in spite of all his efforts

to prevent, had it not been for the fact that the entry was booked as Comet; owner, Miss Marian Devant; handler, Wade Swygert.

Then next year he was still more astonished to see in the same paper that Comet, handled by Swygert, had won first place in a Western trial, and was prominently spoken of as a National Championship possibility. As for him, he had no young entries to offer, but was staking everything on the National Championship, where he was to enter Larsen's Peerless II.

It was strange how things fell out — but things have a habit of turning out strangely in field trials as well as elsewhere. When Larsen reached Breton Junction where the National Championship was to be run, there on the street, straining at the leash held by old Swygert, whom he used to know, was a seasoned young pointer, with a white body, a brown head, and a brown saddle spot — the same pointer he had seen two years before turn tail and run, in that terror a dog never quite overcomes.

But the strangest thing of all happened that night at the drawing, when, according to the slips taken at random from a hat, it was declared that on the following Wednesday Comet, the pointer, was to run with Peerless II.

It gave Larsen a strange thrill, this announcement.

He left the meeting and went straight to his room.

There for a long time he sat pondering. The next day at a hardware store he bought some black powder and some shells.

The race was to be run the following day. That night in his room he loaded half-a-dozen shells. It would have been a study in faces to watch him as he bent over his work, on his lips a smile. Into the shells he packed all the powder that they could stand, all the powder his trusted gun could stand, without bursting. It was a load big enough to kill a bear, to bring down a buffalo. It was a load that would echo and reëcho in the hills.

On the morning that Larsen walked out in front of the judges and field, Peerless II at the leash, old Swygert with Comet at his side, he glanced around at the "field," or spectators. Among them was a handsome young woman and with her, to his amazement, George Devant. He could not help chuckling inside as he thought of what would happen that day, for once a gun-shy dog, always a gun-shy dog — that was *his* experience.

As for Comet, he faced the strawfields eagerly, confidently, already a veteran. Long ago fear of the gun had left him, for the most part. There were times, when at a report above his head, he still trembled and the shocked nerves in his ear gave a twinge like that of a bad tooth. But always at the quiet voice of the old man, his god, he grew steady, and remained stanch.

Some disturbing memory did start within him to-day as he glanced at the man with the other dog. It seemed to him as if in another and an evil world he had seen that face. His heart began to pound fast and his tail drooped for a moment. Within an hour it was all to come back to him — the terror, the panic, the agony of that far-away time.

He looked up at old Swygert, who was his god, and to whom his soul belonged, though he was booked as the property of Miss Marian Devant. Of the arrangements he could know nothing, being a dog. Old Swygert, having cured him, could not meet the expenses of taking him to field trials. The girl had come to the old man's assistance, an assistance which he had accepted only under condition that the dog should be entered as hers, with himself as handler.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" the judges asked.

"Ready," said Larsen and old Swygert.

And Comet and Peerless II were speeding away across that field, and behind them came handlers and judges and spectators, all mounted.

It was a race people still talk about, and for a reason, for strange things happened that day. At first there was nothing unusual. It was like any other field trail. Comet found birds and Swygert, his handler, flushed them and shot. Comet remained steady. Then Peerless II found

a covey and Larsen flushed them and shot. And so on for an hour it went.

Then Comet disappeared, and old Swygert, riding hard and looking for him, went out of sight over a hill. But Comet had not gone far. As a matter of fact, he was near by, hidden in some high straw, pointing a covey of birds. One of the spectators spied him, and called the judges' attention to him. Everybody, including Larsen, rode up to him, but still Swygert had not come back.

They called him, but the old man was a little deaf. Some of the men rode to the top of the hill but could not see him. In his zeal, he had got a considerable distance away. Meanwhile here was his dog, pointed.

If any one had looked at Larsen's face, he would have seen the exultation there, for now his chance had come — the very chance he had been looking for. It's a courtesy one handler sometimes extends another who is absent from the spot, to go in and flush his dog's birds.

"I'll handle this covey for Mr. Swygert," said Larsen to the judges, his voice smooth and plausible, on his face a smile.

And thus it happened that Comet faced his supreme ordeal without the steadying voice of his god. He only knew that ahead of him were birds, and that behind him a man was coming through the straw, and that behind the man a crowd of

people on horseback were watching him. He had become used to that but when, out of the corner of his eye he saw the face of the advancing man, his soul began to tremble.

"Call your dog in, Mr. Larsen," directed the judge. "Make him backstand."

Only a moment was lost while Peerless, a young dog himself, came running in and at a command from Larsen stopped in his tracks behind Comet, and pointed. Larsen's dogs always obeyed, quickly, mechanically. Without ever gaining their confidence, Larsen had a way of turning them into finished field-trial dogs. They obeyed because they were afraid not to.

According to the rules the man handling the dog has to shoot as the birds rise. This is done in order to test the dog's steadiness when a gun is fired over him. No specification is made as to the size of the shotgun to be used. Usually, however, small-gauge guns are carried. The one in Larsen's hands was a twelve-gauge, and consequently large. All the morning he had been using it over his own dog. Nobody had paid any attention to it, because he shot smokeless powder. But now, as he advanced, he reached into the left-hand pocket of his hunting coat, where six shells rattled as he hurried along. Two of these he took out and rammed into the barrels.

As for Comet, still standing rigid, statuesque, he

heard, as has been said, the brush of steps through the straw, glimpsed a face, and trembled. But only for a moment. Then he steadied, head high, tail straight out. The birds rose with a whirr — and then was repeated that horror of his youth. Above his ears, ears that would always be tender, broke a great roar. Either because of his excitement, or because of a sudden wave of revenge, or of a determination to make sure of the dog's flight, Larsen had pulled both triggers at once. The combined report shattered through the dog's ear drums, it shivered through his nerves. He sank in agony into the straw.

Then the old impulse to flee was upon him, and he sprang to his feet, and looked about wildly. But from somewhere in that crowd behind him came to his tingling ears a voice — clear, ringing, deep, the voice of a woman — a woman he knew — pleading as his master used to plead, calling on him not to run but to stand.

"Steady," it said. "Steady, Comet!"

It called him to himself, it soothed him, it calmed him and he turned and looked toward the crowd. With the roar of the shotgun the usual order observed in field trials was broken up. All rules seemed to have been suspended. Ordinarily, no one belonging to "the field" is allowed to speak to a dog. Yet the girl had spoken to him. Ordinarily, the spectators must remain in the rear of the

judges. Yet one of the judges had himself wheeled his horse about and was galloping off, and Marian Devant had pushed through the crowd and was riding toward the bewildered dog.

He stood stanch where he was, though in his ears was still a throbbing pain, and though all about him was this growing confusion he could not understand. The man he feared was running across the field yonder, in the direction taken by the judge. He was blowing his whistle as he ran. Through the crowd, his face terrible to see, his own master was coming. Both the old man and the girl had dismounted now and were running toward him.

"I heard," old Swygert was saying to her. "I heard it! I might 'a' known! I might 'a' known!"

"He stood," she panted, "like a rock — oh, the brave, beautiful thing!"

"Where is that —" Swygert suddenly checked himself and looked around.

A man in the crowd (they had all gathered about now) laughed.

"He's gone after his dog," he said. "Peerless has run away!"

IN THE SOUTH SEAS[1]

By Virginia Lynch

A trim white yacht sailed out of Manila Bay early one morning. On board were two little boys, Bob and Dick, with their father. They had to leave Trail, their dog, behind, alas! The joy of being again on the sea, however, offset the regret they felt at leaving their pet behind.

"Where do we land first, Dad?" asked Dick, spick and span in his new scout suit.

"We're going straight down to Mindanao. We'll land at Zamboanga, the largest town in the South. On our homeward way, we'll put in at various ports, here and there. There is a little launch on this yacht which will take us ashore where there are no docks, or where the water is shallow."

As the days went by, the boys were browned and reddened by the fresh sea breeze. The sailors showed Bob and Dick how to splice a rope and do other sailor tricks. They had forgotten some of the nautical knowledge they had acquired on the

[1] Reprinted from *Two Boy Scouts in the Far East*, by permission of the author, Virginia Lynch.

voyage from the States, but soon it all came back and they felt, again, like real "Jack Tars." They took off their scout suits and put on white sailor suits with caps like the sailors'.

"We're looking at Mindanao now, boys," said the Captain one morning, as they looked across to a line of queer nipa huts, standing on piles in the water. Strange-looking boats, with odd brown sails, were lazily tacking back and forth along the palm-fringed coast.

It was a beautiful morning when they landed at Zamboanga, the Moro metropolis.

"It looks different from the Filipino towns. Doesn't it, Dad?" said Bob.

"Yes. These people are Mohammedans. Their language and their customs are different from those of the Filipinos. They look different. See! There's a Dato, or chief," pointing to a dark-eyed and gayly dressed Moro, followed by a slave carrying an umbrella over his head.

"On that beach over there, twenty years ago, we landed and were attacked by the Moros with long sharp spears. Our rifles, though, were more dangerous. They retreated up that mountain to a fortress they'd built. We had to build a road through the jungle to get at them. It took a year. Hundreds of monkeys lived in the trees. At first, the soldiers used to shoot them. Then our kind commander forbade their being killed. The mon-

keys seemed to know they were safe. They came out of the trees and traveled along the road in families — father, mother, and little ones.

"Do you remember the big shells we have at home, boys?" continued the Doctor.

"Yes, Dad. You mean the big ones we use to hold the doors open. Don't you?"

"Yes. Well! I picked them up on that beach over there. There must have been thousands of those animals on the beach. These big snails carry their houses on their backs. Over at Jolo, the Chinese sell the big snails in the market."

"Isn't Zamboango a pretty town!" exclaimed Bob, as they walked about the charming square.

"Yes. We'll have dinner and then ride about. We may see, later, the tree-dwellers in the mountain forests. They build their homes in the huge trees to escape spear thrusts from their enemies."

There are pearl fisheries all around these islands. They could see far off the pearl-fishers' boats.

"Many a ship has been wrecked on the Sulu Islands over there," said the Doctor. "And many pirates have roved about these waters, seizing ships and crews. Those days are past, however. We only read about them now in story-books."

The dark-skinned Moros, in their fezzes and queer tight trousers, were a bit terrifying to our boys at first. With a sharp dagger, called a kriss, in his

belt, a Moro looked quite fierce. They were kind, though, and smiled at Bob and Dick, showing their blackened teeth. Some wore silver bracelets and had handsomely embroidered clothes. Several delightful drives around the town gave views out over the sea, where hundreds of small green islands looked like emeralds.

"Borneo is over there, boys," said the Doctor, pointing to the distant horizon of the emerald Sulu Sea. At night, huge fireflies glimmered in the thick bamboos. How lovely it was! And lovely, too, by day! The brilliant sea, the tall palms, the waving bamboos and the white beaches were like stage scenes. They rode up through the forest and saw hundreds of monkeys and parrakeets. They saw a mighty waterfall, and crocodiles in the rivers. The boys loved it all. While their father was busy, they rode about with a Moro soldier who spoke some English, and told them strange stories and legends of his people.

They sailed over to Jolo and in and out among the Sulu Islands. At Jolo, they met the Sultan of Sulu. He gave Bob and Dick each a pretty pearl. Bob and Dick loved to watch the pearlers and the Moro boats with their brilliant orange, or green, or purple flags.

They left Mindanao and the gayly-dressed Moros regretfully. Northward the white yacht turned her prow. One morning they woke to find the

Arrow anchored off a yellow beach bordered by coconut palms and bananas.

Under a fringe of bamboos and palms, a string of nipa huts could be seen. On the beach, a few fishermen and naked children looked at the white yacht anchored off shore. Farther along a group of native women, squatting on the shore, were beating their clothes clean, with wooden paddles. A big banca, loaded with red pottery, was anchored near shore.

"Breakfast, boys, and then we'll go over to the beach," said the Captain.

They were soon in the launch, which the sailors had lowered, and were stepping ashore on the beach. They tried to talk to some naked native boys who evidently did not understand either English or Spanish.

"Let's have a swim, Bob," cried Dick. While their father had a smoke and bought some odd baskets and clay jars, the boys had a swim.

On board again! They steamed away from the pretty beach to land at other palm-fringed villages and towns. They sailed past scores of the hundreds of islands of the Philippines. They landed at several good-sized towns, the largest being Iloilo. On one island, Cebu, the busy waterfront of the town of Cebu was covered with bales of hemp ready to be shipped all over the world.

"The town of Cebu," said the Doctor, "is very

By Burton Holmes, from Ewing Galloway

ILOILO HARBOR

near where Magellan lost his life, in a fight with the natives. Over there," pointing to a little island near by, "is a monument to Magellan. He was probably killed in the water. That was long, long ago, for he was killed, they say, April 27, 1521."

They stayed two days at Cebu. Then the slim *Arrow* turned her nose towards Luzon. Their sixteen-day trip to the Southern Islands ended when they stepped ashore on the Quarter-master's dock in Manila. Palm-fringed beaches, dark-eyed Moros, and pearl-fishers' boats were soon almost forgotten, as morning lessons in commonplace arithmetic and spelling were resumed.

April saw most of the white folk who could get away from Manila going to Camp John Hay, or China, or Japan, to be cool. Manila with its old walls and gates, its old Spanish houses, its many types of people, its oriental atmosphere, was always a delightful place to Bob and Dick. They often rode in on the trolley. When one rode first class, it cost eleven cents — such an odd rate of fare, it seemed to them.

Their little chums had nearly all gone away for the hot months; so they felt a bit lonely. One day, their father came in hurriedly and said, "How'd you like to go to China, boys? I'm ordered now to Tientsin. We'll have to pack up and be ready to go in a week. We shan't return here, for, from Japan, we'll take a transport home."

"Can we take Trail, Dad?" Bob anxiously asked.

"No. But Captain Brown is going to the States, next week, on a liner. He is willing to take Trail along and you'll get him in 'Frisco in the fall, when we return," replied his father.

Now there was much excitement of packing and good-bys to friends. Passports had to be gotten. Trunks were packed. Trail was hugged again and again. On their last night in the Philippines, they sat up a little later than usual, watching the fireflies and the huge full moon. The moon shone on the whitewashed houses and churches of the distant village and was reflected in long shimmering, silvery bars on the Lake of the Bay. The "gecko" under the porch seemed to be saying "Good-by! Good-by!" and the distant bugle call echoed it across the Parade Ground.

Sailing day! The *Chiyu Maru* was a fine ship. The Japanese ensign was flying from her bow. The spick and span officers at the gangway looked at the Doctor's passports. They were all right. Dick, Bob, and their father, with many bags, went up on the deck and put their luggage in their stateroom. The boys hung over the rail. They looked down at Trail on the dock, giving little yelps at his friends above. Eugenio, their house-boy, had him in charge. Tears filled Dick's eyes as the hawsers were cast off. The whistle shrieked and he saw his little pet — perhaps for the last time.

A last yell to Trail, a last good-by to Manila, as the city disappeared from sight. Then they left Corregidor Island behind. Before night fell, they were far out on the China Sea. Good-by to Uncle Sam's lovely islands! Now they are to see some of their neighbors on the mainland of Asia.

After dinner, in the beautiful dining-room, where they had a small table to themselves, they listened to the orchestra of Chinese and Filipinos. The Doctor read the pile of letters which he had not had time to read before they boarded the *Chiyu*.

There was a letter for Bob from Jack Brown, whom they had met on the *Logan* coming out, and whom they last saw at Guam. His father, a marine officer, had been sent to Samoa instead of to Porto Rico; and Jack had written Bob a most interesting letter from Pago Pago, on Tutuila, where they were now living. This far-away island of Uncle Sam's is one of a group which belongs to Great Britain and the United States. Germany used to own several. Now the British flag waves over Robert Louis Stevenson's grave.

"Get out your map, boys, and you can see where Jack is now living, down in the Pacific; and you can mark our route over to Hong Kong and up through China," said the Doctor. They were busy almost till bed-time talking about their trip through China and hearing something of China's ancient history.

"How long will it take us to reach Hong Kong, Dad?" asked Bob.

"Two days," said his father. "The *Chiyu* is a pretty fast ship. We'll land Wednesday morning. We will go to bed early to-night, boys, as we've been up since dawn."

The next day was a perfect sailing day. The sea was blue and as smooth as glass. The beautiful ship went ahead eagerly, bringing them nearer each hour to the port of Hong Kong.

Before dawn on Wednesday, the boys were thrown violently from their berths.

"Are you hurt, children?" asked their father.

It was dark in the cabin. Dick was a bit frightened but was not hurt. Bob had struck his head against the door and had gotten a bump. The Doctor tried to turn on the electric light, but could not. They all dressed and went out on deck. The ship seemed to be tilting.

"What's the matter, Dad?" asked Bob.

"We've struck a rock just outside Hong Kong Harbor. Put on these life preservers. Hold on to me, boys. The ship is settling fast."

The Doctor gripped a hand of each and all went to the rail, where the boats were being lowered.

What a scene in the gray dawn! The Japanese officers and sailors were rushing back and forth, giving rapid orders in their strange tongue. The passengers, in life preservers, stood beside the rail.

The sailors were getting the first boats filled with women and children away from the sinking ship. Lanterns glimmered here and there. The sea looked gray, as a mist was hanging over it, so that nothing could be clearly seen. The passengers were calm.

"Now Bob and Dick." Their father kissed them, as without a murmur they got into one of the life-boats.

"Can't you go too, Dad?" cried Dick.

"No, my boy. The women and children go first. I'll meet you later in Hong Kong. You're all right. Mrs. Price!" speaking to a kind-faced English lady who was getting into the boat with a little girl, "will you please look after my little boys till we can again be together?"

"Yes, indeed, Doctor," she replied. "I'll be glad to do so."

As the boat was lowered over the ship's side, Bob and Dick felt a bit afraid; but their kind friend held them tight as she called up to the Doctor. "We'll go to the Hong Kong Hotel. We'll all meet there."

"Be brave, boys," cried the Doctor, looking over the rail as the boat reached the sea.

A great wave washed over them as they pushed off from the wreck. The boys looked up. How huge the ship looked! The sailors pulled away, the long oars rising and falling together. Two

young ladies helped, too. The sea was soon dotted with life-boats. The ship faded from sight. The sun came up and slowly scattered the mist. Bob and Dick were cold and hungry. There was a pail of fresh water in the boat; so they all had a drink. The Japanese sailors rowed without ceasing.

"I see a junk, Dick," cried Bob. Soon they were near enough to hail it. There were Chinese fishermen on the junk. They came alongside and threw over some food into the life-boat. How good the cold rice and dried fish tasted to the hungry children! A launch came up later and took them aboard.

Soon objects could be seen — masses of green on heights. The launch turned. The boys saw a narrow channel. Ships, junks, and sampans were everywhere. Long, stone docks curved around the shore. Above the buildings on the shore, rose green hills, with beautiful villas appearing through the trees. Bob and Dick were tired and hungry. They hardly realized that they were looking at one of the loveliest harbors on the globe and the most beautiful city in the Far East — Hong Kong. A little later, the launch landed them on the long, stone dock at Hong Kong, called the Bund.

"We're going to have breakfast first," said Mrs. Price, as she signaled to several rickshaw men to come near. "Take off your life-preservers, boys. I'm glad we won't need them." She helped the

children undo the straps and gave the life-preservers to one of the Japanese crew.

"Oh, let's wait for Dad! Let's wait for Dad, Mrs. Price!" cried Bob and Dick together, as they anxiously scanned the boatloads of survivors coming in to the Bund. Finally, from the last launch, their father stepped ashore.

What a hugging time! And how happy they were as they got into rickshaws and rode up to the hotel for breakfast! The boys' eyes opened wide as the bare brown legs of the Chinaman trotted ahead, just like a pony's. They were in one rickshaw. Their father was in another right behind. Bob peeked out to see if his father was there.

"Here I am," cried his father. "Right behind you. I'm keeping close to you."

"What pretty shops, Dick!" said Bob, interested in the sights, now that he knew Dad was near.

"Yes, Bob. And there's a lady in a sedan chair. Oh, let's ride in one," cried Dick.

"Yes, we shall," said his father, who heard the boys talking. "The sedans carry people 'way up there on the Peak, as it is called."

In the hotel dining-room, everybody was talking about the wrecked Japanese liner. Heads were turned as the survivors came in to breakfast. Everybody had been saved. Divers would be able to recover some of the cargo. The passengers' baggage, however, would probably be lost.

How good that breakfast tasted! How good to be on land once more! How glad they were to be together again! The Doctor made them rest a while. Then, after a bath, they put on the new clothes that their father had bought in a shop near by. They had lunch, and a nap, and then rode in rickshaws along a fine street — the Queen's Road — stopping, now and then, to buy something in the fascinating shops.

Beautiful porcelains, rattan furniture, silverware, fans, embroideries, carved wood, and carved ivories, and all sorts of lovely linens were displayed. Nearly everybody on the streets wore white clothes, as in Manila; for it was the hot season here in South China also, and it was very warm.

"What are those policemen, Dad? Are they Hindoos?" asked Bob, looking at a tall, turbaned figure on horseback.

"Yes. They're Sikhs from northern India. This is a British colony, you know," said his father. "They're handsome fellows in that picturesque uniform."

They bought some souvenirs for friends at home. Their father bought some lovely carved ivories, and a Chinese umbrella of oiled paper, for each of the boys. He also got each of them a sun-helmet. In the late afternoon, they went in sedans up to the beautiful Botanical Gardens. Every sort of tropical tree and shrub seemed to be growing there.

"Isn't Hong Kong an island, Dad?" asked Bob, as they looked out over the city, below.

"Yes. The island is really Hong Kong and the name of the city is Victoria; but everybody calls the city Hong Kong, too."

They went on up to the Peak by the inclined railway. What beautiful views they enjoyed from the flagstaff over the lovely harbor!

"There's where we were wrecked, boys," said the Doctor, pointing to a distant speck on the horizon.

In one direction, they looked far out over the China Sea. Turning, they saw the green valleys and mountains of South China. Far below were the villas of Hong Kong. Ships in the harbor looked like ants.

"Isn't it beautiful, boys!" said the Doctor.

"Yes. It's as beautiful as Camp John Hay," said Bob, "only it's different."

They came down on the inclined railway as far as it went.

"We'll get in sedans, boys, and go down into the native quarter," said the Doctor.

"This railroad is somewhat like the railroad on Mt. Washington, Dick," said Bob as they jogged down from the flagstaff.

They got into sedans, after leaving the train, and went as far as Queen's Road, when they changed to rickshaws. For an hour or more, they

rode through the native quarter. The Chinese children, in their quaint costumes, looked like dolls to our boys. The boys bought some Chinese toys and sweetmeats done up in pretty baskets.

They spent several days sight-seeing in this oriental outpost of the British Empire and went across the river to see the Portuguese town of Macao.

"We'll go to Canton by the night boat to-night, children," said the Doctor on Monday morning. "We'll leave for Shanghai on a Canadian steamer, the *Empress of Asia*, on Thursday. Canton is one of the oldest cities in the world and one of the most interesting. I want you to see it. It hasn't changed much in centuries. You'll never forget Old Canton."

The Doctor took out the map and showed them their route, up the Pearl River to the old walled city of Canton, one of the most picturesque cities in the whole world.

THE GARDEN TEA[1]

By Sarah Orne Jewett

There was a gnarled old pear-tree of great age and size that grew near Betty Leicester's east window. By leaning out a little she could touch the nearest bough. Aunt Barbara and Aunt Mary said that it was a most beautiful thing to see it in bloom in the spring; and the family cats were fond of climbing up and leaping across to the window-sill, while there were usually some birds perching in it when the coast was clear of pussies.

One day Betty was looking over from Mary Beck's and saw that the east window and the pear-tree branch were in plain sight; so the two girls invented a system of signals: one white handkerchief meant *come over*, and two meant *no*, but a single one in answer was for *yes*. A yellow handkerchief on the bough proposed a walk; and so the code went on, and was found capable of imparting much secret information. Sometimes the exchange

[1] Reprinted by permission of, and by arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

of these signals took a far longer time than it did to run across from house to house, and at any rate in the first fortnight Mary and Betty spent the greater part of their waking hours together. Still the signal service, as they proudly called it, was of great use.

One morning, when Mary had been summoned, Betty came rushing to meet her.

"Aunt Barbara is going to let me have a tea-party. What do you think of that?" she cried.

Mary Beck looked pleased, and then a doubting look crept over her face.

"I don't know any of the boys and girls very well except you," Betty explained, "and Aunt Barbara likes the idea of having them come. Aunt Mary thinks that she can't come down, for the excitement would be too much for her, but I am going to tease her again as soon as I have time. It is to be a summerhouse tea at six o'clock; it is lovely in the garden then. Just as soon as I have helped Serena a little longer, you and I will go to invite everybody. Serena is letting me beat eggs."

It was a great astonishment that Betty should take the serious occasion so lightly. Mary Beck would have planned it at least a week beforehand, and have worried and worked and been in despair; and here was Betty as gay as possible, and as for Aunt Barbara and Serena and Letty, they were gay too. It was entirely mysterious.

"I have sent word by Jonathan to the Picknell girls; he had an errand on that road. They looked so old and scared in church last Sunday that I kept thinking that they ought to have a good time. They don't come in to the village much, do they?" inquired Betty with great interest.

"Hardly ever, except Sundays," answered Mary Beck. "They turn red if you only look at them, but they are always talking together when they go by. One of them can draw beautifully. Oh, of course I go to school with them, but I don't know them very well."

"I hope they'll come, don't you?" said Betty, whisking away at the eggs. "I don't know when I've ever been where I could have a little party. I can have two or three girls to luncheon or tea almost any time, especially in London, but that's different. Who else now, Becky? Let's see if we choose the same ones."

"Mary and Julia Picknell, and Mary and Ellen Grant, and Lizzie French, and George Max, and Frank Crane, and my cousin Jim Beck — Dan's too little. They would be eight, and you and I make ten — oh, that's too many!"

"Dear me, no!" said Betty lightly. "I thought of the Fosters, too."

"We don't have much to do with the Fosters," said Mary Beck. "I don't see why that Nelly Foster started up and came to see you. I never go

inside her house now. Everybody despises her father."

"I think that Nelly is a dear-looking girl," insisted Betty. "I like her ever so much."

"They acted so stuck-up after Mr. Foster was put in jail," Mary went on. "People pitied them at first and were carrying about a subscription-paper, but Mrs. Foster wouldn't take anything, and said that they were going to support themselves. People don't like Mrs. Foster very well."

"Aunt Barbara respects her very much. She says that few women would show the courage she has shown. Perhaps she hasn't a nice way of speaking, but Aunt Barbara said that I must ask Harry and Nelly, when we were talking about it to-day." Betty could not help a tone of triumph; she and Becky had fought a little about the Fosters before this.

"Harry is just like a wild Indian," said Mary Beck; "he goes fishing and trapping almost all the time. He won't know what to do at a party. I believe he makes ever so much money with his fish, and pays bills with it." Becky relented a little now. "Oh, dear, I haven't anything nice enough to wear," she added suddenly. "We never have parties in Tideshead, except at the vestry in the winter; and they're so poky."

"Oh, wear anything; it's going to be hot, that's all," said industrious Betty, in her business-like

checked apron; and it now first dawned upon Becky's honest mind that it was not worth while to make one's self utterly miserable about one's clothes.

The two girls went scurrying away like squirrels presently to invite the guests. Nelly Foster looked delighted at the thought of such pleasure.

"But I don't know what Harry will say," she added, doubtfully.

"Please ask him to be sure to come," urged Betty. "I should be so disappointed, and Aunt Barbara asked me to say that she depended upon him, for she knows him better than she does almost any of the young people." Nelly looked radiant at this, but Mary Beck was much offended. "I go to your Aunt Barbara's oftener than anybody," she said jealously, as they came away.

"She asked me to say that, and I did," maintained Betty. "Don't be cross, Becky; it's going to be such a jolly tea-party. Why, here's Jonathan back again already. Oh, good! the Picknells are happy to come."

The rest of the guests were quickly made sure of, and Betty and reluctant Mary went back to the house. It made Betty a little disheartened to find that her friend took every proposition on the wrong side; she seemed to think most things about a tea-party were impossible, and that all were difficult, and she saw lions in the way at every turn. It

struck Betty, who was used to taking social events easily, that there was no pleasuring at all in the old village, though people were always saying how gay and delightful it *used* to be and how many guests *used* to come to town in the summer.

The old Leicester garden was a lovely place on a summer evening. Aunt Barbara had been surprised when Betty insisted that she wished to have supper there instead of in the dining-room; but Betty had known too many out-of-door feasts in foreign countries not to remember how charming they were and how small any dining-room seems in summer by contrast. And after a few minutes' thought, Aunt Barbara, too, who had been in France long before, asked Serena and Letty to spread the table under the large cherry-tree near the arbor; and there it stood presently, with its white cloth, and pink roses in two china bowls, all ready for the sandwiches and bread and butter and strawberries and sponge-cake, and chocolate to drink out of the prettiest cups in Tideshead. It was all simple and gay and charming, the little feast; and full of grievous self-consciousness as the shyest guest might have been when first met by Betty at the doorstep, the pleasure of the party itself proved most contagious, and all fears were forgotten. Everybody met on common ground for once, without any thought of self. It came with surprise to more than one girl's mind that a

party was really so little trouble. It was such a pity that somebody did not have one every week.

Aunt Barbara was very good to Harry Foster, who seemed at first much older and soberer than the rest; but Betty demanded his services when she was going to pass the sandwiches again, and Letty had gone to the house for another pot of chocolate. "I will take the bread and butter; won't you please pass these?" she said. And away they went to the rest of the company, who were scattered along the arbor benches by twos and threes.

"I saw you in your boat when I first came up the river," Betty found time to say. "I didn't know who you were then, though I was sure you were one of the boys whom I used to play with. Some time when Nelly is going down couldn't you take me too? I can row."

"Nelly would go if you would. I never thought to ask her. I always wish there were somebody else to see how pleasant it is" — and then a voice interrupted to ask what Harry was catching now.

"Bass," said Harry, with brightening face. "I do so well that I am sending them down to Riverport every day that the packet goes, and I wish that I had somebody to help me. You don't know what a rich old river it is!"

"Why, if here isn't Aunt Mary!" cried Betty.

Sure enough, the eager voices and the laughter had attracted another guest. And Aunt Barbara sprang up joyfully and called for a shawl and footstool from the house; but Betty didn't wait for them, and brought Aunt Mary to the arbor bench. Nobody knew when the poor lady had been in her own garden before, but here she was at last, and had her supper with the rest. The good doctor would have been delighted enough if he had seen the sight.

Nothing had ever tasted so good as that out-of-door supper. The white June moon came up, and its bright light made the day longer; and when everybody had eaten a last piece of sponge-cake, and the heap of strawberries on a great round India dish had been leveled, what should be heard but sounds of a violin. Betty had discovered that Seth Pond — the clumsy, good-natured Seth of all people! — had, as he said, "ears for music," and had taught himself to play.

So they had a country-dance on the green; girls and boys and Aunt Barbara, who had been a famous dancer in her youth; and those who didn't know the steps of "Money Musk" and the Virginia reel were put in the middle of the line, and had plenty of time to learn before their turns came. Afterward Seth played "Bonny Doon," and "Nelly was a Lady," and "Johnny Comes Marching Home," and "Annie Laurie," and half a dozen

other songs, and everybody sang, but, to Betty's delight, Mary Beck's voice led all the rest.

The moon was high in the sky when the guests went away. It seemed like a new world to some young folks who were there, and everybody was surprised because everybody else looked so pretty and was so surprisingly gay. Yet, here it was, the same old Tideshead after all!

"Aunt Barbara," said Betty, as that aunt sat on the side of Betty's four-post bed, "Aunt Barbara, don't say good-night just yet. I must talk about one or two things before I forget them in the morning. Mary Picknell asked me ever so many questions about some of the pictures, but she knows more about them than I do, and I thought I would ask her to come some day so that you could tell her everything. She ought to be an artist. Didn't you see how she kept looking at the pictures? And then Harry Foster knows a lovely place down the river for a picnic, and can borrow boats enough besides his own to take us all there, only it's a secret yet. Harry said that it was a beautiful point of land, with large trees, and that there was a lane that came across the fields from the road, so that you could be driven down to meet us, if you disliked the boats."

"I am very fond of going on the water," said Aunt Barbara, with great spirit. "I knew that point, and those oak-trees, long before either of you

was born. It was very polite of Harry to think of my coming with the young folks. Yes, we'll think about the picnic, certainly, but you must go to sleep now, Betty."

"Aunt Barbara must have been such a nice girl," thinks Betty, as the door shuts. "And if we go, Harry must take her in his boat. It is strange that Mary Beck should not like the Fosters, just because their father was a scamp."

But the room was still and dark, and sleepiness got the better of Betty's thoughts that night.

ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS[1]

By Kenneth Grahame

"Let's pretend," suggested Harold, "that we're Cavaliers and Roundheads; and *you* be a Roundhead!"

"Oh, bother," I replied drowsily; "we pretended that yesterday; and it's not my turn to be a Roundhead, anyhow." The fact is, I was lazy, and the call to arms fell on indifferent ears. We three younger ones were stretched at length in the orchard. The sun was hot, the season merry June, and never (I thought) had there been such wealth and riot of buttercups throughout the lush grass. Green-and-gold was the dominant key that day. Instead of active "pretense" with its shouts and perspiration, how much better — I held — to lie at ease and pretend to one's self, in green and golden fancies, slipping the husk and passing, a careless lounger, through a sleepy imaginary world all gold and green! But the persistent Harold was not to be fobbed off.

[1] From *The Golden Age.* Copyrighted by Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc.

"Well, then," he began afresh, "let's pretend we're knights of the Round Table; and (with a rush) *I'll* be Lancelot!"

"I won't play unless I'm Lancelot," I said. I didn't mean it really, but the game of knights always began with this particular contest.

"Oh, *please*," implored Harold. "You know when Edward's here I never get a chance of being Lancelot. I haven't been Lancelot for weeks!" Then I yielded gracefully. "All right," I said. "I'll be Tristram."

"Oh, but you can't," cried Harold again. "Charlotte has always been Tristram. She won't play unless she's allowed to be Tristram! Be somebody else this time."

Charlotte said nothing, but breathed hard, looking straight before her. The peerless hunter and harper was her special hero of romance, and rather than see the part in less appreciative hands, she would even have returned sadly to the stuffy schoolroom.

"I don't care," I said; "I'll be anything. I'll be Sir Kay. Come on!"

Then once more in this country's story the mail-clad knights paced through the greenwood shaw, questing adventure, redressing wrong; and bandits, five to one, broke and fled discomfited to their caves. Once again were damsels rescued, dragons disemboweled, and giants, in every cor-

ner of the orchard, deprived of their already superfluous number of heads; while Palamides the Saracen waited for us by the well, and Sir Breuse Saunce Pité vanished in craven flight before the skilled spear that was his terror and his bane. Once more the lists were dight in Camelot, and all was gay with shimmer of silk and gold; the earth shook with thunder of horses, ash-staves flew in splinters; and the firmament rang to the clash of sword on helm. The varying fortune of the day swung doubtful — now on this side, now on that; till at last Lancelot, grim and great, thrusting through the press, unhorsed Sir Tristram (an easy task), threatening doom; while the Cornish knight, forgetting hard-won fame of old, cried piteously, "You're hurting me, I tell you! and you're tearing my frock!" Then it happed that Sir Kay, hurtling to the rescue, stopped short in his stride, catching sight suddenly, through apple-boughs, of a gleam of scarlet afar off; while the confused tramp of many horses, mingled with talk and laughter, was borne to our ears.

"What is it?" inquired Tristram, sitting up and shaking out her curls; while Lancelot forsook the clanging lists and trotted nimbly to the hedge.

I stood spellbound for a moment longer, and then, with a cry of "Soldiers!" I was off to the hedge, Charlotte picking herself up and scurrying after.

Down the road they came, two and two, at an easy walk; scarlet flamed in the eye, bits jingled and saddles squeaked delightfully; while the men, in a halo of dust, smoked their short clays like the heroes they were. In a swirl of intoxicating glory the troop clinked and clattered by, while we shouted and waved, jumping up and down, and the big jolly horsemen acknowledged the salute with easy condescension. The moment they were past we were through the hedge and after them. Soldiers were not the common stuff of everyday life. There had been nothing like this since the winter before last, when on a certain afternoon — bare of leaf and monochrome in its hue of sodden fallow and frost-nipped copse — suddenly the hounds had burst through the fence with their mellow cry, and all the paddock was for the minute reverberant of thudding hoof and dotted with glancing red. But this was better, since it could only mean that blows and bloodshed were in the air.

"Is there going to be a battle?" panted Harold, hardly able to keep up for excitement.

"Of course there is," I replied. "We're just in time. Come on!"

Perhaps I ought to have known better; and yet — The pigs and poultry, with whom we chiefly consorted, could instruct us little concerning the peace that in these latter days lapped this sea-girt realm. In the schoolroom we were just now dally-

ing with the Wars of the Roses; and did not legends of the country-side inform us how Cavaliers had once galloped up and down these very lanes from their quarters in the village? Here, now, were soldiers unmistakable; and if their business was not fighting, what was it? Sniffing the joy of battle, we followed hard on their tracks.

"Won't Edward be sorry," puffed Harold, "that he's begun that beastly Latin?"

It did, indeed, seem hard. Edward, the most martial spirit of us all, was drearily conjugating *amo* (of all verbs) between four walls; while Selina, who ever thrilled ecstatic to a red coat, was struggling with the uncouth German tongue. "Age," I reflected, "carries its penalties."

It was a grievous disappointment to us that the troop passed through the village unmolested. Every cottage, I pointed out to my companions, ought to have been loopholed, and strongly held. But no opposition was offered to the soldiers, who, indeed, conducted themselves with a recklessness and a want of precaution that seemed simply criminal.

At the last cottage a transitory gleam of common sense flickered across me, and, turning on Charlotte, I sternly ordered her back. The small maiden, docile but exceedingly dolorous, dragged reluctant feet homewards, heavy at heart that she was to behold no stout fellows slain that day;

but Harold and I held steadily on, expecting every instant to see the environing hedges crackle and spit forth the leaden death.

"Will they be Indians?" inquired my brother (meaning the enemy); "or Roundheads, or what?"

I reflected. Harold always required direct, straightforward answers — not faltering suppositions.

"They won't be Indians," I replied at last; "nor yet Roundheads. There haven't been any Roundheads seen about here for a long time. They'll be Frenchmen."

Harold's face fell. "All right," he said; "Frenchmen'll do; but I did hope they'd be Indians."

"If they were going to be Indians," I explained, "I — I don't think I'd go on. Because when Indians take you prisoner, they scalp you first, and then burn you at a stake. But Frenchmen don't do that sort of thing."

"Are you quite sure?" asked Harold doubtfully.

"Quite," I replied. "Frenchmen only shut you up in a thing called the Bastille; and then you get a file sent in to you in a loaf of bread, and saw the bars through, and slide down a rope, and they all fire at you — but they don't hit you — and you run down to the seashore as hard as you can, and swim off to a British frigate, and there you are!"

Harold brightened up again. The program was

rather attractive. "If they try to take us prisoner," he said, "we — we won't run, will we?"

Meanwhile the craven foe was a long time showing himself; and we were reaching strange outland country, uncivilized, where lions might be expected to prowl at nightfall. I had a stitch in my side, and both Harold's stockings had come down. Just as I was beginning to have gloomy doubts of the proverbial courage of Frenchmen, the officer called out something, the men closed up, and, breaking into a trot, the troops — already far ahead — vanished out of our sight. With a sinking at the heart, I began to suspect we had been fooled.

"Are they charging?" cried Harold, weary, but rallying gamely.

"I think not," I replied doubtfully. "When there's going to be a charge, the officer always makes a speech, and then they draw their swords and the trumpets blow, and — but let's try a short cut. We may catch them up yet."

So we struck across the fields and into another road, and pounded down that, and then over more fields, panting, down-hearted, yet hoping for the best. The sun went in, and a thin drizzle began to fall; we were muddy, breathless, almost dead beat; but we blundered on, till at last we struck a road more brutally, more callously unfamiliar than any road I ever looked upon. Not a hint nor

a sign of friendly direction or assistance on the dogged white face of it. There was no longer any disguising it — we were hopelessly lost. The small rain continued steadily, the evening began to come on. Really there are moments when a fellow is justified in crying; and I would have cried, too, if Harold had not been there. That right-minded child regarded an elder brother as a veritable god; and I could see that he felt himself as secure as if a whole brigade of Guards hedged him round with protecting bayonets. But I dreaded sore lest he should begin again with his questions.

As I gazed in dumb appeal on the face of unresponsive nature, the sound of nearing wheels sent a pulse of hope through my being, increasing to rapture as I recognized in the approaching vehicle the familiar carriage of the old doctor. If ever a god emerged from a machine, it was when this heaven-sent friend, recognizing us, stopped and jumped out with a cheery hail. Harold rushed up to him at once. "Have you been there?" he cried. "Was it a jolly fight? Who beat? Were there many people killed?"

The doctor appeared puzzled. I briefly explained the situation.

"I see," said the doctor, looking grave and twisting his face this way and that. "Well, the fact is, there isn't going to be any battle to-day. It's been put off on account of the change in the

weather. You will have due notice of the renewal of hostilities. And now you'd better jump in and I'll drive you home. You've been running a fine rig! Why, you might have both been taken and shot as spies!"

This special danger had never even occurred to us. The thrill of it accentuated the cozy homelike feeling of the cushions we nestled into as we rolled homewards. The doctor beguiled the journey with blood-curdling narratives of personal adventure in the tented fields, as he had followed the profession of arms (so it seemed) in every quarter of the globe. Time, the destroyer of all things beautiful, subsequently revealed the baselessness of these legends; but what of that? There are higher things than truth; and we were almost reconciled, by the time we were dropped at our gate, to the fact that the battle had been postponed.

THE FOUR HUNDRED[1]

By Charles J. Finger

Singing and waving banners, the four hundred youths with the twin brothers at their head, all of them slim and well formed, brown of skin and straight of limb, marched forth to the land of the giants, their eyes bent on the far mountains all wrapped in a blue, floating mist. No faint hearts were there, nor among them were bullies or cowards. Not one there but could run, leap, shoot straight, and look his friend in the eye. From shields of silver the sunlight flashed, spearheads were like points of hard light, and each helmet was plumed. Bows were slung across shoulders and swords were at sides, and sandaled feet marched in step. No food they bore nor were they otherwise burdened, for well each knew the way of the forest and the trick of lake and stream; well each knew the fruit-bearing trees and the bushes that were berry-hung, and at night their roof was the star-sprinkled sky.

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Tales from Silver Lands* by Charles J. Finger. Published by Doubleday, Page and Company, Garden City, N. Y., 1925.

Straight as an arrow was their course to the west, to the land of vast rocks, and gullies like ax-clefts in the earth. Straight to the west, not turning for swift-flowing stream nor yellow marsh; plunging through forest, climbing mountain, scaling cliff. Straight to the west to the place where the twin brothers had been before, until they came to the valley of Cakix and saw his bones already white, picked by carrion birds. There, too, they saw the caves where were heaps of glittering diamonds, rubies like fire, emeralds cool green like the caves of the sea. Gold, too, and silver were there, but no heed gave they to all that, counting such things but as toys for children, when great things had to be done.

Scouting far and wide to hilltop and rocky ridge, going by twos in vast circles until they met again, they swept the land, seeing sign of neither Cabrakan nor the giant Zipacna, and when the band met again, all were prepared to fare farther in their quest. None was for returning, "for," said they, "there is an evil thing to put out of the land and the swifter the foul task is done, the better."

The second day of their quest, they came to a great forest, and there they were set upon by great monkeys that came in hundreds and tens of hundreds, leaping at them and snarling, baring teeth and fiercely chattering. For a while it looked of ill omen, but knowing that together they could

meet much, the Four Hundred formed a square, facing north and east and south and west, a line of lads kneeling with pointing spears, others behind them with spears over the shoulders of those that knelt. In vain the apes dashed at them, for not a spear was lowered nor did heart grow faint. But the air throbbed with the cries of the hairy things and they came in ever-increasing numbers, striving to break by sheer weight the spear-bristling square. All that day they came, hurling themselves against the square until the dead things lay in masses, those that were wounded screaming in pain and anger as they turned again to the forest, and when the dropping sun touched the hills and the green became black, the evil things, finding their work in vain, gave up the fight and fled snarling.

So the Four Hundred all unharmed, weary, though light of heart because of the great fellowship that was shown to be among them, shouldered their spears, re-slung their bows and marched on, until, coming to a noisy stream, they washed themselves and their weapons. Then in the white moonlight they slept, each with his sword at hand, while some watched, on guard for that which might threaten.

When the sky was rose-tinted again, they went on their way, making for a narrow pass like a sword-slash in the mountains, and by noon they had reached the stony cut. High and bare were

the white rocks on each side and gloomy was the pass, nor of living thing was there sign save a condor wheeling high. But from the rocks came strange noises, whistlings and screamings; then of a sudden, like a thunder clap, a mighty roar as from many voices, and the noise of it echoed and reëchoed from rock to rock so that the din was deafening, and when they spoke to one another, mouth went to ear and hands were cupped. Then, when they were well within the pass, marching over a floor so covered with sharp-pointed rocks and great round bowlders that they had to slacken their pace, there came from above a great rock which fell ahead of their path so as to block the way, except for a narrow passage on each side. Looking up, they saw, crowded on the tops of the high cliffs on every hand, snag-toothed, evil-eyed fellows who crawled about the rocks as though they had been lizards, so sure of foot were they. They knew then that they were in the land of the wild men of the mountain, the crag men, fellows strong and stark, full of hate and viciousness.

Of a sudden, from one of the creatures who stood far up in the cleft of a rock, one whose hair and beard were long and white and tangled, came a hoarse cry, and lifting high above his head a rock greater than ten armadillos, he cast it downward with great force. Ill would it have been for any youth struck by it, but so badly and swiftly was it

thrown that it passed over the heads of all, struck the wall on the farther side, and burst into a hundred pieces. So the youth with the bright eyes called on his fellows to hold their shields above their heads, edge to edge and overlapping in such wise as to form a roof. Well it was thus, for stones rattled down like hail, some so great that those on whom they fell were almost borne to earth with the sheer weight, for the men of the crags were many and strong. Yet the weight being shared by reason of the jointed shields, all went well, for each youth's care was for his fellow.

In one place the pass ran narrow, and there one of the crag men, a fellow of great animal strength and swiftness, suddenly leaped down and bore one of the twin brothers to earth by the violence of his flight through the air, for the men of the crags leaped from rock to rock like wildcats. It was Balanque who was thus struck down, but he was on his feet in an instant, drew his sword hastily, and as the crag man rushed at him with jaws all foam-flecked and horrible, he passed his blade through the crag man's chest. But the fellow was like a wild boar, pressing on regardless of the hurt, so that he ran up on to the hilt, caught the youth by the waist, and flung him over his shoulder. In a moment more he would have been on his way up the face of the cliff. As it was, seeing what had come to pass, the crag men set up a great yelling

and screaming, thinking that victory already lay with their man. But Bright Eyes was not idle. He fitted an arrow to his bow and let fly, the shaft passing through the crag man's neck, so that he stood, as it were, spitted, and let Balanque fall. Pierced through he was with both arrow and sword, yet there was life in him and he fled to the rock face and clambered up, leaving a trail of red wherever he passed, and was seen no more by any of the band.

No pause all this while was there in the shower of stones, but, shields well locked, the band pressed on, foot by foot, each youth keeping the eye of hope on the thin, bright strip of blue at the end of the pass where the mountains would fall away. And there they came at last, toil-worn but heart-strong, to the plain where the crag men dared not follow, some of them almost weeping for joy because shoulder to shoulder they had again fought their way through a great danger and an evil place, where, had but one failed, all might have been lost.

There were four hundred and two happy youths that night, though the place where they slept was bare of grass and trees, and in the morning they were well rested and strong, for as they had lived well and cleanly and none having a darkened window in his breast, their sinews were as steel, and every day was a new life in which to enter with eyes bright and shining.

The sun had not far risen; indeed, there seemed

but a hand's breadth between the lower edge of it and the world's edge, when a great wonder appeared before their eyes. It was as if the sun were suddenly blotted out, for what they had taken to be a low, faintly rising hill in the east had risen up, stood for a moment like a vast cloud, then passed swiftly to the south. At the same time there came a roar like thunder from the cloudlike form, which came near to deafening them. And the roar formed into words:

"I am Zipacna whom men cannot slay.
There's naught that I fear save the watery way."

That rolled rumblingly as thunderings between earth and sky, now loud, now softer, as Zipacna strode from valley to valley. A little later he came in sight again, but far to the north of where they were, then vanished from their sight into the cleft of the hills where they had battled with the crag men.

Now fearful as was the sight of the giant, yet no fear was in any heart; so, having made a meal and rested for a season, without more to-do they set off for the place from which the giant had arisen. It was long before they got there, but at last they stood on the edge of a long and narrow cañon at the end of which was a mighty pile of bones, not alone of animals but also of men, and there were human skulls there and shells of sea-crabs, and in and

among all these crawled venomous serpents. But most of all were there sea-crab shells.

While they gazed at this sorrowful sight, there came to them a bent old woman, sad of face and lined and wrinkled, and her talk was more like croaking than human speech. Secret and watchful was she in her manner. To the twin brothers and Bright Eyes, who stood a little apart from the rest of the band, she spoke, asking them:

"What do ye here, my fine fellows? And why come ye to this place of evil and misery?"

One of the three answered boldly that they came to slay the giant Zipacna, telling her that he was a thing of evil and that evil things must be laid low if the world is to be fair.

"Then," said she, "ye are doubtless prepared to die, for in times past many have thought to slay Zipacna, but themselves have been led into feasting and into pleasure and soft living, and so the memory of the good that was intended passed and became less than a dream."

Her words they found strange, but she went on to tell them of a land over the hill where all was fair and where none had to work and where the sun shone. There seemed but little meaning in her words.

But they made answer, saying: "We have but one desire, which is to slay Zipacna for the evil that he has done and must do. As for your land of fine

things, if to live there would make us soft and idle, then must our eyes be closed to it."

Hearing that, the old woman seemed pleased and the shadow of a smile touched her face. But her manner changed swiftly it seemed, for she shot a question at them which was this: "You passed the caves of Cakix whose bones now are white? Give me then of the precious stones that lay in the caves there," and so saying stretched forth her skinny arm, her hand hollowed to receive gifts.

"It was not for such toys that we came. We saw but touched not the precious stones, nor the gold, nor anything that was there. Indeed, to have done so would have but hampered us in the doing of that which we set out to do." Thus Hunapu made reply and the others nodded.

"And how did ye escape the apes of the forest?" she asked.

"We stood side by side and met danger."

"And the men of the crags, how fared ye with them?"

Bright Eyes answered quietly: "Each covered himself and his neighbor as well as he could, and so we came out with whole skins."

A silence fell then, the three saying nothing because of the woman's great age, though her words and questions seemed to lack meaning. What she said further was a greater riddle still. "It was well done," she told them, and nodded

slowly. "Now a greater task lies before. It is one in which each of your band must meet danger separately and to his peril, if eyes are not lit and feet swift. More than that I cannot tell. But go onward until the sea is reached and there is a lake of water. Whoso touches that water is turned to stone; so take heed. But well indeed will it be if Zipacna is led there. Have ye not heard him sing:

'I am Zipacna whom men cannot slay.
There's naught that I fear save the watery way'?

Heard ye not that at sunrise?"

Then she said no more but turned away. Now as she took a step, her staff fell from her unsteady hands and Bright Eyes picked it up and gave it to her. That seemed to open her lips again, for she told them:

"Hearken, one and all. Many are there like swine, who live but to eat, and Zipacna is of that sort. Watch well by the seashore to the end that ye see the things that may lead to his destruction." There was no more. She passed down the hill and disappeared behind a thorn bush and at the moment that she vanished from their sight, a white puma leaped out from the other side, by which they saw that she knew of white witcheries.

The band lost no time in turning their steps seaward, and although the day was hot and the place inviting, would not rest in a valley through which

they passed, a place rich in fruits and soft with silk grass. That evening they came to the sea, and at the foot of a cliff saw a great lake of water so clear and blue that their eyes could follow, dropping from rock ledge to rock ledge, down the slope of the side until they saw the stones and the sand on the bottom. But there were no swaying water-weeds, nor was there living thing. Another thing they saw which brought the words of the old woman to their minds, for thrown aside on the beach were hundreds and thousands of sea-crab shells, from which they knew that it was the sea-crab that Zipacna loved to eat above all things.

Now they also saw that by some chance a great tree had fallen, and one end of it rested in the water of the lake, and that end had turned to stone. Another thing they saw, for on the farther side of the lake was a bed of blue-black clay and the color of it was the color of the shell of a sea-crab. So after some thought and some talk, many of the lads went deftly to work fashioning of the clay a great sea-crab, so great that the like was never seen. Others dragged to the lake straight tree-trunks which they laid side by side with the tree already there, and the end of the stick was turned to stone as soon as it touched the water, the rest of the tree changing more slowly. All that night they wrought, making the great crab and setting it on the sloping tree-trunks, so that when morning

broke, that which they had set out to do was finished, and while it was yet gray dawn they set off for the place where Zipacna dwelt.

But not all the band went. Here a lad was left; a little way off another, then another and another, each hiding behind rock or tussock or thorn bush or tree. So hid, one by one, fifty, a hundred, two hundred, until at last there were left Balanque, Hunapu, and Bright Eyes. Then at the foot of a hill Bright Eyes sat down, and Hunapu crouched on the shoulder of another hill that stood alone. So, the band being all hidden, it fell out that Balanque alone went to the place where they had met the old woman. He fell to making a great outcry, calling on Zipacna to come forth and rattling his sword on his shield merrily.

"Oh! Coward!" he called. "Come forth and be slain as was your brother Cakix, whose bones are now scattered and white."

In a voice of thunder Zipacna cried:

"I am Zipacna whom men cannot slay.
There's naught that I fear save the watery way."

Over and over he chanted that, now roaring, now grumbling as grunts a swine when it would rest. But always Balanque taunted him, calling him a coward giant, telling him that his days were short, and reminding him of the fate of Cakix.

At last the slow blood of the giant was on fire and

he rose on his elbow to look. For a time he saw nothing, being slow of sight and moreover looking too high, little dreaming that his noisy champion was so small. When he saw Balanque at last, his hand shot out, but Balanque was swift, and like the wind fled at top speed to where his brother Hunapu lay. Down dropped Balanque and up sprang Hunapu, clearing the ground like a deer, with Zipacna in full chase, the giant little dreaming that he was following a new man. But Hunapu, fresh and rested, did as his brother had done and sped to the foot of the hill where Bright Eyes lay. Then like an arrow went Bright Eyes to the thorn bush where Huno was, and Huno in his turn darted to the tree where Chimal rested. So also Chimal raced, and each of the band did the same when his turn came, the giant Zipacna following, no more knowing one lad from the other than one ant can be told from its fellow. And in the rear those who had dropped to hide gathered again, so that three companions became five, five became ten, and ten became fifty, while over hill and valley and marsh, through thorn thicket and wooded hill, Zipacna rushed, each lad leading him on his dance, each companion rising from his resting place, ready and swift. And so each of that band met danger alone to the end that all might be safe.

At last the merry chase led Zipacna to the cliff, and there below him he saw what he took to be a

mighty crab on the tree trunks, ready to drop into the water of the lake, and at the sight of it his mouth watered and his eyes grew large. A touch of his foot sent the crab sliding into the water, and to save it, Zipacna thrust out his hand. But he bent never to straighten again. Solid and firm was he fixed, the crab a crab of stone, his hand a hand of stone. Solid and firm was he fixed, a crouching giant in a crystal lake, where he stands to this day.

As for the band of Four Hundred, many other valiant deeds did they in the land, but through all, never was the thread of their fellowship broken or tangled, and if evil threatened one, then no rest or stay had the others until all was well again.

THE COMING OF LAD[1]

By Albert Payson Terhune

In the mile-away village of Hampton, there had been a veritable epidemic of burglaries — ranging from the theft of a brand-new ash-can from the steps of the Methodist chapel to the ravaging of Mrs. Blauvelt's whole lineful of clothes, on a wash-day dusk.

Up the Valley and down it, from Tuxedo to Ridgewood, there had been a half-score robberies of a very different order — depredations wrought, manifestly, by professionals; thieves whose motor cars served the twentieth-century purpose of such historic steeds as Dick Turpin's Black Bess and Jack Sheppard's Ranter. These thefts were in the line of jewelry and the like; and were as dar-ingly wrought as were the modest local operators' raids on ash-can and laundry.

It is the easiest thing in the world to stir human-kind's ever-tense burglar-nerves into hysterical

[1] From *Further Adventures of Lad* by Albert Payson Terhune. Copyrighted, 1922, by George H. Doran Company, publishers.

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE WITH ONE OF HIS COLLIES

jangling. In house after house, for miles of the peaceful North Jersey region, old pistols were cleaned and loaded; window fastenings and door-locks were inspected and new hiding-places found for portable family treasures.

Across the lake from the village, and down the Valley from a dozen country homes, seeped the tide of precautions. And it swirled at last around the Place — a thirty-acre homestead, isolated and sweet, whose grounds ran from highway to lake; and whose wistaria-clad gray house drowsed among big oaks midway between road and water; a furlong or more distant from either.

The Place's family dog — a pointer — had died, rich in years and honor. And the new peril of burglary made it highly needful to choose a successor for him.

The Master talked of buying a whalebone-and-steel-and-snow bull terrier, or a more formidable if more greedy Great Dane. But the Mistress wanted a collie. So they compromised by getting the collie.

He reached the Place in a crampy and smelly crate, preceded by a long envelope containing an intricate and imposing pedigree. The burglary-preventing problem seemed solved.

But when the crate was opened and its occupant stepped gravely forth, on the Place's veranda, the problem was revived.

All the Master and the Mistress had known about the newcomer — apart from his price and his lofty lineage — was that his breeder had named him "Lad."

From these meager facts they had somehow built up a picture of a huge and grimly ferocious animal that should be a terror to all intruders and that might in time be induced to make friends with the Place's vouched-for occupants. In view of this, they had had a stout kennel made and to it they had affixed with double staples a chain strong enough to restrain a bull.

(It may as well be said here that never in all the sixteen years of his beautiful life did Lad occupy that or any other kennel nor wear that or any other chain.)

Even the crate which brought the new dog to the Place failed somehow to destroy the illusion of size and fierceness. But the moment the crate door was opened, the delusion was wrecked by Lad himself.

Out on to the porch he walked. The ramshackle crate behind him had a ridiculous air of a chrysalis from which some bright thing had departed. For a shaft of sunlight was shimmering athwart the veranda floor. And into the middle of the warm bar of radiance Laddie stepped — and stood.

His fluffy puppy-coat of wavy mahogany-and-white caught a million sunbeams, reflecting them

back in tawny-orange glints and in a dazzle as of snow. His forepaws were absurdly small, even for a puppy's. Above them the ridging of the stocky leg-bones gave as clear promise of mighty size and strength as did the amazingly deep little chest and square shoulders.

Here one day would stand a giant among dogs, powerful as a timber-wolf, lithe as a cat, as dangerous to foes as an angry tiger; a dog without fear or treachery; a dog of uncanny brain and great lovingly loyal heart and a dancing sense of fun. A dog with a soul.

All this any canine physiologist might have read from the compact frame, the proud head-carriage, the smolder in the deep-set sorrowful dark eyes. To the casual observer, he was but a beautiful and appealing and wonderfully cuddleable bunch of puppyhood.

Lad's dark eyes swept the porch, the soft swelling green of the lawn, the flash of fire-blue lake among the trees below. Then, he deigned to look at the group at one side of him. Gravely, impersonally, he surveyed them; not at all cowed or strange in his new surroundings; courteously inquisitive as to the twist of luck that had set him down here and as to the people who, presumably, were to be his future companions.

Perhaps the stout little heart quivered just a bit, if memory went back to his home kennel and to the

rowdy throng of brothers and sisters and, most of all, to the soft furry mother against whose side he had nestled every night since he was born. But if so, Lad was too valiant to show homesickness by so much as a whimper. And, assuredly, this House of Peace was infinitely better than the miserable crate where he had spent twenty horrible and jouncing and smelly and noisy hours.

From one to another of the group strayed the level sorrowful gaze. After the swift inspection, Laddie's eyes rested again on the Mistress. For an instant, he stood, looking at her, in that mildly polite curiosity which held no hint of personal interest.

Then, all at once, his plumy tail began to wave. Into his sad eyes sprang a flicker of warm friendliness. Unbidden — oblivious of every one else — he trotted across to where the Mistress sat. He put one tiny white paw in her lap; and stood thus, looking up lovingly into her face, tail awag, eyes shining.

"There's no question whose dog he's going to be," laughed the Master. "He's elected you — by acclamation."

The Mistress caught up into her arms the half-grown youngster, petting his silken head, running her white fingers through his shining mahogany coat, making crooning little friendly noises to him. Lad forgot he was a dignified and stately pocket-

edition of a collie. Under this spell, he changed in a second to an excessively loving and nestling and adoring puppy.

"Just the same," interposed the Master, "we've been stung. I wanted a dog to guard the Place and to be a menace to burglars and all that sort of thing. And they've sent us a Teddy-Bear. I think I'll ship him back and get a grown one. What sort of use is —?"

"He is going to be all those things," eagerly prophesied the Mistress. "And a hundred more: See how he loves to have me pet him! And — look — he's learned, already, to shake hands; and —"

"Fine!" applauded the Master. "So when it comes our turn to be visited by this motor-Raffles, the puppy will shake hands with him, and register love of petting; and the burly marauder will be so touched by Lad's friendliness that he'll not only spare our house but lead an upright life ever after. I —"

"Don't send him back!" she pleaded. "He'll grow up, soon, and —"

"And if only the courteous burglars will wait till he's a couple of years old," suggested the Master, "he —"

Set gently on the floor by the Mistress, Laddie had crossed to where the Master stood. The man, glancing down, met the puppy's gaze. For an

instant he scowled at the miniature watchdog, so ludicrously different from the ferocious brute he had expected. Then — for some queer reason — he stooped and ran his hand roughly over the tawny coat, letting it rest at last on the shapely head that did not flinch or wriggle at his touch.

"All right," he decreed. "Let him stay. He'll be an amusing pet for you, anyhow. And his eye has the true thoroughbred expression — 'the look of eagles.' He may amount to something after all. Let him stay. We'll take a chance on burglars."

So it was that Lad came to the Place. So it was that he demanded and received due welcome — which was ever Lad's way. The Master had been right about the pup's proving "an amusing pet" for the Mistress. From that first hour, Lad was never willingly out of her sight. He had adopted her. The Master, too — in only a little lesser wholeheartedness — he adopted. Toward the rest of the world, from the first he was friendly but more or less indifferent.

Almost at once, his owners noted an odd trait in the dog's nature. He would of course get into any or all of the thousand mischief-scrapes which are the heritage of puppies. But a single reproof was enough to cure him forever of the particular form of mischief which had just been chidden. He was one of those rare dogs that learn the Law by

instinct; and that remember for all time a command or a prohibition once given them.

For example: On his second day at the Place, he made a furious rush at a neurotic mother hen and her golden convoy of chicks. The Mistress — luckily for all concerned — was within call. At her sharp summons the puppy wheeled midway in his charge and trotted back to her. Severely, yet trying not to laugh at his worried aspect, she scolded Lad for his misdeed.

An hour later, as Lad was scampering ahead of her past the stables, they rounded a corner and came flush upon the same nerve-wrecked hen and her brood. Lad halted in his scamper, with a suddenness that made him skid. Then, walking as though on eggs, he made an idiotically wide circle about the feathered dame and her silly chicks. Never thereafter did he assail any of the Place's fowls.

It was the same, when he sprang up merrily at a line of laundry, flapping in alluring invitation from the drying ground lines. A single word of rebuke — and thenceforth the family wash was safe from him.

And so on with the myriad perplexing "Don'ts" which spatter the career of a fun-loving collie pup. Versed in the patience-fraying ways of pups in general, the Mistress and the Master marveled and bragged and praised.

All day and every day, life was a delight to the

little dog. He had friends everywhere, willing to romp with him. He had squirrels to chase, among the oaks. He had the lake to splash ecstatically in. He had all he wanted to eat; and he had all the petting his hungry little heart could crave.

He was even allowed, with certain restrictions, to come into the mysterious house itself. Nor, after one defiant bark at a leopardskin rug, did he molest anything therein. In the house, too, he found a genuine cave — a wonderful place to lie and watch the world at large, and to stay cool in and to pretend he was a wolf. The cave was the deep space beneath the piano in the music room. It seemed to have a peculiar charm to Lad. To the end of his days, by the way, this cave was his chosen resting place. Nor, in his lifetime, did any other dog set foot therein.

So much for "all day and every day." But the nights were different.

Lad hated the nights. In the first place, everybody went to bed and left him alone. In the second, his hard-hearted owners made him sleep on a fluffy rug in a corner of the veranda instead of in his delectable piano-cave. Moreover, there was no food at night. And there was nobody to play with or to go for walks with or to listen to. There was nothing but gloom and silence and dullness.

When a puppy takes fifty cat-naps in the course of the day, he cannot always be expected to sleep

the night through. It is too much to ask. And Lad's waking hours at night were times of desolation and of utter boredom. True, he might have consoled himself, as does many a lesser pup, with voicing his woes in a series of melancholy howls. That, in time, would have drawn plenty of human attention to the lonely youngster, even if the attention were not wholly flattering.

But Lad did not belong to the howling type. When he was unhappy, he was silent. And his sorrowful eyes took on a deeper woe. By the way, if there is anything more sorrowful than the eyes of a collie pup that has never known sorrow, I have yet to see it.

No, Lad could not howl. And he could not hunt for squirrels. For these enemies of his were not content with the unsportsmanliness of climbing out of his reach in the daytime, when he chased them; but they added to their sins by joining the rest of the world — except Lad — in sleeping all night. Even the lake that was so friendly by day was a chilly and forbidding playfellow on the cool North Jersey nights.

There was nothing for a poor lonely pup to do but stretch out on his rug and stare in unhappy silence up the driveway, in the impossible hope that someone might happen along through the darkness to play with him.

At such an hour and in such lonesomeness, Lad

would gladly have tossed aside all prejudices of caste — and all his natural dislikes — and would have frolicked in mad joy with the veriest stranger. Anything was better than this drear solitude throughout the million hours before the first of the maids should be stirring or the first of the farm-hands report for work. Yes, night was a disgusting time; and it had not one single redeeming trait for the puppy.

Lad was not even consoled by the knowledge that he was guarding the slumbrous house. He was not guarding it. He had not the very remotest idea what it meant to be a watchdog. In all his five months he had never learned that there is unfriendliness in the world, or that there is anything to guard a house against.

True, it was instinctive with him to bark when people came down the drive, or appeared at the gates without warning. But more than once the Master had bidden him be silent when a rackety puppy salvo of barking had broken in on the arrival of some guest. And Lad was still in perplexed doubt as to whether barking was something forbidden or merely limited.

One night — a solemn, black, breathless August night, when half-visible heat lightning turned the murk of the western horizon to pulses of dirty sulphur — Lad awoke from a fitful dream of chasing squirrels which had never learned to climb.

He sat up on his rug, blinking around through the gloom in the half hope that some of those non-climbing squirrels might still be in sight. As they were not, he sighed unhappily and prepared to lay his classic young head back again on the rug for another spell of night-shortening sleep.

But, before his head could touch the rug, he reared it and half of his small body from the floor and focused his nearsighted eyes on the driveway. At the same time, his tail began to wag a thumping welcome.

Now, by day, a dog cannot see so far nor so clearly as can a human. But by night — for comparatively short distances — he can see much better than can his master. By day or by darkness, his keen hearing and keener scent make up for all defects of eyesight.

And now three of Lad's senses told him he was no longer alone in his tedious vigil. Down the drive, moving with amusing slowness and silence, a man was coming. He was on foot. And he was fairly well dressed. Dogs — the foremost snobs in creation — are quick to note the difference between a well-clad and a disreputable stranger.

Here unquestionably was a visitor — some such man as so often came to the Place and paid such flattering attention to the puppy. No longer need Lad be bored by the solitude of this particular night. Someone was coming towards the house

— and carrying a small bag under his arm. Someone to make friends with. Lad was very happy.

Deep in his throat a welcoming bark was born. But he stilled it. Once, when he had barked at the approach of a stranger, the stranger had gone away. If this stranger were to go away, all the night's fun would go with him. Also, no later than yesterday, the Master had scolded Lad for barking at a man who had called. Wherefore the dog held his peace.

Getting to his feet and stretching himself, fore and aft, in true collie fashion, the pup gamboled up the drive to meet the visitor.

The man was feeling his way through the pitch darkness, groping cautiously; halting once or twice for a smolder of lightning to silhouette the house he was nearing. In a wooded lane, a quarter mile away, his lightless motor car waited.

Lad trotted up to him, the tiny white feet noiseless in the soft dust of the drive. The man did not see him, but passed so close to the dog's hospitably upthrust nose that he all but touched it.

Only slightly rebuffed at such chill lack of cordiality, Lad fell in behind him, tail awag, and followed him to the porch. When the guest should ring the bell, the Master or one of the maids would come to the door. There would be lights and talk; and perhaps Laddie himself might be allowed to slip in to his beloved cave.

But the man did not ring. He did not stop at the door at all. On tiptoe he skirted the veranda to the old-fashioned bay windows at the south side of the living room — windows with catches as old-fashioned and as simple to open as themselves.

Lad padded along, a pace or so to the rear — still hopeful of being petted or perhaps even romped with. The man gave a faint but promising sign of intent to romp, by swinging his small and very shiny brown bag to and fro as he walked. Thus ever did the Master swing Lad's precious canton flannel doll before throwing it for him to retrieve. Lad made a tentative snap at the bag, his tail wagging harder than ever. But he missed it. And, in another moment the man stopped swinging the bag and tucked it under his arm again as he began to fumble with a bit of steel.

There was the very faintest of clicks. Then, noiselessly the window slid upward. A second fumbling sent the wooden inside shutters ajar. The man worked with no uncertainty. Ever since his visit to the Place, a week earlier, behind the aegis of a big and bright and newly forged telephone-inspector badge, he had carried in his trained memory the location of windows and of obstructing furniture and of the primitive small safe in the living room wall, with its pitiably pickable lock — the safe wherein the Place's few bits of valuable jewelry and other compact treasures reposed at night.

Lad was tempted to follow the creeping body and the fascinatingly swinging bag indoors. But his one effort to enter the house — with muddy paws — by way of an open window, had been rebuked by the Lawgivers. He had been led to understand that really well-bred little dogs come in by way of the door; and then only on permission.

So he waited, doubtfully, at the veranda edge in the hope that his new friend might reappear or that the Master might perhaps want to show off his pup to the caller, as so often the Master was wont to do.

Head cocked to one side, tulip ears alert, Laddie stood listening. To the keenest human ears the thief's soft progress across the wide living room to the wall-safe would have been all but inaudible. But Lad could follow every phase of it — the cautious skirting of each chair; the hesitant pause as a bit of ancient furniture creaked; the halt in front of the safe; the queer grinding noise, muffled but persevering, at the lock; then the faint creak of the swinging iron door, and the deft groping of fingers.

Soon, the man started back toward the paler oblong of gloom which marked the window's outlines from the surrounding black. Lad's tail began to wag again. Apparently, this eccentric person was coming out, after all, to keep him company. Now, the man was kneeling on the window-seat. Now, in gingerly fashion, he reached forward

and set the small bag down on the veranda; before negotiating the climb across the broad seat — a climb that might well call for the use of both his hands.

Lad was entranced. Here was a game he understood. Thus, more than once, had the Mistress tossed out to him his flannel doll, as he had stood in pathetic invitation on the porch, looking in at her as she read or talked. She had laughed at his wild tossings and other maltreatments of the limp doll. He had felt he was scoring a real hit. And this hit he decided to repeat.

Snatching up the swollen little satchel, almost before it left the intruder's hand, Lad shook it, joyously, reveling in the faint clink and jingle of the contents. He backed playfully away; the bag-handle swinging in his jaws. Crouching low, he wagged his tail in ardent invitation to the stranger to chase him and get back the satchel. Thus did the Master romp with Lad, when the flannel doll was the prize of their game. And Lad loved such races.

Yes, the stranger was accepting the invitation. The moment he had crawled out on the veranda he reached down for the bag. As it was not where he thought he had left it, he swung his groping hand forward in a half-circle, his fingers sweeping the floor.

Make that enticing motion, directly in front of a playful collie pup — especially if he has something

he doesn't want you to take from him — and watch the effect.

Instantly, Lad was athrill with the spirit of the game. In one scurrying backward jump, he was off the veranda and on the lawn, tail vibrating, eyes dancing; satchel held tantalizingly towards its would-be possessor.

The light sound of his body touching ground reached the man. Reasoning that the sweep of his own arm had somehow knocked the bag off the porch, he ventured off the edge of the veranda and flashed a swathed ray of his pocket light along the ground in search of it.

The flashlight's lens was cleverly muffled, in a way to give forth but a single subdued finger of illumination. That one brief glimmer was enough to show the thief an impossible sight. The glow struck answering lights from the polished sides of the brown bag. The bag was hanging in air, some six inches above the grass and perhaps five feet away from him. Then he saw it swing frivolously to one side and vanish in the night.

The astonished man had seen more. Feeble was the flashlight's shrouded ray — too feeble to outline against the night the small dark body behind the shining brown bag. But that same ray caught and reflected for the incredulous beholder two splashes of pale fire — glints from a pair of deep-set collie eyes.

As the bag disappeared, the eerie fire-points were gone. The thief all but dropped his flash-light. He gaped in nervous dread; and sought vainly to account for the witch-work he had witnessed.

He had plenty of nerve. He had plenty of experience along his chosen line of endeavor. But, while a crook may control his nerve, he cannot make it phlegmatic or steady. Always, he must be conscious of holding it in check, as a clever driver checks and steadies and keeps in subjection a plunging horse. Let the vigilance slacken, and there is a runaway.

Now, this particular marauder had long ago keyed his nerve to the chance of interruption from some gun-brandishing householder; and to the possible pursuit of police; and to the need of fighting or of fleeing. But all his preparations had not taken into account this newest emergency. He had not steeled himself to watch unmoved the gliding away of a treasure-satchel, apparently moving of its own will; nor the shimmer of two greenish sparks in the air just above it. And, for an instant, the man had to battle against a craven desire to bolt.

Lad, meanwhile, was having a beautiful time. Sincerely, he appreciated the playful grab that his nocturnal friend had made in his general direction. Lad had countered this, by frisking away for

another five or six feet, and then wheeling about to face once more his playfellow and to await the next move in the blithe gambol. The pup could see tolerably well, in the darkness — quite well enough to play the game his guest had devised. And, of course, he had no way of knowing that the man could not see equally well.

Shaking off his momentary terror, the thief once more pressed the button of his flashlight, swinging the torch in a swift semicircle and extinguishing it at once, lest the dim glow be seen by any wakeful member of the family.

That one quick sweep revealed to his gaze the shiny brown bag a half-dozen feet ahead of him, still swinging several inches above ground. He flung himself forward at it, refusing to believe he also saw that queer double glow of pale light, just above. He dived for the satchel with the speed and the accuracy of a football tackle. And that was all the good it did him.

Perhaps there is something in nature more agile and dismayingly elusive than a romping young collie. But that "something" is not a mortal man. As the thief sprang, Lad sprang in unison with him, darting to the left and a yard or so backward. He came to an expectant standstill once more, his tail wildly vibrating, his entire furry body tingling with the glad excitement of the game. This sportive visitor of his was a veritable godsend.

If only he could be coaxed into coming to play with him every night!

But presently he noted that the other seemed to have wearied of the game. After plunging through the air and landing on all fours with his grasping hands closing on nothingness, the man had remained thus, as if dazed, for a second or so. Then he had felt the ground all about him. Then, bewildered, he had scrambled to his feet. Now he was standing, moveless, his lips working.

Yes, he seemed to be tired of the lovely game — and just when Laddie was beginning to enter into the full spirit of it. Once in a while, the Mistress or the Master stopped playing, during the romps with the flannel doll. And Laddie had long since hit on a trick for reviving their interest. He employed this ruse now.

As the man stood, puzzled and frightened, something brushed very lightly, even coquettishly, against his knuckles. He started in nervous fright. An instant later, the same thing brushed his knuckles again, this time more insistently. The man, in a spurt of fear-driven rage, grasped at the invisible object. His fingers slipped along the smooth sides of the bewitched bag that Lad was shoving invitingly at him.

Brief as was the contact, it was long enough for the thief's sensitive finger tips to recognize what they touched. And both hands were brought sud-

denly into play, in a mad snatch of the prize. The ten avid fingers missed the bag and came together with clawing force. But, before they met, the finger tips of the left hand telegraphed to the man's brain that they had had momentary light experience with something hairy and warm — something that slipped, eel-like, past them into the night — something that most assuredly was not a satchel, but *alive!*

The man's throat contracted, in gagging fright. And, as before, fear scourged him to feverish rage.

Recklessly he pressed the button of the flashlight, and swung the muffled bar of light in every direction. In his other hand he leveled the pistol he had drawn. This time the shaded ray revealed to him not only his bag, but, vaguely — the Thing that held it.

He could not make out what manner of creature it was which gripped the satchel's handle and whose eyes pulsed back greenish flares into the torch's dim glow. But it was an animal of some kind — distorted and formless in the wavering finger of blunted light; but still an animal. Not a ghost.

And fear departed. The intruder feared nothing mortal. The mystery in part explained, he did not bother to puzzle out the remainder of it. Impossible as it seemed, his bag was carried by some living thing. All that remained for him was to capture

the thing, and recover his bag. The weak light still turned on, he gave chase.

Lad's spirits arose with a bound. His ruse had succeeded. He had reawakened in this easily-discouraged chum a new interest in the game. And he gamboled across the lawn, fairly wriggling with delight. He did not wish to make his friend lose interest again. So instead of dashing off at full speed, he frisked daintily, just out of reach of the clawing hand.

And in this pleasant fashion the two playfellows covered a hundred yards of ground. More than once, the man came within an inch of his quarry. But always, by the most imperceptible spurt of speed, Laddie arranged to keep himself and his dear satchel from capture.

Then, in no time at all, the game ended; and with it ended Lad's baby faith in the friendliness and trustworthiness of all human nature.

Realizing that the sound of his own stumblingly running feet and the intermittent flashes of his torch might well awaken some light sleeper in the house, the thief resolved on a daring move. This creature in front of him — dog or bear or goat, or whatever it was — was uncatchable. But by sending a bullet through it, he could bring the animal to a sudden and permanent stop.

Then, snatching up his bag and running at top speed, he himself could easily win clear of the

Place before anyone of the household should appear. And his car would be a mile away before the neighborhood could be aroused. Fury at the weird beast and the wrenching strain on his own nerves lent eagerness to his acceptance of the idea.

He reached back again for his pistol, whipped it out, and, coming to a standstill, aimed at the pup. Lad, waiting only to bound over an obstruction in his path, came to a corresponding pause, not ten feet ahead of his playmate.

It was an easy shot. Yet the bullet went several inches above the obligingly waiting dog's back. Nine men out of ten, shooting by moonlight or by flashlight, aim too high. The thief had heard this old marksman-maxim fifty times. But, like most hearers of maxims, he had forgotten it at the one time in his speckled career when it might have been of any use to him.

He had fired. He had missed. In another second, every sleeper in the house and in the gate-lodge would be out of bed. His night's work was a blank, unless —

With a bull rush he hurled himself forward at the interestedly waiting Lad. And, as he sprang, he fired again. Then several things happened.

Everyone, except movie actors and newly-appointed policemen, knows that a man on foot cannot shoot straight, unless he is standing stock still. Yet, as luck would have it, this second shot found

a mark where the first and better aimed bullet had gone wild.

Lad had leaped the narrow and deep ditch left along the lawn-edge by workers who were putting in a new water main for the Place. On the far side of this obstacle he had stopped, and had waited for his friend to follow. But the friend had not followed. Instead, he had been somehow responsible for a spurt of red flame and for a most thrilling racket. Lad was more impressed than ever by the man's wondrous possibilities as a midnight entertainer. He waited, gaily expectant, for more. He got it.

There was a second rackety explosion and a second puff of lightning from the man's outflung hand. But, this time, something like a red-hot whip-lash smote Lad with horribly agonizing force athwart the right hip.

The man had done this, the man whom Laddie had thought so friendly and playful!

He had not done it by accident. For his hand had been outflung directly at the pup, just as once had been the arm of the kennelman, back at Lad's birthplace, in beating a disobedient mongrel. It was the only beating Lad had ever seen. And it had stuck, shudderingly, in his uncannily sensitive memory. Yet now, he himself had just had a like experience.

In an instant, the pup's trustful friendliness was

gone. The man had come on the Place, at dead of night, and had struck him. That must be paid for! Never would the pup forget his agonizing lesson that night intruders are not to be trusted or even to be tolerated. Within a single second, he had been graduated from a little friend of all the world, into a vigilant watchdog.

With a snarl, he dropped the bag and whizzed forward at his assailant. Needle-sharp milk-white teeth bared, head low, ruff abristle, friendly soft eyes as ferocious as a wolf's, he charged.

There had been scarce a breathing-space between the second report of the pistol and the collie's counter-attack. But there had been time enough for the onward-plunging thief to step into the narrow lip of the water-pipe ditch. The momentum of his own rush hurled the upper part of his body forward. But his left leg, caught between the ditch-sides, did not keep pace with the rest of him. There was a hideous snapping sound, a screech of mortal anguish; and the man crashed to earth, in a dead faint of pain and shock — his broken left leg still thrust at an impossible angle in the ditch.

Lad checked himself midway in his own fierce charge. Teeth bare, throat agrowl, he hesitated. It had seemed to him right and natural to assail the man who had struck him so painfully. But now this same man was lying still and helpless under him. And the sporting instincts of a hun-

dred generations of thoroughbreds cried out to him not to mangle the defenseless.

He stood, irresolute, alert for sign of movement on the part of his foe. But there was no such sign. And the light bullet-graze on his hip was hurting like the very mischief.

Moreover, every window in the house beyond was blossoming forth into lights. There were sounds — reassuring human sounds. And doors were opening. His deities were coming forth.

All at once, Laddie stopped being a vengeful beast of prey, and remembered that he was a very small and very much hurt and very lonely and worried puppy. He craved the Mistress's dear touch on his wound, and a word of crooning comfort from her soft voice. This yearning was mingled with a doubt lest perhaps he had been transgressing the Place's Law, in some new way; and lest he might have let himself in for a scolding. The Law was still so queer and so illogical!

Lad started toward the house. Then, pausing, he picked up the bag which had been so exhilarating a plaything for him this past few minutes and which he had forgotten in his pain.

It was Lad's collie way to pick up offerings (ranging from slippers to very dead fish) and to carry them to the Mistress. Sometimes he was petted for this. Sometimes the offering was lifted gingerly between aloof fingers and tossed back into

the lake. But nobody could well refuse so jingly and pretty a gift as this satchel.

The Master, sketchily attired, came running down the lawn, flashlight in hand. Past him, unnoticed, as he sped toward the ditch, a collie pup limped — a very unhappy and comfort-seeking puppy who carried in his mouth a blood-spattered brown bag.

"It doesn't make sense to me!" complained the Master, next day, as he told the story for the dozenth time, to a new group of callers. "I heard the shots and I went out to investigate. There he was lying, half in and half out of the ditch. The fellow was unconscious. He didn't get his senses back till after the police came. Then he told some babbling yarn about a creature that had stolen his bag of loot and had lured him to the ditch. He was all unnerved and upset, and almost out of his head with pain. So the police had little enough trouble in 'sweating' him. He told everything that he knew. And there's a wholesale round-up of the motor-robbery bunch going on this afternoon as a result of it. But what I can't understand —"

"It's as clear as day," insisted the Mistress, stroking a silken head that pressed lovingly against her knee. "As clear as day. I was standing in the doorway here when Laddie came pattering up to me and laid a little satchel at my feet. I opened

it, and — well, it had everything of value in it that had been in the safe over there. That and the thief's story make it perfectly plain. Laddie caught the man as he was climbing out of that window. He got the bag away from him; and the man chased him, firing as he went. And he stumbled into the ditch and —"

"Nonsense!" laughed the Master. "I'll grant all you say about Lad's being the most marvelous puppy on earth. And I'll even believe all the miracles of his cleverness. But when it comes to taking a bag of jewelry from a burglar and then enticing him to a ditch and then coming back here to you with the bag —"

"Then how do you account —?"

"I don't. None of it makes sense to me, as I just said. But, whatever happened, it's turned Laddie into a real watchdog. Did you notice how he went for the police when they started down the drive, last night? We've got a watchdog at last."

"We've got more than a watchdog," amended the Mistress. "An ordinary watchdog would just scare away thieves or bite them. Lad captured the thief and then brought the stolen jewelry back to us. No other dog could have done that."

Lad, enraptured by the note of praise in the Mistress's soft voice, looked adoringly up into the face that smiled so proudly down at him. Then

catching the sound of a step on the drive, he dashed out to bark in murderous fashion at a wholly harmless delivery boy whom he had seen every day for weeks.

A watchdog can't afford to relax vigilance for a single instant — especially at the responsible age of five months.

THE BOY WHO WAS SAVED BY THOUGHTS[1]

By Cyrus McMillan

A poor widow once lived near the sea in eastern Canada. Her husband had been drowned catching fish one stormy day far off the coast, and her little boy was now her only means of support. He had no brothers or sisters, and he and his mother, because they lived alone, were always good comrades. Although he was very young and small, he was very strong, and he could catch fish and game like a man. Every day he brought home food to his mother, and they were never in want.

Now it happened that the Great Eagle who made the winds in these parts became very angry because he was not given enough to eat. He went screaming through the land in search of food, but no food could he find. And he said, "If the people will not give me food, I will take care that they get no food for themselves, and when I grow very hungry, I shall eat up all the little children in the land.

[1] From *Canadian Fairy Tales* by Cyrus McMillan. Published by Dodd, Mead and Company.

For my young ones must have nourishment, too." So he tossed the waters about with the wind of his great wings, and he bent the trees and flattened the corn, and for days he made such a hurly-burly on the earth that the people stayed indoors, and they were afraid to come out in search of food.

At last the boy and his mother became very hungry. And the boy said, "I must go and find food, for there is not a crumb left in the house. We cannot wait longer." And he said to his mother, "I know where a fat young beaver lives in his house of reeds on the bank of the stream near the sea. I shall go and kill him, and his flesh will feed us for many days." His mother did not want him to make this hazardous journey, for the Great Eagle was still in the land. But he said to her, "You must think of me always when I am gone, and I will think of you, and while we keep each other in our memories, I shall come to no harm." So, taking his long hunting knife, he set out for the beaver's home in his house of reeds on the bank of the stream near the sea. He reached the place without mishap and there he found Beaver fast asleep. He soon killed him and slung him over his shoulder and started back to his mother's house. "A good fat load I have here," he said to himself, "and we shall now have many a good dinner of roast beaver-meat."

But as he went along with his load on his back,

the Great Eagle spied him from a distance and swooped down upon him without warning. Before he could strike with his knife, the eagle caught him by the shoulders and soared away, holding him in a mighty grip with the beaver still on his back. The boy tried to plunge his knife into the eagle's breast, but the feathers were too thick and tough, and he was not strong enough to drive the knife through them. He could do nothing but make the best of his sorry plight. "Surely I can think of a way of escape," he said to himself, "and my mother's thoughts will be with me to help me." Soon the eagle arrived at his home. It was built on a high cliff overlooking the sea, hundreds of feet above the beach, where even the sound of the surf rolling in from afar could not reach it. There were many young birds in the nest, all clamoring for food. Great Eagle threw the boy to the side of the nest and told him to stay there. And he said, "I shall first eat the beaver, and after he is all eaten up, we shall have a good fat meal from you." Then he picked the beaver to pieces and fed part of it to his young ones.

For some days the boy lay in terror in the nest, trying to think of a way of escape. Birds flew high over his head, and far out on the ocean he could see great ships going by. But no help came to him, and he thought that death would soon be upon him. And his mother sat at home waiting

for him to return; but day after day passed and still he did not come. She thought he must surely be in great danger, or that perhaps he was already dead. One day, as she was weeping, thinking of her lost boy, an old woman came along. "Why do you cry?" she asked. And the weeping woman said, "My boy has been away for many days. I know that harm has come upon him. The men of my tribe have gone in search of him, and they will kill whatever holds him a prisoner; but I fear he will never come back alive." And the old woman said, "Little good the men of your tribe can do you! You must aid him with your thoughts, for material things are vain. I will help you, for I have been given great power by the Little People of the Hills." So the woman used her thoughts and her wishes to bring back her boy.

That night the boy noticed that the beaver had all been eaten up and that not a morsel remained. He knew that unless he could save himself at once, he would surely die on the morrow. The Great Eagle, he knew, would swoop down upon him and kill him with a blow of his powerful beak and claws. But when the boy slept, he saw his mother in his slumber. And she said to him, "To-morrow when Great Eagle goes from the nest, brace your knife, point upwards, against the rock. When the Eagle swoops down to kill you, his breast will strike the knife, and he will

be pierced to death. You are not strong enough to cut through his feathers with your knife, but he is powerful enough to destroy himself." The next morning when Great Eagle went out, the boy did as the vision of the night had told him. He braced his sharp hunting-knife point upwards, against the rock and sat still and waited. Then he heard the young eagles making a great noise and crying loudly for their breakfast. He knew that his hour had come. Soon the Great Eagle, hearing the screams of his young ones, came flying back to the nest to kill the boy. He circled around above him with loud cries and then with great force swooped down upon him, hoping to kill him with his beak and claws. But instead, he struck the blade braced upwards against the rock. The knife pierced far into his breast, and with a loud scream he rolled over dead into the nest. The boy then killed the young eagles, and he knew that now for a time he was safe.

But he did not know how to get down from the eagle's nest, for it jutted out like a shelf far over the beach, and behind it was a wall of rock around which he could not climb. He had no means of making a ladder, and his cries would not be heard upon the beach because of the constant roaring of the surf. He thought he would surely starve to death, and that night he cried himself to sleep. But in the night he again saw his mother in his

slumbers. And she said, "You are a foolish boy. Why do you not use the thoughts I sent you? To-morrow skin the eagle and crawl inside the skin. If the wide wings can hold the eagle in the air, they can likewise hold you. Drop off from the cliff and you will land safely on the beach."

The next day the boy did as the vision of the night had told him. He carefully skinned the Great Eagle. Then he crawled inside the skin and thrust his arms through the skin just above the wings, so that his extended arms would hold the wings straight beneath them. Then he prepared to drop down. But when he looked over the cliff, he was very much frightened, for the sight made him dizzy. On the beach, men looked like flies, they were so far away. But he remembered the promise made to him in his slumbers. So he pushed himself from the cliff and dropped down. The wings of Great Eagle let him fall gently through the air, and he landed safely and unhurt upon the beach. He crawled out of the skin and set out for his home. It was a long journey, for Great Eagle had carried him far away, but towards evening he reached his home safely, and his mother received him with great gladness.

The boy began to boast of his adventure, and he told how he had killed Great Eagle and how he had dropped down unscathed from the cliff. He spoke of himself with great pride and of his strength and his shrewdness. But the old woman from the

Land of the Little People, the fairies of the hills, who was still present with his mother, said, "Oh, vain boy, do not think so highly of yourself. Your strength is nothing; your shrewdness is nothing. It was not these things that saved you, but it was the strength of our thoughts. These alone endure and succeed when all else fails. I have taught you the uselessness of all material things, which, in the end, are but as ashes or as dust. Our thoughts alone can help us in the end, for they alone are eternal." And the boy listened and wondered at what the old woman from the Land of Little People had said, but he boasted of his strength no more.

THE QUEST FOR A MAGIC NAME[1]

By Florence Griswold

If you should visit the very old city of Benares, you would find in one of the little villages that lie in dreamless sleep on the surrounding hills the ruins of an old school. Hundreds and hundreds of years ago this was the greatest school in India. Only the brightest and most studious boys of the highest caste were admitted to it, for Buddha, the greatest of all Indian teachers, was head master.

Among the five hundred students who attended the school was a young fellow from the village, whose name was Base. He was a good-looking boy, tall and slim with a strong body and a skin that was like burnished bronze. He was a good athlete, excelling in all the games and sports of the school; yet the boys did not like him. You see, Base had an unhappy disposition. While he was clever, he did not like his life at the school, and constantly complained about everybody and everything. He said that the teachers were not fair to him and that

[1] From *Hindu Fairy Tales* by Florence Griswold. Published by Lothrop, Lee, and Shepard Company.

Ewing Galloway

BENARES, INDIA

he disliked every one of them. He was so disagreeable to them that the teachers grew to dislike him, too, although they considered him a very fine boy at first. Then Base was so cross and overbearing to the servants that they grew to hate him and never waited upon him willingly. After a time, life at the school became unbearable, and Base wondered why it was that people disliked him. "I am a pretty fair-looking fellow," he thought, "and no one can beat me in sports. These people do not like me and bear me some grudge."

Now Base was just like many people we all know who think other people do not like them, and blame the dislike on every one but themselves. These unfortunates do not seem to realize that they are often selfish, disagreeable, unloving, and hard to please, besides never seeing any good in their fellows; so of course other people do not love them or make their lives happy. This was Base's trouble. He laid his unpopularity to everything but himself. After much thought on the matter he came to the conclusion it was his name. "It is 'Go away, Base,' or 'Come here, Base,' 'Base this,' and 'Base that,' until I grow sick of hearing my name. If I have it changed to another, I shall lose with the old name all the bad luck and bad opinions of other people, for who could possibly like a person whose name stands for wickedness like 'Base'?"

So one day when the sun was shining brightly, and the air was so clear that you could see the distant mountain peaks, Base saw the head master sitting in his favorite seat under the sacred bo tree. The beauty of the day and the sweet smell of the spring flowers made Base feel more than ever unhappy because somehow he knew that he was not in tune with the day. "Ah," thought Base, "there is the head master. I will go straightway and ask him to change my name."

The master beckoned to the boy as he saw him coming across the field, and said, "Come to me, my son. I see that you have something on your mind that worries you. Open your heart that I may advise and help you."

Now of all the five hundred boys in that school, there was not a single one who did not love the head master; even Base, who disliked every one else, loved him like a devoted son. When the unhappy boy saw his master beckon, he ran up to the tree, and after a respectful salute, crossed his legs and sat down at the feet of his master, waiting for him to speak first.

After looking at the boy long and earnestly, the master said, "Base, you look unhappy. Are the teachers harsh or impatient with you, or do you not get on well with the boys? Speak out from your heart, son, for it is best for the body that all thoughts locked in should come out into the

open light of day. Speak, my son, that as a good doctor I may help your mind, for I observe that you have a strong and healthy body, which is well."

Thus encouraged to speak, Base opened his heart to his beloved master. Of course he did not tell him the *real* cause of his unhappiness because he did not know himself.

"Dear master," he said, "I do not like my name; it has a bad ring to it. I have grown tired of hearing all day long 'Come here, Base,' or 'Go there, Base,' and 'Base this' and 'Base that.' Base is a name of ill omen, Master, and I have come to beg you to change it to another that will give me the love and respect of everybody."

The head master knew very well what was the matter with Base, but he also knew that people can learn lessons for themselves better than they can from preaching; so he said to him, "My dear son, it worries me very much to see such a fine boy as you are so unhappy. We must have this changed. I want to please you, but it would not be right for me to give you a new name of my own choosing. I fear that you might soon tire of it, and blame upon it certain misfortunes that might come to you, just as you have done with your present name of Base which was bestowed upon you at birth by a kind and loving father. You must find a name for yourself. Go, my son, travel through the land, even through the far-away country, and stay until

you have found a name that you fancy. When you have found such a treasure, a magic name that will bring to you love, happiness, and good fortune, return to me, and your name shall be changed to it. Farewell, my son."

Base, who was tremendously pleased with the words of the master, arose from his feet, and after respectfully saluting, set out immediately to do as he was bidden. "As long as I can select a name for myself, and can travel all over the world to find one, I will ask my father, who is rich, to give me plenty of gold, for I may not return for a long time. The whole world stretches before me, and I shall select for myself the best name in it. I will choose a name that will give me the love of everybody, great riches, and all other good things, together with a long life in which to enjoy them. Yes," went on Base, talking to himself, "as I have this chance, I am going to make the best of it. I will search until I have found a person who has all that I desire to have, even though I go to the far-away country. Then I shall take his name, come back home and ask the head master to change my name to the magic name of good-fortune."

Base, who was always complaining about the school, his fellows, and relatives, really had a very good and kind father whose one great wish in life was to see his son happy. When the boy asked his permission to go on the journey, he readily gave

his consent, for Base's father, like the head master of the school, knew that each one of us must learn his own lesson. He placed in his son's hands a bag of precious gold, saying, "My son, take this gold, for you may need it even to the last grain. Your journey may be long and carry you into far-away countries. Seek carefully for your heart's desire. You are young, and such a chance may never come your way again. Look well into the name of every stranger you meet to see if his name fits well his life. Weigh well in your mind all that you hear, and when you see a man whom the world honors, tell him of your quest and ask him if his name and his name alone brought him honor, success, love, and riches. Farewell, my son; may God speed you on your journey and bring you safely home with your heart's desire."

Now that he had gained the permission of both the head master and his father, Base allowed no time to slip by before he started on his quest. On the very next morning as soon as the sun was up, the boy fastened the bag of gold to a belt around his waist, and after carefully folding his loin-cloth over it that thieves might not readily see it, he started off in quest of a new name. Base had never been so happy in his whole life as he was that morning. The sky, clear and blue, reflected its color on the lakes and rivers. As the boy's heart was light, his feet tripped over the earth as though

they had wings. Great Mother Nature had bestowed upon one of her beloved children of earth the most beautiful day she possessed. Of course Base did not feel grateful to her for it, for he did not feel grateful to any one for all the good things he had. Somehow his eyes were blind to his blessings.

As the distance lengthened between his home and himself, Base grew happier and happier, for he never heard the name he hated. The strangers he met on the road passed the time of day and went their way. Base never inquired their names, for most of them were hermits or poor fellows traveling from town to town to sell their wares.

Days lengthened into weeks, yet as he traveled from village to village, Base did not become homesick. There was plenty to see on the road, there were new people to meet at the inns where he ate and spent the nights, all of which kept his mind so busy that he had little time to think of home. As he tramped all day, when the night came he went to bed and slept well; so even then he did not get homesick as most people do.

He heard many new names, some strange and wonderful, but when he asked about the people who bore them, he found them to be just common people like every one else. They had neither honor nor riches, and no one seemed to care very much about them; so of course Base did not want their names.

One day as he entered a town, he saw a stately procession marching to the funeral pyre. "Ah," thought Base, "here is some great man who has passed out of this life. I will ask his name. If I like the way it sounds and find that the man had honor and riches in this life, I will take the name to the head master and ask that my name be changed to it."

"Hey, fellow," Base called out to a man at the end of the procession, "what was the name of the man who died?"

"His name was Quick," was the reply.

"'Quick, Quick,'" repeated Base surprised. "Why, how could Quick be dead?"

"Why, certainly Quick and Dead can both die. A man's name only serves to mark who is who. You seem a dunce," the stranger replied, hurrying off to catch up with the funeral procession.

"Well," thought Base as he turned away to go on to a new village, "it is strange that a man named Quick could be dead. If his name had anything to do with his life, he would have lived on forever. That is certainly not the name for me. I must waste no more time here, otherwise I shall spend all my life searching for a good name and when I find one I shall be too old to enjoy it."

So Base tramped on through fields of yellow grain, and trees weighted low with ripening figs, to the next village. Neither his heart nor his feet

were quite so light as they were when he started out, yet he was sure that he would find the name farther on.

Just as he was about to enter the main street of the village, he heard screams of pain coming from a low hut. Upon looking to see what was the matter, he saw a man beating a poor slave girl. "What a horrible name that poor girl must have to make her be beaten like that!" Base thought. "Such names I must use care not to take, or I might bring upon myself worse luck than I have now."

"Hey, fellow," he said to a man standing near, "what is the name of the poor girl the man is beating so dreadfully?"

"Her name, poor girl, is Rich," replied the man.

"'Rich, Rich,'" repeated Base, much surprised. "How could a poor slave girl be named Rich?"

"Of course Rich and Poor can both be slaves and be beaten. A name only serves to mark who is who. You seem to be a dunce," answered the man as he turned his back to Base.

"This is strange again," thought the boy. "Here is a poor beaten slave girl whose name is Rich when it should be Poor. Perhaps it is just in these two villages that names do not fit the people to whom they belong. Their fathers may have made the same mistake my father made when he gave me my name. I will look no farther in

these parts. I will travel on quickly to a new and far-away country, otherwise I shall spend my whole life in looking for a name. And then some morning I shall awake to find myself an old man with a white beard to my waist, and if I find the name I am searching for, I shall have no time left to enjoy it. Besides, I do not like to be called a dunce. I will rest at the inn to-night, and at sunrise to-morrow I will be off to the far-away country, for surely in this big world there must be some good and honored man who has a name that fits his deeds."

Instead of sleeping as a tired boy should, all that night Base lay awake thinking of names. He arose with the sun and after a breakfast of rice and honey, he started off once more to search for a new name. By this time Base had traveled many leagues from home. He had met many people; some had been very rich, some very poor, and some neither rich nor poor. He had seen, too, that their names had nothing at all to do with their conditions in life. Some names had been pretty, some ugly, some easy to say, some hard. Down in his heart of hearts the boy was beginning to doubt whether a mere name had much to do towards bringing its owner success in life, but he had started out to find a new name and he was ashamed to go home and own to a failure. Now Base was really getting tired of what seemed to be an endless jour-

ney. The people he met passed him by in silence unless he spoke to them. He was longing to see his father, and the head master. Even his teachers who he had thought had been unfair to him he began to think might be good fellows after all. The more he thought of the boys of the school, his playfellows, the better they seemed to him. Perhaps they did not mean to be unkind when they called, "Come, Base" or "Go, Base." After all, was it not all a part of the game? Still Base did not feel like giving up his quest; so he kept on, but his feet were growing heavier with every step.

The distance to the new and far-away country seemed very long to Base. He was now weary of meeting strange people who looked at him as though he were half-witted when he asked them questions, and who turned from him, little caring whether he came or went. They did not know him and so had no interest in him.

Base felt very lonely as he trudged along with no one to talk to. "Oh," he thought, "how pleasant it would be to hear the boys call, 'Ho, Base, pick up the ball' or 'Quick, quick, Base, get the goal,'" and somehow his name seemed all right. "After all," he went on thinking, as he had no one to talk to, "they would have called just the same no matter what the name was. The boys were not unkind, but just rough, as boys sometimes are to one another."

The more Base thought of all the people at home, his parents, the teachers, and boys of the school, the villagers who had known him since he was born, the better he grew to like them. He now remembered their many good and kind deeds which before he had overlooked. Of course he did a great amount of thinking about his own name, and the more he thought about it, the more he became convinced that Base was as good as any name he had heard on his travels. Still he was not yet willing to give up the quest and go home. He wanted to be *sure* that he could not find a name that would on its own merit, just like magic, bring its owner all the good things of life without the owner's doing one earthly thing to get them. You see, Base was really searching for a magic name, but he did not know that there were only a few in the world, and those few he had not met in his search.

As the boy was passing through a thick wood, which was near the end of his journey to the far-away country, he saw a poor fellow with dirty and torn clothes sitting under a big tree crying and wringing his hands. Base, who was very lonely and glad to see another human being, called to him, "Hey, you fellow, what is the matter with you? Where do you come from, and where are you going, and what is your name?"

"Kind sir," the man replied, "I beseech of you to help me find my way out of these deep woods. I

have come from the far-away country, and am going to the distant city of Benares to see my brother. I lost my way in the forest, and wandered hither and thither until I was faint and weary and could go no farther. If you will show me the open road of the plains, I will pay you well. My name is Guide, and is known well the world over."

"'Guide, Guide,'" repeated Base. "Surely I know your name, but a Guide is the one who shows the way to others. How could a man whose name is 'Guide' lose his way? That is strange, very strange."

"Why, certainly, Guide can be lost. A name only serves to mark who is who. You seem to be a dunce," replied the poor lost fellow, beginning to cry again, for he felt that he could get no help from a boy who was silly enough to think that you could judge a man by the name he bore.

"If a man named 'Quick' can die, 'Rich' be a poor slave girl, and 'Guide' lose his way," thought Base, "a name can have nothing at all to do with a person's life. I might just as well not go to the far-away country from which this man came whose name is Guide, for my search for a better name than Base would be as fruitless there as it has been in the countries through which I have traveled. I have gone through many countries, and everywhere I have found the same thing: A name serves only to mark who is who, and cannot make or spoil

one's life. I will search no farther, but will go straight home and keep the name my father gave me when I was born, for all names have but one purpose. I have learned full and well that I might go on to the very ends of the earth, and travel until I was an old man with a white beard that would reach to my knees and yet I would not find a name that would bring me good luck on its own merit. What I have learned on my journey must be true the world over. I will waste no more time, but will go home and begin to *work* for the things I desire. A name alone cannot bring luck to its owner. I am quite sure that I have learned my lesson. I shall now turn my face homeward and among my own people who know me by my name Base I shall try to make myself loved and honored."

"Well," said Guide, breaking into the thoughts of Base, "if you are through looking up into the tree with that silly look on your face, will you tell me whether or not you know the way out of these woods? I am faint with hunger, and weary after my long search for a path in these thick woods. My feet are bleeding from thorn pricks. If you do not know a way to the plains, I may as well lie down here and die."

"Please forgive me. I was so surprised to hear that a man named 'Guide' could lose his way that I quite forgot myself. My name is Base, but do not judge me by my name, for I hope that I am

quite a good fellow at heart. I was going to the far-away country to find something," answered Base, ashamed to tell another of his foolish quest. "Certainly I know the way to Benares. I pass through it on my way to the little village in which I dwell. I shall be glad to have you as my companion, for it is lonely traveling by one's self. But before we start, you must have some food and drink to give you strength. Rest yourself while I go in search of water."

So saying, Base left him to find a spring in the rocks that he might fill the bottle made of skin that he carried slung over his back. Water was soon found, and poor thirsty Guide drank his fill. Then Base took some bread from his knapsack and told him to eat. He also brought the hungry man roots and berries that grow in the forest and which his teacher had told him could be eaten in safety. After a while, Guide was quite strong again. Merry and happy the two set out, Base leading the way for Guide on the journey to Benares and home.

When they were out of the woods, made dark and gloomy by tall overshadowing trees, Guide saw familiar landmarks which seemed to point the way to the city of Benares, but he confessed to Base that even though he had traveled far and long, he often lost his way and had to ask strangers the right road. That made Base confess his secret to him.

He told Guide that he hated his name; that he had confided his dislike to the good head master of the school to which he went, and had asked to have it changed to one that would make him loved and honored, and that the head master had told him that he could go to other places far from home in search of a name that he wanted. He told him that his good father had given him money and wished him Godspeed on his journey. And last of all Base told Guide of his long and fruitless quest for a better name in many lands. He said that Quick was dead, Rich poor and beaten, and Guide lost in the woods; that after he had met Guide lost in the woods he had come to the conclusion that it was of no use to go to the far-away country in search for a magic name, because a person's name simply marked who was who, and had nothing to do with one's happiness or unhappiness, success or failure in life, and that he was going home wiser and happier than when he had started out, for he had learned a good hard lesson.

"I never thought very much of names, myself," said Guide. "My good father gave me mine when I was born and I have kept it ever since. But when I come to think of it, you are right — it was funny for Guide to get lost. Of course names have nothing to do with our lives. Otherwise, you, being Base, when you found me lost in the forest, would have made off with my bag of gold and left

me a prey to wild animals. Instead of that, you treated me as though your name were Good. Yes, a name simply marks who is who."

The light hearts of the two made their feet as light as the air on a clear May day, and soon the temple spires of the city of Benares shone like diamonds before them.

"I will bid you farewell here, friend Guide," said Base. "The city where your brother dwells now lies before you. You have now no further need of a guide. I shall take a shorter way around the city to my own village that I may quickly reach my home, for it seems as though I left it ages ago."

"A thousand thanks to you, my good friend Base," the other answered. "If names fitted their owners, your name would be 'Guide' and mine 'Lost,'" he added laughingly.

After Base had left his companion, he hurried on home. When the villagers saw him coming so merrily towards them, they waved their kerchiefs and called, "Base, Base, welcome home!" They wished to honor him because his father was loved and honored by all in his village. Great was their surprise when Base saluted each in turn, and added a hearty smile and words of cheer, for they had been used to seeing the boy with a scowl and a moody look on his handsome face.

The father, hearing his son's name called, went out to greet him with open arms. Great, too, was

his surprise when Base, after kissing him on both cheeks, said, "I have traveled, dear father, over many leagues, through many cities and towns, even up to the forest that surrounds the far-away country. I have talked to many strange people, and seen wonderful things, and heard many names. And I have come home to tell you that I am satisfied with the name you gave me at birth. A name, I have learned, simply marks who is who, and has naught to do with the owner's success in life."

"Blessings be upon you, my son," replied the father. "Thou hast indeed learned a great lesson early in thy youth."

"I must away again to tell my beloved head master, dear father. He, too, will be much pleased with the good news."

After saluting his father again, Base hurried on to the school. When the boys saw him coming they cried, "Ho, Base, ho, Base, come have a game with us!"

Never had his name seemed so good to Base as when he heard it called by his fellows. "I will soon be with you," he called back to them as he ran on towards the sacred bo tree, where every day as the night began to fall the head master went to meditate.

When the good man saw him coming, he stretched out his arms to him. "My son Base, come sit by my side. I long to hear of your travels and of the

magic name you have chosen that I may bestow it upon you with ceremony."

After he had saluted the head master most respectfully, Base seated himself at his feet, and told him the long story of his fruitless search for a name: that Quick was dead; Rich, a poor beaten slave girl, and Guide, lost in the forest, and that now he was satisfied and well pleased with his own name, for his journey had taught him that a name has nothing to do with its owner's condition in life.

"My son, thou hast learned thy lesson well," said the head master. "Thou mightst have gone even through the far-away country and yet not have learned this wisdom. I could have told you this truth when first you came to tell me that you hated your name and wished me to give you another, a magic name, but in your heart you would not have believed me. It is best that we learn for ourselves these lessons in life, even though they be hard, and cost us weary hours, and long quests. My son, you are indeed blessed, for you have learned a lesson that many pass through this life and never know. Go now to your fellows. Give love, it will be returned to you. Give respect, it will come back to you fourfold. Give charity, and greater blessings will be given to you. You did not find a new name, but you did find wisdom. You learned that 'Name does not govern destiny.' Farewell, my son."

HOW CUCHULAIN GOT HIS NAME[1]

By Eleanor Hull

That evening at supper, Meave sat silent, as though she were revolving matters in her mind. When supper was ended and she and her husband and Fergus, with one or two others of her chief captains, sat in the tent-door around the fire, looking out on the hosts who rested at close of day by the forest fires, singing and telling tales, as was their wont after the evening meal, Meave said to Fergus, "Just now you spoke of that little boy as Setanta, but I have heard him called Cuchulain, or Culain's Hound; how did he get that name?"

And Cormac, Conor's son, answered eagerly, "I will tell you that story myself, for I was present, and I know the way of it."

"Well, tell us now," said Meave and Ailill both at once. And Cormac said: "In Ulster, near Cuchulain's country, was a mighty artificer and smith, whose name was Culain. Now the custom

[1] From *The Boys' Cuchulain* by Eleanor Hull. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

is, that every man of means and every owner of land in Ulster, should, once in a year or so, invite the King and his chiefs to spend a few days, it may be a week or a fortnight, at his house, that he may give them entertainment. But Culain owned no lands, nor was he rich, for only the fruit of his hammer, his anvil, and his tongs had he. Nevertheless he desired to entertain the King at a banquet, and he went to Emain to invite his chief. But he said, 'I have no lands or store of wealth; I pray thee, therefore, to bring with thee but a few of thy prime warriors, because my house cannot contain a great company of guests.' So the King said he would go, bringing but a small retinue with him.

"Culain returned home to prepare his banquet, and when the day was come, towards evening the King set forth to reach the fort of Culain. He assumed his light, convenient traveling garb, and before starting he went down to the green to bid the boy-corps farewell.

"There he saw a sight so curious that he could not tear himself away. At one end of the green stood a group of a hundred and fifty youths, guarding one goal, all striving to prevent the ball of a single little boy, who was playing against the whole of them, from getting in; but for all that they could do, he won the game, and drove his ball home to the goal.

"Then they changed sides, and the little lad defended his one goal against the hundred and fifty balls of the other youths, all sent at once across the ground. But though the youths played well, following up their balls, not one of them went into the hole, for the little boy caught them one after another just outside, driving them hither and thither, so that they could not make the goal. But when his turn came round to make the counter-stroke, he was as successful as before; nay, he would get the entire set of a hundred and fifty balls into their hole, for all they could do.

"Then they played a game of getting one anothers' cloaks off without tearing them, and he would have their mantles off, one after the other, before they could, on their part, even unfasten the brooch that held his cloak. When they wrestled with each other, it was the same thing: he would have them on the ground before all of them together could upset him, or make him budge a foot.

"As the King stood and watched all this, he said: 'Tis well for the country into which this boy has come! A clever child indeed is he; were but his acts as a grown man to come up to the promise of his youth, he might be of some solid use to us; but this is not to be counted upon.'"

"Then," Fergus said, breaking in upon the tale, "I was vexed because the King seemed to doubt the child, whether his after deeds would equal the

promise of his youth; and I spoke up and said, 'That, O King, I think not wisely said; have no fear for this boy, for as his childish deeds outstrip the acts of childhood, so will his manly feats outshine the deeds of heroes and great men.' Then the King said to me, 'Have the child called, that we may take him with us to the banquet.'

"So when Setanta came, the King invited him; but the boy said, 'Excuse me now awhile; I cannot go just now.' 'How so?' said the King, surprised. 'Because the boy-corps have not yet had enough of play.' 'I cannot wait until they have,' replied the King; 'the night is growing late.' 'Wait not at all,' replied the child; 'I will even finish this one game, and will run after you.' 'But, young one, knowest thou the way?' asked the King. 'I will follow the train made by your company, the wheels of their chariots and hoofs of the horses on the road,' he replied."

"Thereupon," continued Cormac, "Conor starts; and in time for the banquet he reaches Culain's house, where, with due honor, he is received. Fresh rushes had been strewn upon the floor, the tables all decked out, the fires burning in the middle of the room. A great vat full of ale stood in the hall, a lofty candlestick gave light, and round the fires stood servants cooking savory viands, holding them on forks or spits of wood. Each man of the King's guests entered in order of

his rank, and sat at the feast in his own allotted place, hanging his weapons up above his head. The King occupied the central seat, his poets, counselors, and chiefs sitting on each hand according to their state and dignity. As they were sitting down, the smith Culain came to Conor and asked him, 'Good now, O King, before we sit at meat I would even know whether any one at all will follow thee this night to my dwelling, or is thy whole company gathered now within?' 'All are now here,' said the King, quite forgetting the wee boy; 'but wherefore askest thou?'

"'It is only that I have an excellent watchdog, fierce and strong; and when his chain is taken off, and he is set free to guard the house, no one dare come anywhere within the same district with him; he is furious with all but me, and he has the strength and savage force of a hundred ordinary watchdogs. This dog was brought to me from Spain, and no dog in the country can equal him.' 'Let him be set loose, for all are here,' said Conor; 'well will he guard this place for us.'

"So Culain loosed the dog, and with one spring it bounded forth out of the court of the house and over the wall of the rath, making a circuit of the entire district; and when it came back panting, with its tongue hanging from its jaws, it took up its usual position in front of the house, and there crouched with its head upon its paws, watching

the high road to Emain. Surely an extraordinarily cruel and fierce and savage dog was he.

"When the boy-corps broke up that night, each of the lads returning to the house of his parent or his fosterer or guardian, Setanta, trusting to the trail of the company that went with Conor, struck out for Culain's house. With his club and ball he ran forward, and the distance seemed short on account of his interest in the game. As soon as he arrived on the green of Culain's fort, the mastiff noticed him, and set up such a howling as echoed loud through all the countryside. Inside the house the King and his followers heard, but were struck dumb with fear, nor dared to move, thinking surely to find the little lad dead at the door of the fort. As for the hound himself, he thought with but one gulp to swallow Setanta whole. Now the little lad was without any means of defense beyond his ball and hurley-stick. He never left his play till he came near. Then, as the hound charged open-jawed, with all his strength he threw the ball right into the creature's mouth; and as for a moment the hound stopped short, choking as the ball passed down its throat, the lad seized hold of the mastiff's open jaws, grasping its throat with one hand and the back of its head with the other, and so violently did he strike its head against the pillars of the door, that it was no long time until the creature lay dead upon the ground.

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CUCHULAIN

"When Culain and the warriors within had heard the mastiff howl, they asked one another, as soon as they got back their voices, 'What makes the watch-dog cry?' 'Alas!' the King said, ''tis no good luck that brought us on our present trip.' 'Why so?' inquired all. 'I mean that the little boy, my foster-son and Fergus's, Setanta, son of Sualtach, it is who promised to come after me; now, even now, he is doubtless fallen by the hound of Culain.' Then, when they heard that it was Conor's foster-son who was without, on the instant to one man they rose; and though the doors of the fort were thrown wide they could not wait for that, but out they stormed over the walls and ramparts of the fort to find the boy."

"Quick they were," said Fergus, interrupting, "yet did I outstrip them, and at the rampart's outer door I found the child, and the great hound dead beside him. Without a pause I picked up the boy and hoisted him on my shoulder, and thus, with all the heroes following, we came to Conor, and I placed him between the monarch's knees."

"Yes, so it was," said Cormac, taking up the story again where he had left it; "but let me tell of Culain. The smith went out to find his dog, and when he saw him lying there, knocked almost to pieces and quite dead, his heart was vexed within him. He went back to the house, and said, ''Twas no good luck that urged me to make this feast for

thee, O King; would I had not prepared a banquet. My life is a life lost, and my substance is but substance wasted without my dog. He was a defense and protection to our property and our cattle, to every beast we had and to our house. Little boy,' said he, 'you are welcome for your people's sake; you are not welcome for your own; that was a good member of my family thou didst take from me, a safeguard of raiment, of flocks, and herds.' 'Be not vexed thereat,' replied the child, 'for I myself will fix on my own punishment. This shall it be. If in all Ireland a whelp of that dog's breed is to be found, 'tis I myself will rear him up for thee till he be fit to take the watchdog's place. In the meantime, O Culain, I myself will be your hound for defense of your cattle and for your own defense, until the dog be grown and capable of action; I will defend the territory, and no cattle or beast or store of thine shall be taken from thee, without my knowing it.'

"'Well hast thou made the award,' said they all, 'and henceforward shall your name be changed; you shall no longer be called Setanta; Cu-Chulain, or the "Hound of Culain," shall your name be.'

"'I like my own name best,' the child objected. 'Ah, say not so,' replied the magician, 'for one day will the name of Cuchulain ring in all men's mouths; among the brave ones of the whole wide world Cuchulain's name shall find a place.

Renowned and famous shall he be, beloved and feared by all.' 'If that is so, then am I well content,' replied the boy.

"So from that day forth the name Cuchulain clung to him, until the time came when he was no longer remembered as the Hound of Culain's Fort, but as the guardian and watchdog of defense to the Province against her foes; and then men loved best to call him 'The Hound of Ulster.'

"Now," continued Cormac, "it would be reasonable to expect that the little boy, who, at the age of six or seven years slew a dog whom a whole company would not dare to touch when he was at large, would, at the age of a grown youth, be formidable to Ulster's foes."

And Meave was forced to admit that it was likely that he would.

THE STORY OF GERAINT AND THE MAIDEN ENID[1]

By Padraic Colum

One Whitsuntide, as King Arthur was holding his Court at Caerleon upon Usk, there entered a tall, fair-haired youth, clad in a coat and a surcoat of satin, with a golden-hilted sword about his neck, and low shoes of leather upon his feet. He came and stood before Arthur. "Heaven prosper thee," said the King, "and be thou welcome. Dost thou bring any new tidings?" "I do, Lord," said the youth. "Then tell me thine errand," said King Arthur.

"I am one of thy foresters in the Forest of Dean," said the youth. "In the forest I saw a stag, the like of which I never yet beheld. He is of pure white, and he does not herd with any other animal through stateliness and pride, so royal is his bearing. And I come to seek thy counsel, Lord, and to know thy will concerning him." "It seems best to me," said Arthur, "to go and hunt him to-morrow at break of day."

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[1] From *The Island of the Mighty* by Padraic Colum. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

When day came, they rose, and Arthur called the attendants who guarded his couch. They came to Arthur and saluted him, and arrayed him in his garments. Arthur wondered that Guinevere did not awake, and did not move in her bed. The attendants wished to awaken her. "Disturb her not," said Arthur, "for she had rather sleep than see the hunting."

King Arthur

After Arthur had gone forth from the palace, Guinevere awoke, and she called to her maidens, and appareled herself. "Maidens," said she, "go one of you to the stable, and order hither a horse such as a woman may ride." And one of her maidens went, and she found but two horses in the stable, and Guinevere and one of her maidens mounted them, and went through the Usk, and followed the track of the men and the horses.

As they rode thus, they heard a loud and rushing sound; and they looked behind them, and beheld a knight upon a hunter foal of mighty size;

the rider was a fair-haired youth, bare-legged, and of princely mien, and a golden-hilted sword was at his side, and a robe and a surcoat of satin were upon him, and low shoes of leather upon his feet; and around him was a scarf of purple, at each corner of which was a golden apple. And his horse stepped stately, and swift, and proud. The youth overtook Guinevere, and saluted her.

"Heaven prosper thee, Geraint," said the Queen, "and the welcome of Heaven be unto thee. And why didst thou not go with thy lord to hunt?" "Because I knew not when he went," said Geraint. "I was asleep." "I was asleep, too," said the Queen. "But we shall hear the horns when they sound, and we shall hear the dogs when they are let loose, and begin to cry." So they went to the edge of the forest, and there they stood. "From this place," said the Queen, "we shall hear when the dogs are let loose."

While they were standing there they heard a loud noise, and they looked toward the spot whence it came, and they beheld a dwarf riding upon a horse, stately, and foaming, and prancing, and strong, and spirited. In the hand of the dwarf was a whip. And near the dwarf they saw a lady upon a beautiful white horse, of steady and stately pace; and she was clothed in a garment of gold brocade. Beside her was a knight upon a war horse of large size, with heavy and bright armor both upon him-

self and upon his horse. Those who were with the Queen thought that never before had they seen a knight, or a horse, or armor, of such remarkable size.

"Geraint," said Guinevere, "knowest thou the name of that tall knight yonder?" "I know him not," said Geraint; "and the strange armor that he wears prevents my seeing either his face or his features." "Go, maiden," said Guinevere, "and ask the dwarf who that knight is." Then the maiden went up to the dwarf; and the dwarf waited for the maiden, when he saw her coming towards him. The maiden inquired of the dwarf who the knight was. "I will not tell thee," he answered. "Since thou art so churlish as not to tell me," she said, "I will ask him himself," "Thou shalt not ask him, by my faith," said he. "Wherefore?" said she. "Because thou art not of sufficient honor to befit thee to speak to my lord." Then the maiden turned her horse's head towards the knight, upon which the dwarf struck her with the whip that was in his hand across the face and the eyes, until the blood flowed forth. And the maiden, through the hurt she received from the blow, returned to Guinevere, complaining of the pain.

"Very rudely has the dwarf treated thee," said Geraint. "I will go myself to know who the knight is." "Go," said Guinevere. Then Geraint went up to the dwarf. "Who is yonder knight?" said

Geraint. "I will not tell thee," said the dwarf. "Then I will ask him myself," said Geraint. "Thou wilt not, by my faith," said the dwarf, "thou art not honorable enough to speak with my lord." Said Geraint, "I have spoken with men of equal rank with him." And saying that, he turned his horse's head towards the knight; but the dwarf overtook him, and struck him as he had done the maiden, so that the blood colored the scarf that Geraint wore. Then Geraint put his hand on the hilt of his sword, but he took counsel with himself, and considered that it would be no vengeance for him to slay the dwarf, and to be attacked unarmed by an armed knight; so he returned to where Guinevere was.

"Thou hast acted wisely and discreetly," said she. "Lady," said he, "I will follow him yet, with thy permission; and at last he will come to some inhabited place, where I may have arms either as a loan or for a pledge, so that I may encounter the knight." "Go," said she, "and do not attack him until thou hast good arms, and I shall be very anxious concerning thee, until I hear tidings of thee." "If I am alive," said he, "thou shalt hear tidings of me by to-morrow afternoon." And saying that, he departed.

The road that the knight, the dwarf, and the lady took was below the palace of Caerleon, and across the ford of the Usk. Geraint followed, and

they went along a fair and even and lofty ridge of ground, until they came to a town, and at the extremity of the town Geraint saw a fortress and a castle. As the knight passed through, all the people arose and saluted him, and bade him welcome. Geraint knew none, and none knew him to do him the kindness to let him have arms either as a loan or for a pledge. And every house he saw was full of men, and arms, and horses. And the men were polishing shields, and burnishing swords, and washing armor, and shoeing horses. The knight and the lady and the dwarf rode up to the castle that was in the town, and every one was glad in the castle. From the battlements and the gates they risked their necks, through their eagerness to greet them, and to show their joy.

Geraint stood there to see whether the knight would remain in the castle; and when he was certain that he would do so, he looked around him; and at a little distance from the town he saw an old palace in ruins, wherein was a hall that was falling to decay. And as he knew not any one in the town, he went towards the old palace; and when he came near to the palace, he saw but one chamber, and a bridge of marble-stone leading to it. And upon the bridge he saw sitting a hoary-headed man, upon whom were tattered garments. Geraint gazed steadfastly upon him for a long time. Then the hoary-headed man spoke to him. "Young

man," he said, "wherefore art thou thoughtful?" "I am thoughtful," said Geraint, "because I know not where to go to-night." "Wilt thou come forward this way?" said the hoary-headed man; "and thou shalt have of the best that can be procured for thee."

Geraint went forward. In the hall he dismounted, and he left there his horse. Then he went to the upper chamber with the hoary-headed man. And in the chamber he beheld an aged woman, sitting on a cushion, with old, tattered garments of satin upon her; and it seemed to him that he had never seen a woman fairer than she must have been, when in the fullness of youth.

And then he saw beside the aged woman a maiden, upon whom were a vest and a veil, that were old, and beginning to be worn out. And truly, he never saw a maiden more full of comeliness, and grace, and beauty than she. The hoary-headed man said to the maiden, "There is no attendant for the horse of this youth but thyself." "I will render the best service I am able," said she, "both to him and to his horse." And the maiden disencumbered the youth, and then she furnished the horse with straw and with corn. The hoary-headed man said to her, "Go to the town, and bring hither the best that thou canst find both of food and drink." "I will, gladly, Lord," said she. And to the town she went.

The hoary-headed man and Geraint conversed together while the maiden was in the town. She came back, and a boy with her, bearing on his back a costrel full of mead, and a quarter of a young bullock; in her hands was a quantity of white bread, and she had some manchet bread in her veil. "I could not obtain better than this," said she, "nor with better should I have been trusted." They caused the meat to be cooked, and when their food was ready, they sat down.

When they had finished eating, Geraint talked with the hoary-headed man, and asked him to whom belonged the palace that he was in. "Truly," said he, "it was I that built it, and to me also belonged the town and the castle which thou sawest." "Alas!" said Geraint, "how is it that thou hast lost them now?" "I lost a great earldom as well as these," said he, "and this is how I lost them. I had a nephew, the son of my brother, and I took his possessions to myself; and when he came to his strength, he demanded of me his property, but I withheld it from him. So he made war upon me, and wrested from me all I possessed."

Then Geraint said, "Good sir, wilt thou tell me wherefore came the knight and the lady and the dwarf just now into the town, and what is the preparation which I saw, and the putting of arms in order?" "I will tell thee." And then the old earl said:

"The preparations are for the game that is to be held to-morrow by the young earl, my nephew, which will be in this wise: In the midst of a meadow which is here, two forks will be set up, and upon two forks a silver rod, and upon the silver rod a Sparrow Hawk, and for the Sparrow Hawk there will be a tournament. To the tournament will go all the array thou didst see in the city, of men, and of horses, and of arms. And with each man will go the lady he loves best; and no man can joust for the Sparrow Hawk, except the lady he loves best be with him. The knight whom thou sawest has gained the Sparrow Hawk these two years; and if he gains it the third year, they will, from that time, send it every year to him, and he himself will come here no more. And he will be called the Knight of the Sparrow Hawk from that time forth."

Said Geraint after he had heard all this, "Sir, what is thy counsel to me concerning this knight, on account of the insult which I received from the dwarf, and that which was received by the maiden of Guinevere, the wife of Arthur?" And Geraint told the old earl what the insult was that he had received. "It is not easy to counsel thee, inasmuch as thou hast neither dame nor maiden belonging to thee, for whom thou canst joust. Yet I have arms here which thou couldst have; and there is my horse also, if he seems to thee better than thine own." "Ah, sir," said Geraint, "Heaven

reward thee. My own horse, to which I am accustomed, together with thy arms, will suffice me. And if, when the appointed time shall come to-morrow, thou wilt permit me to challenge for yonder maiden who is thy daughter, I will engage, if I escape from the tournament, to love the maiden as long as I live." "Gladly will I permit thee," said the old earl, "and since thou dost thus resolve, it is necessary that thy horse and arms should be ready to-morrow at break of day. For then the Knight of the Sparrow Hawk will make proclamation, and ask the lady he loves best to take the Sparrow Hawk. 'For,' will he say to her, 'thou art the fairest of women, and thou didst possess it last year, and the year previous; and if any deny it thee to-day, by force will I defend it for thee.' And therefore," said the old earl, "it is needful for thee to be there at daybreak; and we three will be with thee." And thus was it settled.

Before dawn they arose, and arrayed themselves; and by the time it was day, they were all four in the meadow. And there was the Knight of the Sparrow Hawk making the proclamation, and asking his lady-love to fetch the Sparrow Hawk. "Fetch it not," said Geraint, "for there is here a maiden who is fairer, and more noble, and more comely, and who has a better claim to it than thou." "If thou maintainest the Sparrow Hawk to be due to her, come forward, and do battle with me."

And Geraint went forward to the top of the meadow, having upon himself and upon his horse armor which was heavy, and rusty, and worthless, and of uncouth shape.

He and the knight encountered each other, and they broke a set of lances, and they broke a second set, and a third. And thus they did at every onset, and they broke as many lances as were brought to them. And when the young earl and his company saw the Knight of the Sparrow Hawk gaining the mastery, there was shouting, and joy, and mirth, amongst them. And the old earl and his wife and his daughter were sorrowful.

Then the old earl saw Geraint receive a severe stroke, and he went up to him quickly, and he said to him, "Oh, Chieftain, remember the treatment which thou hadst from the dwarf; and wilt thou not seek vengeance for the insult to thyself, and for the insult to Guinevere, the wife of Arthur?" Geraint was roused by what he said to him, and he called to him all his strength, and lifted up his sword, and struck the knight upon the crown of his head, so that he broke all his head-armor, and cut through even to the skull.

The knight fell upon his knees, and cast his sword from his hand, and besought mercy of Geraint. "Of a truth," said he, "I relinquish my overdaring and my pride in craving thy mercy, and unless I have time to commit myself to Heaven

for my sins, thy mercy will avail me little." "I will grant thee grace upon this condition," said Geraint, "that thou wilt go to Guinevere, the wife of Arthur, to do her satisfaction for the insult which her maiden received from thy dwarf. As for myself, for the insult which I received from thee and thy dwarf, I am content with that which I have done unto thee. Dismount not from the time thou goest hence until thou comest into the presence of Guinevere, to make her what atonement shall be adjudged at the Court of Arthur." "This will I do gladly. And who art thou?" said he. "I am Geraint. And declare thou also who thou art." "I am Edeyrn, the son of Nudd." Then he threw himself on his horse, and went forward to Arthur's Court, and the lady he loved best went before him and the dwarf, with much lamentation.

"Then," said Geraint, "whosoever is here who owes homage to the old earl, let him come forward, and perform it on the spot." All the men gave their homage to him. And his castle, and his town and all his possessions were restored to the old earl.

Then spoke the old earl to Geraint. "Chieftain," said he, "behold the maiden Enid for whom thou didst challenge at the tournament, I bestow her upon thee." "She shall go with me," said Geraint, "to the Court of Arthur." And the next day they proceeded to Arthur's Court.

THE KINGDOM OF LITTLE CARE[1]

By Cornelia Meigs

Great trouble was upon the little schoolmaster's wrinkled face, as he pushed up his spectacles on his forehead and gazed across the table at his idle pupil.

"Your Highness," he said, "your lessons are even worse than usual to-day."

"Of what use is learning to one who is going to be a king?"

"The greatest use in the world," cried the schoolmaster; "for a monarch must know more than all his subjects together, and be wiser than the wisest of them."

"Then what he knows comes not out of books," said the prince. "I am weary of this toil and am going out into the world to learn those things that a ruler must know."

"Oh, no," cried the schoolmaster; "I taught your father to be a wise king and I promised him

[1] From *The Kingdom of the Winding Road* by Cornelia Meigs. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

that I would teach you. And since he died so long ago, decreeing that your uncle should rule the kingdom until you became a man, I have done my best to teach you all you should know. Now you are nearly a man, but, oh, how much is still to be learned!"

"You have taught me but one thing that I cared to know," said the prince. "In one of those great dry books of yours there is a tale of a land far from here, where all is just as it should be; where rain never falls, nor do cold winds ever blow; where there is food and drink without effort for every man, and where the laws are so just and the people so good that no wrong is ever committed. The land was called the 'Kingdom of Little Care.' I have a mind to see it, so that I may some day make my own country like it, or perhaps a little better."

Nothing could change the young prince's determination; so he did, indeed, set forth that very day. He came at last to a cross-road, and stood pondering a moment as to whether this were the way he ought to take. A traveler, who seemed to be asleep, was sitting under the shadow of the hedge, with his head upon his knees.

"Ho, there!" he cried, waking the sleeper with a sudden shout, "tell me whither leads this road."

The man — a beggar he seemed to be — raised his head.

"The left-hand road is the one you wish to take," he said; "follow it steadily for seven days and you will reach the seashore. Cross the water for seven more and you will come to the land that you are seeking."

"Why," said the prince, "do you know who I am? Are you aware that I am Prince Otto, that I am setting forth to do great deeds, to learn to be a king, and to visit the Kingdom of Little Care?"

"Yes," said the man, briefly, "all that I know, and more besides. I could tell you now just what sort of deeds you will do, and what sort of place you will find that Kingdom of Little Care to be, for I visited it myself long years ago."

So saying, the beggar laid his head upon his knees again, and seemed to be asleep almost before the prince had ridden out of sight beyond the turn of the road.

Many miles Prince Otto traveled, yet seemed to find no great deeds waiting for him. He came one day to a great city, white-walled and red-roofed, with a magnificent palace in its midst. Yet, for all its beauties, many of the houses seemed to be empty, and sorrowful-faced people walked in its streets.

"What ails your town?" asked the prince of one of the citizens.

"We have had a great misfortune," answered the man. "The river that runs past the city was

once so deep and wide that great ships could come up to our wharves, and we traded with all the world. But now, on account of storms and floods, an island has been formed across the channel so that vessels can no longer reach the town. Our trade has ended and we are all ruined."

"That is indeed a pity," said Prince Otto. "Can nothing be done to save so fair a city? I wish that I could help you."

"I wish indeed that you could," said the man; "there is nothing that we would not do for the man who should prove himself great enough to save us."

But since there was nothing that Prince Otto could suggest, he left the man.

The next day, the seventh since he had set out, he came, toward evening, to the seashore, as the beggar had said he would. There upon the beach he observed a group of fishermen, all of whom were exclaiming over something concealed in their midst.

"What have you there?" he asked.

"We found this strange pot entangled in our nets," said one of the fishermen; "so we have brought it ashore and are trying to open it. Can you not help us?"

"I will try," said Prince Otto, getting down from his horse as he spoke. He attacked the great pot with his sword, but pry and twist as he would, he found he could do nothing.

"I am sorry," he said at last; "I would help you if I could, but I fear there is no one who can get it open. And now, is there any one of you who will sell me his boat and provisions for a voyage?"

"You may buy mine," said one of the fishermen, "and a good boat she is, but will you know how to sail her?"

"Yes," said the prince, "that is one of the things that the schoolmaster taught me. I believe he knew a few matters that were of use after all."

Therefore, he stepped in, loosened the sail, and sped out across the blue waters. At last he saw, rising against the horizon before him, the vague, dim outlines of a new land. His boat came gently to the shore, where no waves broke, only soft ripples were running in one behind the other.

Pleasant cottages stood among the groves, where, in the porches, he could see men and women taking their ease.

As he approached the city, he was struck with its magnificence. The houses, it seemed, were roofed with silver, so dazzling was their glitter in the clear, bright air. The streets were paved with blocks of cool, green stone, fountains played at every corner, and flowers bloomed in wondrous colors wherever there was a patch of ground. A man came toward him, dressed in silks and gay with jewels.

"Will you tell me," asked the prince, "if this is

the land men call the Kingdom of Little Care?"

"It is, and well it deserves its name. We live here a life of such pleasant ease, with no work to weary us, no troubles to vex us, and with so wise a king to rule over us, that there is indeed nothing left for us to desire."

"And does your king dwell in the city? I have come far for the purpose of talking with him."

"He dwells here, although I have never seen him myself. He can be found, I believe, in the palace above the town. His kingdom is ruled so easily that he has no occasion to go among his subjects."

Hurrying onward, he came forth into a marvelous garden. In the midst of the smooth lawn was a marble-rimmed pool upon whose steps there sat a boy, apparently of his own age. The royal robes, the golden circlet upon the youth's cap and his stately air all told Prince Otto that this was the monarch of the Kingdom of Little Care.

"I have come far to see you," he said, bowing low before the king, "and if your affairs of state will permit it, I should like to have speech with you."

"Certainly," said the boy, "sit down beside me and tell me why you have come."

So down sat Prince Otto upon the steps and told the young king how he had cast aside his books and had come so many miles to find this perfect kingdom and to learn how he might make his own land like it.

"How would it be," said the young king, after pondering for some time, "if you should become ruler in my place? Come, reign in my stead for a year."

At last the change was made. For a time the days passed pleasantly enough, since he dwelt in so gorgeous a palace. But by and by he began to grow lonely, the days seemed to pass more slowly, nor was he learning anything of the kingdom over which he ruled.

"Does nothing ever happen in this palace? Are there no new laws to make, no troubles of the people to remedy?" he asked, and was answered no, that the kingdom was so peaceful, that the laws were so perfect and the people so free from care, that there were never any matters for the king to settle.

"Am I to stay here all my life," he cried, "in this hideous country where it is always smiling summer, and never see my own kingdom again, where one finds mud in the lanes and thorns in the hedgerows, and where cold winter comes to teach us how to love the spring?"

Nevertheless the true king came back at last.

"I promised to return at the end of a year," he said; "so here I am; yet I came only to ask you if you will not take my throne and let me live always in that busy world where men must work and fight and learn. Come, it is a great thing

to be ruler over so mighty a land as this, better even than to try to make yours like it."

"Never," shouted Prince Otto; "not for one moment longer than I must will I be king in this dreadful land where nothing ever happens. Give me but some food to carry with me on my journey across the sea, and I will be off before another hour has passed."

He landed, after very many days of travel, for this time the wind was steadily against him, upon the same shore whence he had set sail. But now to his surprise, he found a flourishing village of fine houses with pleasant gardens about them and a general air of prosperity.

"What means this?" he asked of a man he met, "and are not you, who are now dressed in gay clothes, that same fisherman who sold me his boat a year ago?"

"You are right," said the man; "last year I was indeed but a poor peasant. But after you had sailed away, there came a little man dressed in shabby black, who saw that great copper pot we could not open and showed us how to melt the top in the fire so that at last we came at what was within. There was a great store of gold and jewels, that made a fortune for each one of us; so now we are all rich and happy. The fellow rode off and would take no reward, although we would have given him almost anything, so wise a man did we think him."

"It was the schoolmaster," thought Prince Otto, "and he got that wisdom from a book, where I myself might have learned it long ago."

He procured a horse in the town and traveled homeward, thinking deeply. On his way he came once more to the great, fair city that he had last seen, sad and half-empty, on account of the failing of its river. Now a deep, clear stream ran past its walls, and the streets were full of gay, busy people.

"What has brought about this change?" he asked of one of the merchants.

"A year ago," was the answer, "there came hither a little, shabby man, seeking, he said, his lord, Prince Otto. He must have been some great hero in disguise, for he saw our trouble, and showed us how to cut a channel through the island that blocked our river; so now our trade has come back, and all is well with us again."

"He learned that from a book," thought Prince Otto, "and once he sought to teach me just such a thing, but I would not listen."

He went on until at last he was very near his own kingdom. Upon the road he met a messenger, who stopped him to inquire if he had seen aught of a little wrinkled man dressed like a schoolmaster.

"Last year," said the messenger, "my master, who is king of this country, was returning alone from hunting. He met with a grievous accident,

for he was thrown from his horse and so sorely hurt that he would have died, had not this man whom now I seek found him and cured his wounds by arts that no other knew. Far and wide have we sought him since he rode away in such great haste, for the king wishes to reward him with gifts such as are due to so great a man."

"Books again," said Prince Otto; "my little schoolmaster is indeed a wise fellow!"

At the cross-roads near his own town he found the same beggar sitting there, as though he had not moved in all the year that was past.

"Greeting, Prince Otto!" he cried, as the traveler approached. "Did you find the Kingdom of Little Care?"

"I found the kingdom," said Prince Otto, "but I came away again as swiftly as I could. I have done no great deeds, yet I have, at least, learned one thing — that I know nothing."

"That, indeed," said the beggar, "is worth traveling to the end of the world to discover. But, while you have been away, that man to whom your father intrusted the kingdom until you should grow up has died; so who do you think has been ruling in your place?"

"I cannot tell," said Prince Otto.

"None other than the little schoolmaster," said the beggar, "and a good ruler he has made. He is waiting eagerly to give you back your kingdom, yet

you will have to be a wise fellow to govern it as well as he."

"You are right," said the prince, "but perhaps with his help I may come to know all that I should."

THE WONDERFUL TUNE[1]

By Henry B. Beston

Once upon a time, a young minstrel wandered over hill, over dale, through the world, earning his bread as he strayed by piping on a penny-pipe to all who cared for a tune. Young was he and little of stature, his eyes and his hair were brown, and in bright blue was he clad.

Now it came to pass that, as he wandered through the world, the little minstrel said to himself one morn, "If some tunes make people merry, and others make them sad, while still others make them dance, why should there not be a tune so wondrously pleasant and gay that all who chance to hear it must remain joyous of heart, and can never be sad or bad or unhappy again? Down the roads of the world I shall seek the wonderful tune."

And, with this new thought in his mind, the little minstrel continued on his way through the world, bidding good-morrow to all, questioning all. And some there were who thought him mad and were scarcely civil; others pushed him aside as a

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jesting vagabond; and there were even those who would have cast him into prison as a disturber of the public mind and a wandering rogue. But there were others, too, and these were the brave and the merciful and the kind and the merry, who speeded him on his way and wished him luck in his quest.

The summer ripened and came to an end; the crackled leaves tumbled and fled before a howling wind; snow covered the lonely fields; and still the little minstrel roamed the world, seeking the wonderful tune.

Now it fortuned that, as the little minstrel turned his steps to the west, he arrived in the city of a king whose court musician was said to know all the tunes in the world. Travel-worn, brown of face, and humbly clad as he was, the youth made his way through the palace and, cap in hand, knocked gently at the great musician's door.

From behind the little green door, long runs and wiggles and cascades of tinkling notes came dancing out into the quiet of the deserted marble corridor. The youth knocked yet again. Presently the notes ceased, and, opening the door with a stately bow, the court musician invited the young wanderer within.

And now the youth found himself in a pleasant room, painted a fair apple-green and set about with panels edged with gold; the furniture, too, was painted green and gold, and there were flowered

curtains, a dozing cat, and a china bowl. As for the court musician, he was clad in a superb costume of the most fashionable lavender brocade.

"Honored Master," said the little minstrel respectfully, "I am roaming the world for a tune so pleasant and merry that, once men have heard it, they can never be sad or bad or unhappy again. Pray do you know this wonderful tune?"

"Yes, indeed, I know many a wonderful tune," replied the court musician. "Listen, now, was it this?" And, seating himself at a gay green-and-gold harpsichord, the court musician played a merry song full of the most elegant tinkles and trills.

"No, I am sure that is not the wonderful tune," said the little minstrel, looking through an open window at tiny clouds sailing the sunny sky of a mild midwinter day.

"Then surely this is it," said the court musician, playing a second merry tune.

But the little minstrel shook his head once more.

"Dear me, dear me! Not the wonderful tune?" exclaimed the court musician, wrinkling his brow and pursing his lips. "Ah! wait! I think I have it!" And this time he lifted the cover of the green-and-gold harpsichord so that the minstrel could see the little picture of frolicking shepherds painted upon it, and played a long, harmonious, and majestical strain.

But the little minstrel shook his head again.

"My young friend," said the court musician, with something of a fatherly air, closing the harpsichord as he spoke, "I have played for you the only three tunes I know which might be the wonderful tune. Are you quite sure you are not wasting your life upon this quest? Perhaps such a tune as you tell of was once known in the world, and is only hidden away; yet again, perhaps it is all only a dream. You should go to the Kingdom of Music, and inquire."

"The Kingdom of Music," cried the youth. "I've never heard of such a realm. Pray, sir, by what road does one go?"

"Come!" said the court musician, taking the youth by the arm and leading him to the open window. "See you that land of blue cloud-capped hills at the world's edge, and the broad and winding river which disappears among them? You have but to follow that stream. Farewell, young friend, the world is before you, and may you find the wonderful tune!"

League after league and day after day, the little minstrel followed the winding river, till spring stood upon the hills. And now, with the first sight of the new leaves, the little minstrel arrived in the land of melody. It was a goodly land, this Kingdom of Music — a rolling land of great fields, sweeping cloud-shadows, and ancient oaken groves;

a land of pleasant murmurs and sweet sounds. Only birds with pretty songs dwelt in the Kingdom of Music, and they sang more sweetly there than in any other kingdom of the world; the very crickets had a more tuneful chirp, the river a more various music, and even the winds blew merry tunes as they whistled through the trees.

Rejoicing in the kingdom and its sounds, the little minstrel was strolling along, half in a dream, when of a sudden, sky and land were filled with a strange, huge, earth-shaking sound, a sound of the scraping of thousands of fiddles; of the blowing of thousands of horns, flutes, trumpets, trombones, and clarinets; of the clashing and clanging and thumping and bethumping of thousands of bass drums, kettledrums, and cymbals; indeed, in all his wanderings the little minstrel had never heard such a din.

The King of the Kingdom of Music was rehearsing his orchestra.

Every single person in the kingdom, whether man, woman, or child, was a member of this orchestra. Babies alone were excepted, though on one occasion the king had made use of a gifted child with a musical howl!

Now, when the rehearsal had come to an end and quiet returned to the land, the little minstrel made his way to the royal city, obtained an audience with the king, and asked for news of the wonderful tune.

"The wonderful tune," said the king from his throne, nodding gravely. "Yes, once there was even such a wonderful tune! In those days peace and plenty reigned in the world, and every one was happy at his task beneath the sun. One luckless eve, alas! the tune in some manner happened to get broken up into notes; and before any one could help it, these notes were scattered and lost through all the kingdoms of the world. Young man, I fear your search is in vain; never more shall the sons and daughters of men hear the wonderful tune."

"But perhaps some one might gather the notes together again," said the little minstrel eagerly.

"Many have tried to do so," replied the king. "Of those who fared away, some returned weary in the days of their youth, others crept back in old age, and others yet were lost forevermore. And never a one returned with a single note of the wonderful tune."

"Then it is time for a new search," cried out the little minstrel bravely. "Farewell, O King of the Kingdom of Music, for I must be off gathering the notes in the highways of the world."

"Farewell, good youth," answered the king. "Return to us when your quest is ended; and may you come piping the wonderful tune."

And now the little minstrel found himself on the roads of the world again, strolling from the first chill gold-and-gray of laggard dawns to the twi-

light world of meadows in the gathering dark and village bells sounding faintly afar.

Seven long years rolled over the world; the little minstrel searched diligently and far and wide, yet never a trace could he find of a single note of the wonderful tune. His blue coat, which had been so gay, was now sadly tattered and torn; even his penny-pipe had a dent in it, and his shoes, alas! were scarce worth the putting-on in the morn.

Now it came to pass, on a day in the early winter, that the little minstrel arrived in a northern land and followed a woodland road through the silence and the cold. The sky was overcast with a wide tent of dull gray cloud, through which a sun swam, cold as a moon; and the whole world was very still — so still indeed that the only sound the little minstrel could hear was the scattering of the leaves beneath his feet. Twilight came, and found the little minstrel far from a house or village; a cold wind arose, and presently a thick snow began to fall. And now the night and the snow closed in upon the wanderer. Huddled in his ragged cloak, the little minstrel trudged bravely on into the whirling storm; but little by little the cold crept into his body and bones, a weariness and a hunger for sleep overcame him, and suddenly he sank unknowing in the brambles by the road.

When he opened his eyes again, a great open fire was burning before him on a huge hearth; a

blue mug of steaming milk lay waiting at one side; and over him there bent anxiously two kindly young folk — a sturdy country-lad in a green smock, and a pretty lass in a dress of homespun brown. These twain were a young husband and wife who lived in a little house in the wood, loving each other dearly, working contentedly at their daily tasks, and dealing hospitably and generously with all. Returning through the storm from a distant sheepfold, the young countryman had found the little minstrel lying in the snow and had carried him on his shoulders to the shelter of his home.

After a few days had passed, and the little minstrel felt quite himself again, he told his generous friends of his search for the notes of the wonderful tune. It was at night that he told of his quest; the supper had been cleared away, the house was still, and the little minstrel and his hosts were gathered by the fire.

"A note of the wonderful tune — bless me, but I think we have one in this house!" exclaimed the young wife. And she went to the mantel and fished about in an ancient brown bowl standing in the gloom. "Yes, here it is, sure enough — a note of the wonderful tune!"

And thus did it come to pass that the little minstrel obtained the first note of the wonderful tune; for the young husband and wife were quick to make a gift of it to their guest.

But now you must hear how he found all the other notes save the last.

The second note the little minstrel discovered on a glorious midsummer day. It had lain in an old bird's-nest in the heart of a great tree, and a chance breeze tumbled nest and note together at the minstrel's feet.

The third note had been hidden away amid the books of a famous scholar who lived all alone in an ancient tower, gathering the wisdom of the world.

The fourth note was given the minstrel by a little child whose toy it was.

The fifth note was turned up out of the earth, on a spring morning, by a whistling ploughman who saw the minstrel passing by and called to him to come and see the strange thing he had found.

The sixth note the minstrel had of a weaver, who labored in his own house at his own loom and upon it wove fair and beautiful things.

The seventh note a great nobleman possessed; he dwelt in his castle free of little fears and mean rivalries; and truth and courage and honor were his squires.

The eighth note the minstrel had of a young sailor, who chanced to discover it in an old ship that sailed the seas.

Of the ninth and last note, however, there was still no sign; so the little minstrel put the eight others into his pocket that had no hole in it, and

turned again to his quest. And presently he walked over a hill into the Kingdom of the Blue Lakes, where reigned the Lady Amoret.

Now the Kingdom of the Blue Lakes was quite the fairest of all the kingdoms of the world, and Amoret the fairest queen. Her palace stood on an open hill by her kingdom's eastern bound; of golden white marble was it made, and from its terrace one looked westward to distant mountains over a woodland bright with lakes. All day long there a gay court of lords and ladies in silks and fine array held festival; the music of lutes and violins was ever to be heard; and scarce an hour there was but had its pleasure, and scarce a pleasure but had its hour.

Clad in a queen's robe of scarlet and cloth of gold, and seated in a jeweled throne raised upon the terrace, the Lady Amoret received the ragged pilgrim of the tune.

"The last note of the wonderful tune?" said the Lady Amoret. "Seek no more; it is here. Beyond the palace domain, by a lake in the depths of the wildwood, my court fool has built for himself a bower, and upon its wall hangs the last note of the wonderful tune. Tarry with us a while, and you shall have it. I promise you."

"May I not go this very instant and find it, Your Majesty?" asked the little minstrel anxiously. "Long have I roamed the world in search of it, and I need it so for the tune!"

"Nay, tarry a while," answered the queen, unyielding; "for even were I to bid you go, you would never find the bower, so cunningly is it hidden in the wood. You have wandered long and afar, good friend; tarry now a while from your quest. My kingdom is the fairest in the world, and you shall have all you desire."

And Amoret gave a command that new apparel of the fairest blue cloth be prepared for the little minstrel and that a place be set for him at the royal board.

Now it came to pass that, as the Lady Amoret and her court beheld how brave a youth the little minstrel appeared in his new apparel, and hearkened to the thousand wonderful tales he had to tell of his quest, they found him the best company in the world and determined to hold him in the realm. To this end, therefore, they strove to drown the memory of his quest in a tide of gayest merriments; but, in spite of feasts and festivals, the little minstrel never once forgot the last note of the wonderful tune.

Try as he might, the little minstrel could never find the note. Again and again he had tried to make his way to the fool's bower, only to lose himself in the tangled paths of the wildwood; again and again he had questioned the court fool, only to be met with a mocking courtesy, a finger to the lips, and a jesting wink of the eye. One day he

even ventured to remind the Lady Amoret of her promise, but she only laughed at him for his impatience and swept him off in her golden boat to a pageant on the lakes.

Now it happened on the following morning that the Lady Amoret, taking counsel with her court, determined to destroy the note, lest the minstrel should discover it, and go. Summoning the captain of the palace guard before her, she said to him:

"Go to-night to the bower of the court fool; take the last note of the wonderful tune, and fling it into the depths of the lake."

And now it was night, and the lords and ladies of the court, strolling forth from dinner, walked through the palace to the terrace of the west. A storm was gathering afar, an approaching thunder growled, and lightning, flashing in the sky, was mirrored in the waters of the lakes. Presently there came wind and a patter of rain, and soldiers of the palace guard entered to close the windows and the doors.

The little minstrel stood apart by a great window, gazing forth into the darkness and the storm. His fine new clothes weighed like lead upon his shoulders; his jeweled neckcloth scarce left him free to breathe; and with all his heart he longed for his rags, his liberty, and the cool rain on his eyes.

But the last note — he could not leave that behind. Suddenly he heard one soldier say to another:

"Our companions will be caught in the storm; they have ridden forth with the captain to the fool's bower, to destroy the last note of the wonderful tune."

"Oh, the note, the note, my note! Oh, what shall I do?" cried the minstrel, his heart sinking into depths of despair. "Even now it may be lost to the world — this time forever! I must find the court fool; he shall tell me where the bower lies!" And he looked about in the splendid throng for the fantastic motley of the fool; but he saw only many in rich garments, and the gleam of jewels reflecting many lights.

Suddenly he chanced to recall that the court fool dwelt in the garret of the palace; so up great and little stairs he fled to the fool's chamber in the eaves. The rain was now falling in torrents on the roof close overhead, and all at once a terrible peal of thunder shook the palace to its depths. Never pausing to knock, the little minstrel burst in at the door.

Candles were burning within the humble chamber, lightning flared at an oval window, and the court fool stood in the center of the floor, still in his motley clad.

"My friend," said the court fool, with a low bow

and a mocking smile, "allow me to present you with the last note of the wonderful tune." And with those words he handed the note to the very much astonished youth.

"I feared lest mishap destroy it," continued the court fool, "so yestereve I took it from my bower. You see, I believe in the wonderful tune; and without my note, this last note, your tune would scarce be worth the playing. And now, your hand, little minstrel, for you must hurry away at once through the wind and rain."

So the minstrel pressed the hand of the court fool and, hastening down a tiny corner staircase, went forth into the storm. And as he fled, he cried aloud to the thunder and the rain and the wild wind:

"The wonderful tune, the wonderful tune! I have it, I have it — the wonderful tune!"

And now the storm wore itself away, the summer stars shone forth in the clearest of blue skies, and the only sound to be heard was the rain drip-dripping from the trees. Drenched to the skin, but with a fire of joy in his heart, the minstrel hurried through the night toward the Kingdom of Music far away.

When he arrived there, on a summer's morning, he found the people of the palace assembled in the hall of state, and the king upon his throne.

"I have it, Your Majesty!" cried out the little

minstrel breathlessly; "I have it, every note; here is the wonderful tune!"

"What! the wonderful tune?" cried the king, leaping to his feet. "Quick, somebody, ring all the bells, send trumpeters through the streets, assemble the orchestra, and call hither the Violinist-in-Chief, the Lord Organist, and the Grand Harper. We shall play it over at once!"

"H-m," said the Violinist-in-Chief, after he had put on his huge spectacles and studied the wonderful tune, "don't you feel that those last bars ought to be played very fast, like this: tum-diddy-tum — tum-diddy-tum — tum-diddy-tum — diddy-dum-dum-dum?"

"No, I do *not* agree with you," replied the Lord Organist, a huge personage with a majestic air and a bad temper. "Those bars should be played slowly," here he waved a large, solemn finger, "like this: tum — tum — tum — tum — tum — tum — tum — tum — tum!"

"You are both entirely wrong," interrupted the Grand Harper, a short contradictory fellow with long arms and long fingers. "To my way of thinking the entire tune should be played throughout in the same time, in this fashion; listen to my tapping now: da-da — dee-dee — da-da — dee-dee — da-da — dee-do-dum."

"Impossible! Absurd! No, never!" cried the Lord Organist and the Violinist-in-Chief in one

long indignant breath. "We appeal to the king!"

But the king had ideas of his own on the matter.

And thus it was that the musicians all took to quarreling as to how the wonderful tune should be played, and are quarreling still.

But some day they will make up their minds as to how it should go; the little minstrel will leave the Kingdom of Music and come through the world piping the tune; and then, oh, then, what times there will be!

THE FAIRIES IN ROME[1]

By Gertrude Slaughter

The event of the season in Rome that winter was the production of a play of which every child knows something, yet which, as it was produced in the great theater called the Argentina and repeated for twenty-two successive nights to crowded houses, seemed like a new birth of poetry in the world. It was Shakespeare's comedy, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, recently translated into Italian.

It was a marvelous performance, such as had never been seen in Italy. The talents of the whole of Europe and the newest inventions for stage effects were drawn upon to make the scenery, the acting, and the music worthy of the play that Shakespeare wrote.

All this was possible only because, years before, a little boy, living a somewhat lonely life in a Tuscan villa, had turned the pages of an illustrated copy of Shakespeare's plays until he had come to

[1] From *Shakespeare and the Heart of a Child* by Gertrude Slaughter. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

know and love the people of Shakespeare's world. He knew the meaning of a few of the words on the pages, for he was already beginning to learn English — but only a few. He pored over the books, however, until he found out what was happening; until he knew so well what was happening to the persons of the pictures that he laughed and cried over them. He longed to understand their words and to make them live in his own language, so that other boys of his country might understand them more easily than he had done. He was fascinated by Titania, first of all, and he used to go about the great park of the villa searching among the mosses and flowers for a glimpse of the fairy queen and her train of elves; and when he grew up and began to translate Shakespeare into Italian, desiring to create a more truthful version than other translations had given, his first choice was *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Just before the play was acted, his work was published, with Arthur Rackham's illustrations. It was a beautiful book, printed in large type and bound in white and gold. Barbara looked and looked at the illustrations before she saw the play; and what was her delight to find that their delicate colors had been reproduced upon the stage.

Fairies delight to clothe themselves, as every one knows, in "elfin-gray," the gray of lichens on old tree trunks. But the gray of lichens on old

tree trunks often shades into exquisite tints of primrose and violet and saffron and pale green. And all these colors of the pictures, softened by the light of the moon, reappeared in the scenes. Only, on the stage, they were in perpetual movement, changing and interchanging upon the gauzy fabric of the vision.

Harmonies of sound as well as of color were woven into the marvelous dream. For the action, now brisk and lively and humorous, now slow and soft and languorous like the airs of a summer night, was accompanied by selections from the music which Mendelssohn had composed for the play a hundred years before.

An English artist, an Italian poet, and a German musician had added their talents to Shakespeare's genius; painters, engineers, electricians, mechanics, makers of fine fabrics, designers and workers of many kinds had made their contribution to the setting; the musicians, the singers, and the dancers were of that high excellence which can be attained only by life-long devotion to an art; and, most important of all, the actors and actresses proved themselves worthy of their rôles.

Italy is a nation of actors. Even the conversation of Italians is like fragments of a play, and every schoolboy will tell a tale or repeat a poem like a born actor. Moreover, the greatest of Italian actors have been famous in Shakespearian parts.

It was therefore not a surprise that in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, successful acting should crown the achievement. The "hard-handed men of Athens" who presented the "lamentable comedy" of Pyramus and Thisbe — the play within the play — were not quite the same "rude mechanicals" that they appear on the English stage. They were comical, but not very dirty; they fitted well into a story of dreamland.

Under such conditions Barbara and Peggy were to hear

> Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
> Warble his native wood-notes wild.

They were taken in the afternoon; but when they came into the box and looked down through the great lighted theater, day seemed changed into night; it was enchanted night on the stage, when the house was darkened and the curtain rose and the moonlight shades of silvery rose and lavender appeared and enveloped scene after scene; and real night was falling when they came out into the streets again and were driven home.

They had been silent through the play, too spell-bound to say much even between the acts. But now their tongues were loosened and they chattered freely, while the horse's hoofs clattered on the paving stones.

"Isn't it cold!" Barbara exclaimed, pushing her

hands down deep in her coat pockets. "It was all a dream; and you always have to wake up from dreams. I wish that one could last forever."

"And it wasn't all love affairs, like that opera we went to. I *was* glad of that," said Peggy. "Wasn't Puck a darling little rogue? And Moth was the loveliest fairy I ever saw." Her voice fell a little as she added, "Only they were too big. Fairies are tiny."

"Yes," assented Barbara, "Titania could sleep under a snake skin. And don't you remember, when she and Oberon quarreled, how all the fairies were so frightened they crept into acorn cups?"

"Well, of course," said Peggy, "these were not real fairies. The real Puck could ride on the back of a tiny bat and drink out of the moss cups in our fairy house. Real fairies stay in the woods, in the country."

"Oh," answered Barbara, with a quick look at Peggy, "the fairies came to Rome, for once."

She was thoughtful for a moment and then added, "There are so many gods and goddesses in Rome, and all their lovely stories! Cupid and Psyche are just like fairies. And Diana, goddess of the woods — and Pan — I should think the fairies would want to come to Rome."

"It just happens," her mother interrupted, "that Titania was a name given to Diana by a Roman

poet. That is where Shakespeare got the name — from Ovid. And Queen Elizabeth, who was Spenser's 'Faerie Queene,' was Belphoebe, too, in the same poem — and *Belphoebe* is another name for Diana. The fairies and the gods and goddesses were all mixed together in Shakespeare's day in England. When people read Chaucer they found that Pluto was called the king of the fairies, instead of Oberon, and Proserpina was their queen."

Barbara clapped her hands with delight. "Oh, how lovely!" she exclaimed. "Why, of course, Proserpina, with all her flowers, was a fairy. Only, *they* were the size of mortals, Peggy. In the statues and pictures they are, anyway. So perhaps we don't mind so much if Titania was too large for an acorn cup. And she *was* adorable! Oh! oh!" she exclaimed, "I never thought it could be like that."

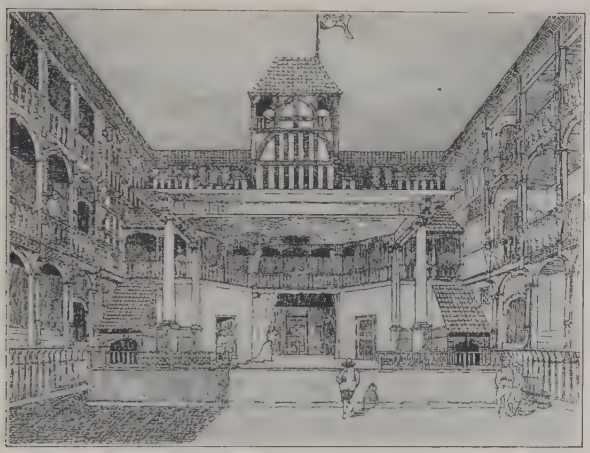
They had alighted and climbed the long flight of stairs to their house, and Fulvia was bringing them their supper, when Daddy came in just in time to hear Barbara's words: "I never thought it could be like that!"

"Well, what *was* it like?" he asked. "Tell me about it."

They told him, with many exclamations, both of them talking at once, until Barbara had a chance to say, "It was too bad, though, not to have the real words and the real songs. And Daddy, Bottom

was not quite so funny as when I used to read it to Aunt Caroline. Was it because he spoke Italian? The signorina had read the translation with me and I could understand *most* of it."

"It was partly that, but not entirely, I suppose," he answered. "From what you tell me I think



Reconstruction of the Fortune Theatre

Shakespeare would have been as much surprised as you were by that production of his play. I believe he would have said, too, 'I never thought it could be like that!' When he saw it on the stage, it must have been very different — no electric lights, very little machinery, only a platform, and the audience grouped around it and not much more. I suppose they must have had the

ass's head and such devices, and beautiful costumes and gorgeous trappings, like those in the pageants, — horses on the stage, richly caparisoned, shining armor, jeweled crowns, and all that. But the stage was not set off like a picture in a frame. Think of having the actors close at hand — right down among the audience, in fact! Probably a space at the back of the stage was curtained off, so that, for instance, Portia and her suitors could do their part there, while the Venetian street scenes could go on in front. But the whole stage was very simple, like the Greek and Roman stage, and for that reason the words had to count for more. The audience could not see Puck or Ariel fly through the air; they had to imagine what the words suggested. Even if you had had Shakespeare's own words to-day (you say the Italian words were beautiful, but they were not his) there would have been so much to look at that you might still have felt that the words meant less than when you read them."

"How could they act it without electric lights?" asked Barbara.

"With candles, of course," said Peggy. "What do you think, Sister?"

"Perhaps they used candles when they acted in a small way, in houses or in the queen's palace. But the Globe Theatre, where Shakespeare acted, was open to the sky — all except the tiers of boxes that

were built around it and roofed over. There was no curtain in front of the stage. The light came from the sky and they acted always in the daytime."

"Something like the open-air theater at home, where Alice saw them play *As You Like It*," Barbara exclaimed.

THE GLOBE THEATRE

"It would have been nice," Peggy mused, "to hear

"Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier."

"Oh, yes," Barbara exclaimed, "and to hear Bottom say, 'I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove,' and to hear Peter Quince say, 'Bless thee, Bottom, thou art translated.'"

"Well, I'd rather see it on the stage than read it, anyway," declared Peggy.

Barbara was not sure. She thought long about the difference between reading Shakespeare and seeing his plays acted. Both were pleasures — one of them she had long known, the other she had just discovered — and they were such different pleasures. She wished she could see them all on the stage — every one she had ever read; and yet with that wish was a kind of dread lest they should seem strange to her and different from the books she loved. And soon she began to think of a way of combining these two pleasures without destroying either of them.

The next morning she wrote to Alice Van Norden. She and Alice had become better acquainted through their letters than they had ever been at home, even during that week's visit by the sea. For Alice wrote the most amusing letters! And she was so much interested in everything that Barbara was doing — much more than any of the other girls — that Barbara liked to write her long epistles, telling her everything. This time, after a few sentences about the scenery, she went on:

"It seems to me there are three stories in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and Puck gets into all three of them. Of course he belongs to the fairy story, and he gets into the story about the lovers because when Oberon wants to punish Titania for

not giving him her little Indian boy, he sends Puck to drop on her eyelids, when she is asleep, the juice of a flower that will make her love the first thing she sees. And Oberon tells Puck that he saw in the forest a lady pursuing a man who will not love her, and he might as well drop some of that juice on the

Puck and the Fairies

eyelids of the man, when the first thing he sees will be the lady. However, Puck makes a mistake — Oberon tells him it is an Athenian youth, but there are two of them in the woods; so Puck puts the charm on the wrong man, and the lovers get awfully mixed up. First both men love Hermia; then they both love Helena, and she thinks they are making fun of her. They quarrel, and the two men are

going to fight, but Puck finds out his mistake. So he leads them a chase; they follow his voice and never find each other; they drop down tired and go to sleep. Then Puck takes some more juice and straightens out everything — so *that* story ends happily. Puck gets mixed up with the other story, about Bottom and the company of funny men who are rehearsing a play for the wedding of Theseus and Hippolyta — that is the reason the fairies are in those woods that night, too; they have come to help with the celebration. Bottom is so proud of himself that he wants to take all the parts in the play; so Puck turns him into an ass; and the ass is the first thing Titania sees when she wakes up. *Isn't* that part funny, where the fairies are all waiting upon the big ass Titania is in love with? Anyway, she sends the little Indian boy to Oberon, while she is under the spell; so when Puck takes the spell away, the fairies' quarrel is over, and *that* story ends happily. Bottom is changed back, too. He doesn't seem to have learned much. He is awfully proud of the dream he has had! But he takes his part without so much boasting — I guess he'll be afraid to boast like that again! — and they give the play of *Pyramus and Thisbe*, and Theseus and Hippolyta like it, and the lovers are married, too, and the fairies bless the house. I suppose Oberon wouldn't let Puck play any tricks at the wedding. Of course you know this story,

but I keep thinking about it and I can't help writing about it.

"It was beautiful, but I missed the words, Alice, the real words and songs. Don't you think it would be fun, when I come home, for you and me to act some Shakespeare together? Daddy says the stage was so plain in Shakespeare's day — I think we could make one something like it ourselves. And so, don't you see, we could get the real thing, words and acting, if we did it ourselves. What do you think of that for a plan?

"Sometimes I am almost homesick, though I am having a beautiful time. It seems a good deal like home here, because we have our own house, even if it is all on one floor. The flowers on the roof garden help a little bit, and there are bees up there, too. We have to keep away from them. We have lots of fun in the big kitchen with our jolly fat cook, Pasqua. I went to market with her one day, and the vegetable man called out to her, 'Buona Pasqua.' That means 'Happy Easter' in Italian, and it also means 'good Pasqua.'

"I remembered what you told me about seeing *As You Like It* in Hampton, when I came back from seeing *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in Rome. Shakespeare seems to belong to the whole world."

QUEEN ALICE[1]

By Lewis Carroll

"Well, this *is* grand!" said Alice. "I never expected I should be a queen so soon — and I'll tell you what it is, Your Majesty," she went on, in a severe tone (she was always rather fond of scolding herself), "it'll never do for you to be lolling about on the grass like that! Queens have to be dignified, you know!"

So she got up and walked about — rather stiffly just at first, as she was afraid that the crown might come off; but she comforted herself with the thought that there was nobody to see her, "and if I really am a queen," she said as she sat down again, "I shall be able to manage it quite well in time."

Everything was happening so oddly that she didn't feel a bit surprised at finding the Red Queen and the White Queen sitting close to her, one on each side; she would have liked very much to ask them how they came there, but she feared it would

[1] From *Through the Looking-Glass* by Lewis Carroll. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

not be quite civil. However, there would be no harm, she thought, in asking if the game was over. "Please, would you tell me —" she began, looking timidly at the Red Queen.

"Speak when you're spoken to!" the queen sharply interrupted her.

John Tenniel

"Why, don't you see, child —" here she broke off with a frown.

"But if everybody obeyed that rule," said Alice, who was always ready for a little argument, "and if you only spoke when you were spoken to, and the other person always waited for *you* to begin, you see nobody would ever say anything, so that —"

"Ridiculous!" cried the queen. "Why, don't you see, child —" here she broke off with a frown, and, after thinking for a minute, suddenly changed

the subject of the conversation. "What do you mean by 'If you really are a queen'? What right have you to call yourself so? You can't be a queen, you know, till you've passed the proper examination. And the sooner we begin it, the better."

"I only said 'if'!" poor Alice pleaded in a piteous tone.

The two queens looked at each other, and the Red Queen remarked, with a little shudder, "She *says* she only said 'if' —"

"But she said a great deal more than that!" the White Queen moaned, wringing her hands. "Oh, ever so much more than that!"

"So you did, you know," the Red Queen said to Alice. "Always speak the truth — think before you speak — and write it down afterwards."

"I'm sure I didn't mean —" Alice was beginning, but the Red Queen interrupted her impatiently.

"That's just what I complain of! You *should* have meant! What do you suppose is the use of a child without any meaning? Even a joke should have some meaning — and a child's more important than a joke, I hope. You couldn't deny that, even if you tried with both hands."

"I don't deny things with my *hands*," Alice objected.

"Nobody said you did," said the Red Queen. "I said you couldn't if you tried."

"She's in that state of mind," said the White Queen, "that she wants to deny *something* — only she doesn't know what to deny!"

"A nasty, vicious temper," the Red Queen remarked; and then there was an uncomfortable silence for a minute or two.

The Red Queen broke the silence by saying to the White Queen, "I invite you to Alice's dinner-party this afternoon."

The White Queen smiled feebly, and said, "And I invite *you*."

"I didn't know I was to have a party at all," said Alice; "but, if there *is* to be one, I think *I* ought to invite the guests."

"We gave you the opportunity of doing it," the Red Queen remarked, "but I daresay you've not had many lessons in manners yet?"

"Manners are not taught in lessons," said Alice. "Lessons teach you to do sums, and things of that sort."

"Can you do addition?" the White Queen asked. "What's one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one?"

"I don't know," said Alice. "I lost count."

"She can't do addition," the Red Queen interrupted. "Can you do subtraction? Take nine from eight."

"Nine from eight I can't, you know," Alice replied very readily, "but —"

"She can't do subtraction," said the White Queen. "Can you do division? Divide a loaf by a knife — what's the answer to *that?*"

"I suppose —" Alice was beginning, but the Red Queen answered for her. "Bread-and-butter, of course. Try another subtraction sum. Take a bone from a dog: what remains?"

Alice considered. "The bone wouldn't remain, of course, if I took it — and the dog wouldn't remain: it would come to bite me — and I'm sure *I* shouldn't remain!"

"Then you think nothing would remain?" said the Red Queen.

"I think that's the answer."

"Wrong, as usual," said the Red Queen; "the dog's temper would remain."

"But I don't see how —"

"Why look here!" the Red Queen cried. "The dog would lose its temper, wouldn't it?"

"Perhaps it would," Alice replied cautiously.

"Then if the dog went away, its temper would remain!" the queen exclaimed triumphantly.

Alice said, as gravely as she could, "They might go different ways." But she couldn't help thinking to herself, "What dreadful nonsense we *are* talking!"

"She can't do sums a *bit!*" the queens said together, with great emphasis.

"Can *you* do sums?" Alice said, turning suddenly

on the White Queen, for she didn't like being found fault with so much.

The queen gasped and shut her eyes. "I can do addition," she said, "if you give me time — but I can't do subtraction under *any* circumstances!"

"Of course you know your A B C?" said the Red Queen.

"To be sure I do," said Alice.

"So do I," the White Queen whispered. "We'll often say it over together, dear. And I'll tell you a secret — I can read words of one letter! Isn't *that* grand? However, don't be discouraged. You'll come to it in time."

Here the Red Queen began again. "Can you answer useful questions?" she said. "How is bread made?"

"I know *that!*" Alice cried eagerly. "You take some flour —"

"Where do you pick the flower?" the White Queen asked. "In a garden or in the hedges?"

"Well, it isn't *picked* at all," Alice explained; "it's *ground* —"

"How many acres of ground?" said the White Queen. "You mustn't leave out so many things."

"Fan her head!" the Red Queen anxiously interrupted. "She'll be feverish after so much thinking." So they set to work and fanned her with bunches of leaves, till she had to beg them to leave off, it blew her hair about so.

"She's all right again now," said the Red Queen. "Do you know languages? What's the French for fiddle-de-dee?"

"Fiddle-de-dee's not English," Alice replied gravely.

"Who ever said it was?" said the Red Queen.

Alice thought she saw a way out of the difficulty, this time. "If you'll tell me what language 'fiddle-de-dee' is, I'll tell you the French for it!" she exclaimed triumphantly.

But the Red Queen drew herself up rather stiffly, and said, "Queens never make bargains."

"I wish queens never asked questions," Alice thought to herself.

"Don't let us quarrel," the White Queen said in an anxious tone. "What is the cause of lightning?"

"The cause of lightning," Alice said very decidedly, for she felt quite certain about this, "is the thunder — no, no!" she hastily corrected herself. "I meant the other way."

"It's too late to correct it," said the Red Queen; "when you've once said a thing, that fixes it, and you must take the consequences."

"Which reminds me —" the White Queen said, looking down and nervously clasping and unclasping her hands, "we had *such* a thunder-storm last Tuesday — I mean one of the last set of Tuesdays, you know."

Alice was puzzled. "In *our* country," she remarked, "there's only one day at a time."

The Red Queen said, "That's a poor, thin way of doing things. Now *here*, we mostly have days and nights two or three at a time, and sometimes in the winter we take as many as five nights together — for warmth, you know."

"Are five nights warmer than one night, then?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Five times as warm, of course."

"But they should be five times as *cold*, by the same rule —"

"Just so!" cried the Red Queen. "Five times as warm, *and* five times as cold — just as I'm five times as rich as you are, *and* five times as clever!"

Alice sighed and gave it up. "It's exactly like a riddle with no answer!" she thought.

"Humpty Dumpty saw it, too," the White Queen went on in a low voice, more as if she were talking to herself. "He came to the door with a corkscrew in his hand —"

"What did he want?" said the Red Queen.

"He said he *would* come in," the White Queen went on, "because he was looking for a hippopotamus. Now, as it happened, there wasn't such a thing in the house, that morning."

"Is there generally?" Alice asked in an astonished tone.

"Well, only on Thursdays," said the Queen.

"I know what he came for," said Alice; "he wanted to punish the fish, because —"

Here the White Queen began again. "It was *such* a thunderstorm, you can't think!" ("She *never* could, you know," said the Red queen.) "And part of the roof came off, and ever so much thunder got in — and it went rolling round the room in great lumps — and knocking over the tables and things — till I was so frightened, I couldn't remember my own name!"

Alice thought to herself, "I never should *try* to remember my name in the middle of an accident! Where would be the use of it?" but she did not say this aloud, for fear of hurting the poor queen's feelings.

"Your Majesty must excuse her," the Red Queen said to Alice, taking one of the White Queen's hands in her own, and gently stroking it. "She means well, but she can't help saying foolish things, as a general rule."

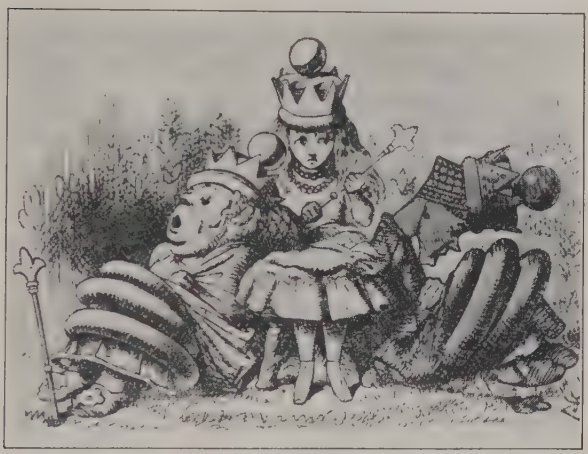
The White Queen looked timidly at Alice, who felt she *ought* to say something kind, but really couldn't think of anything at the moment.

"She never was really well brought up," the Red Queen went on, "but it's amazing how good-tempered she is! Pat her on the head, and see how pleased she'll be!" But this was more than Alice had courage to do.

"A little kindness — and putting her hair in papers — would do wonders with her —"

The White Queen gave a deep sigh, and laid her head on Alice's shoulder. "I *am* so sleepy!" she moaned.

"She's tired, poor thing!" said the Red Queen.



John Tenniel

In another moment both queens were fast asleep.

"Smooth her hair — lend her your nightcap — and sing her a soothing lullaby."

"I haven't got a nightcap with me," said Alice, as she tried to obey the first direction, "and I don't know any soothing lullabies."

"I must do it myself, then," said the Red Queen, and she began:

"Hush-a-by lady, in Alice's lap!
Till the feast's ready, we've time for a nap.
When the feast's over, we'll go to the ball —
Red Queen, and White Queen, and Alice, and all!

"And now you know the words," she added, as she put her head down on Alice's other shoulder, "just sing it through to *me*. I'm getting sleepy, too." In another moment both queens were fast asleep, and snoring loud.

"What *am* I to do?" exclaimed Alice, looking about in great perplexity, as first one round head, and then the other, rolled down from her shoulder, and lay like a heavy lump in her lap. "I don't think it *ever* happened before, that any one had to take care of two queens asleep at once! No, not in all the history of England — it couldn't, you know, because there never was more than one queen at a time. Do wake up, you heavy things!" she went on in an impatient tone; but there was no answer but a gentle snoring.

The snoring got more distinct every minute, and sounded more like a tune; at last she could even make out words, and she listened so eagerly that, when the two great heads suddenly vanished from her lap, she hardly missed them.

She was standing before an arched doorway, over which were the words QUEEN ALICE in large letters, and on each side of the arch there was a bell

handle; one was marked "Visitors' Bell," and the other "Servants' Bell."

"I'll wait till the song's over," thought Alice, "and then I'll ring the — the — *which* bell must I ring?" she went on, very much puzzled by the names. "I'm not a visitor, and I'm not a servant. There *ought* to be one marked 'Queen' you know —"

Just then the door opened a little way, and a creature with a long beak put its head out for a moment and said, "No admittance till the week after next!" and shut the door again with a bang.

Alice knocked and rang in vain for a long time; but at last a very old frog, who was sitting under a tree, got up and hobbled slowly towards her; he was dressed in bright yellow, and had enormous boots on.

"What is it, now?" the frog said in a deep hoarse whisper.

Alice turned round, ready to find fault with anybody. "Where's the servant whose business it is to answer the door?" she began angrily.

"Which door?" said the frog.

Alice almost stamped with irritation at the slow drawl in which he spoke. "*This* door, of course!"

The frog looked at the door with his large dull eyes for a minute; then he went nearer and rubbed it with his thumb, as if he were trying whether the paint would come off; then he looked at Alice.

"To answer the door?" he said. "What's it been asking of?" He was so hoarse that Alice could scarcely hear him.

"I don't know what you mean," she said.

"I speaks English, doesn't I?" the frog went on. "Or are you deaf? What did it ask you?"

"Nothing!" Alice said impatiently. "I've been knocking at it!"

"Shouldn't do that — shouldn't do that —" the frog muttered. "Wexes it, you know." Then he went up and gave the door a kick with one of his great feet. "You let *it* alone," he panted out, as he hobbled back to his tree, "and it'll let *you* alone, you know."

At this moment the door was flung open, and a shrill voice was heard singing:

"To the Looking-Glass world it was Alice that said,
'I've a scepter in hand; I've a crown on my head.
Let the Looking-Glass creatures, whatever they be
Come and dine with the Red Queen, the White Queen, and me!'"

And hundreds of voices joined in the chorus:

"Then fill up the glasses as quick as you can,
And sprinkle the table with buttons and bran;
Put cats in the coffee, and mice in the tea —
And welcome Queen Alice with thirty-times-three!"

Then followed a confused noise of cheering, and Alice thought to herself, "Thirty times three makes

ninety. I wonder if any one's counting?" In a minute there was silence again, and the same shrill voice sang another verse:

"'O Looking-Glass creatures,' quoth Alice, 'draw near!
'Tis an honor to see me, a favor to hear;
'Tis a privilege high to have dinner and tea
Along with the Red Queen, the White Queen, and me!'"

Then came the chorus again:

"Then fill up the glasses with treacle and ink,
Or anything else that is pleasant to drink;
Mix sand with the cider, and wool with the wine —
And welcome Queen Alice with ninety-times-nine!"

"Ninety times nine!" Alice repeated in despair. "Oh, that'll never be done! I'd better go in at once —" and in she went, and there was a dead silence the moment she appeared.

Alice glanced nervously along the table, as she walked up the large hall, and noticed that there were about fifty guests, of all kinds; some were animals, some birds, and there were even a few flowers among them. "I'm glad they've come without waiting to be asked," she thought. "I should never have known who were the right people to invite!"

There were three chairs at the head of the table; the Red and White Queens had already taken two of them, but the middle one was empty. Alice sat down in it, rather uncomfortable at the silence and longing for some one to speak.

At last the Red Queen began. "You've missed the soup and fish," she said. "Put on the joint!" And the waiters set a leg of mutton before Alice, who looked at it rather anxiously, as she had never had to carve a joint before.

"You look a little shy; let me introduce you to that leg of mutton," said the Red Queen. "Alice — Mutton: Mutton — Alice." The leg of mutton got up in the dish and made a little bow to Alice; and Alice returned the bow, not knowing whether to be frightened or amused.

John Tenniel

The leg of mutton got up in the dish.

"May I give you a slice?" she said, taking up the knife and fork, and looking from one queen to the other.

"Certainly not," the Red Queen said, very decidedly; "it isn't etiquette to cut any one you've been introduced to. Remove the joint!" And the waiters carried it off, and brought a large plum pudding in its place.

"I won't be introduced to the pudding, please," Alice said rather hastily, "or we shall get no dinner at all. May I give you some?"

But the Red Queen looked sulky, and growled, "Pudding — Alice: Alice — Pudding. Remove

the pudding!" and the waiters took it away so quickly that Alice couldn't return its bow.

However, she didn't see why the Red Queen should be the only one to give orders; so, as an experiment, she called out "Waiter! bring back the pudding!" and there it was again in a moment, like a conjuring-trick. It was so large that she couldn't help feeling a *little* shy with it, as she had been with the mutton; however, she conquered her shyness by a great effort, and cut a slice and handed it to the Red Queen.

"What impertinence!" said the pudding. "I wonder how you'd like it, if I were to cut a slice out of *you*, you creature!"

It spoke in a thick, suety sort of voice, and Alice hadn't a word to say in reply; she could only sit and look at it and gasp.

"Make a remark," said the Red Queen; "it's ridiculous to leave all the conversation to the pudding!"

"Do you know, I've had such a quantity of poetry repeated to me to-day," Alice began, a little frightened at finding that, the moment she opened her lips, there was dead silence, and all eyes were fixed upon her; "and it's a very curious thing, I think — every poem was about fishes in some way. Do you know why they're so fond of fishes, all about here?"

She spoke to the Red Queen, whose answer was

a little wide of the mark. "As to fishes," she said, very slowly and solemnly, putting her mouth close to Alice's ear, "her White Majesty knows a lovely riddle — all in poetry — all about fishes. Shall she repeat it?"

"Her Red Majesty's very kind to mention it," the White Queen murmured into Alice's other ear, in a voice like the cooing of a pigeon. "It would be *such* a treat! May I?"

"Please do," Alice said very politely.

The White Queen laughed with delight, and stroked Alice's cheek. Then she began:

"'First, the fish must be caught.'
That is easy: a baby, I think, could have caught it.
'Next, the fish must be bought.'
That is easy: a penny, I think, would have bought it.

"'Now cook me the fish!'
That is easy, and will not take more than a minute.
'Let it lie in a dish!'
That is easy, because it already is in it.

"'Bring it here! Let me sup!'
It is easy to set such a dish on the table.
'Take the dish-cover up!'
Ah, that is so hard that I fear I'm unable!

"For it holds it like glue —
Holds the lid to the dish, while it lies in the middle.
Which is easiest to do,
Un-dish-cover the fish, or dishcover the riddle?"

"Take a minute to think about it, and then guess," said the Red Queen. "Meanwhile, we'll drink your health — Queen Alice's health!" she screamed at the top of her voice, and all the guests began drinking it directly, and very queerly they managed it; some of them put their glasses upon their heads like extinguishers, and drank all that trickled down their faces — others upset the decanters, and drank the wine as it ran off the edges of the table — and three of them (who looked like kangaroos) scrambled into the dish of roast mutton, and began eagerly lapping up the gravy, "just like pigs in a trough!" thought Alice.

"You ought to return thanks in a neat speech," the Red Queen said, frowning at Alice as she spoke.

"We must support you, you know," the White Queen whispered, as Alice got up to do it, very obediently, but a little frightened.

"Thank you very much," she whispered in reply, "but I can do quite well without."

"That wouldn't be at all the thing," the Red Queen said very decidedly; so Alice tried to submit to it with a good grace.

("And they *did* push so!" she said afterwards, when she was telling her sister the history of the feast. "You would have thought they wanted to squeeze me flat!")

In fact it was rather difficult for her to keep in her place while she made her speech; the two

Queens pushed her so, one on each side, that they nearly lifted her up into the air. "I rise to return thanks —" Alice began; and she really *did* rise as she spoke, several inches; but she got hold of the edge of the table, and managed to pull herself down again.

"Take care of yourself!" screamed the White Queen, seizing Alice's hair with both her hands. "Something's going to happen!"

And then (as Alice afterwards described it) all sorts of things happened in a moment. The candles all grew up to the ceiling, looking somewhat like a bed of rushes with fireworks at the top. As to the bottles, they each took a pair of plates, which they hastily fitted on as wings, and so, with forks for legs, went fluttering about in all directions; "and very like birds they look," Alice thought to herself, as well as she could in the dreadful confusion that was beginning.

At this moment she heard a hoarse laugh at her side, and turned to see what was the matter with the White Queen; but, instead of the queen, there was the leg of mutton sitting in the chair. "Here I am!" cried a voice from the soup-tureen, and Alice turned again, just in time to see the queen's broad, good-natured face grinning at her for a moment over the edge of the tureen, before she disappeared into the soup.

There was not a moment to be lost. Already

several of the guests were lying down in the dishes, and the soup-ladle was walking up the table towards Alice's chair, and beckoning to her impatiently to get out of its way.

"I can't stand this any longer!" she cried, as she jumped up and seized the table-cloth with both hands; one good pull, and plates, dishes, guests, and candles came crashing down together in a heap on the floor.

"And as for *you*," she went on, turning fiercely upon the Red Queen, whom she considered the cause of all the mischief — but the queen was no longer at her side — she had suddenly dwindled down to the size of a little doll, and was now on the table, merrily running round and round after her own shawl, which was trailing behind her.

At any other time, Alice would have felt surprised at this, but she was far too much excited to be surprised at anything *now*. "As for *you*," she repeated, catching hold of the little creature in the very act of jumping over a bottle which had just lighted upon the table, "I'll shake you into a kitten, that I will!"

THE GREAT STONE FACE[1]

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

One afternoon, when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face?

Embosomed among a family of lofty mountains, there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log-huts, with the black forest all around them, on the steep and difficult hillsides. Others had their homes in comfortable farmhouses, and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous villages, where some wild, highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace in the upper mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human cunning,

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and compelled to turn the machinery of cotton factories. The inhabitants of this valley, in short, were numerous, and of many modes of life. But all of them, grown people and children, had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face, although some possessed the gift of distinguishing this grand natural phenomenon more perfectly than many of their neighbors.

The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other. True it is, that if the spectator approached too near, he lost the outline of the gigantic visage, and could discern only a heap of ponderous and gigantic rocks, piled in chaotic ruin one upon another. Retracing his steps, however, the wondrous features would again be seen; and the farther he withdrew from them, the more like a human face, with all its original divinity intact, did they appear; until,

as it grew dim in the distance, with the clouds and glorified vapor of the mountains clustering about it, the Great Stone Face seemed positively to be alive.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people, the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds, and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage-door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

"Mother," said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?"

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THE GREAT STONE FACE

eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops. The purport was, that, at some future day, a child should be born hereabouts, who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face. Not a few old-fashioned people, and young ones likewise, in the ardor of their hopes, still cherished an enduring faith in this old prophecy. But others, who had seen more of the world, had watched and waited till they were weary, and had beheld no man with such a face, nor any man that proved to be much greater or nobler than his neighbors, concluded it to be nothing but an idle tale. At all events, the great man of the prophecy had not yet appeared.

"O mother, dear mother!" cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, "I do hope that I shall live to see him!"

His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful

woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the generous hopes of her little boy. So she only said to him, "Perhaps you may."

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind, whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log-cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from a happy yet often pensive child, he grew up to be a mild, quiet, unobtrusive boy, and sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence brightening his aspect than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement, responsive to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides. But the secret was that the boy's tender and confiding simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his peculiar portion.

About this time there went a rumor throughout the valley, that the great man, foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that, many years before, a young man had migrated from the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name — but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life — was Gathergold. Being shrewd and active, and endowed by Providence with that inscrutable faculty which develops itself in what the world calls luck, he became an exceedingly rich merchant, and owner of a whole fleet of bulky-bottomed ships. All the countries of the globe appeared to join hands for the mere purpose of adding heap after heap to the mountainous accumulation of this one man's wealth. The cold regions of the north, almost within the gloom and shadow of the Arctic Circle, sent him their tribute in the shape of furs; hot Africa sifted for him the golden sands of her rivers, and gathered up the ivory tusks of her great elephants out of the forests; the East came bringing him the rich shawls, and spices, and teas, and the effulgence of diamonds, and the gleaming purity of large pearls. The ocean, not to be behindhand with the earth, yielded up her mighty whales, that Mr. Gathergold might sell their oil,

and make a profit on it. Be the original commodity what it might, it was gold within his grasp. It might be said of him, as of Midas, in the fable, that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened, and grew yellow, and was changed at once into sterling metal, or, which suited him still better, into piles of coin. And, when Mr. Gathergold had become so very rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley, and resolved to go back thither, and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view, he sent a skilful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in.

As I have said above, it had already been rumored in the valley that Mr. Gathergold had turned out to be the prophetic personage so long and vainly looked for, and that his visage was the perfect and undeniable similitude of the Great Stone Face. People were the more ready to believe that this must needs be the fact, when they beheld the splendid edifice that rose, as if by enchantment, on the site of his father's old weatherbeaten farm-house. The exterior was of marble, so dazzlingly white that it seemed as though the whole structure might melt away in the sunshine, like those humbler ones which Mr. Gathergold, in his young play-days, before his fingers were gifted with the touch of transmutation, had been accustomed to build of

snow. It had a richly ornamented portico, supported by tall pillars, beneath which was a lofty door, studded with silver knobs, and made of a kind of variegated wood that had been brought from beyond the sea. The windows, from the floor to the ceiling of each stately apartment, were composed, respectively, of but one enormous pane of glass, so transparently pure that it was said to be a finer medium than even the vacant atmosphere. Hardly anybody had been permitted to see the interior of this palace; but it was reported, and with good semblance of truth, to be far more gorgeous than the outside, insomuch that whatever was iron or brass in other houses was silver or gold in this; and Mr. Gathergold's bedchamber, especially, made such a glittering appearance that no ordinary man would have been able to close his eyes there. But, on the other hand, Mr. Gathergold was now so inured to wealth, that perhaps he could not have closed his eyes unless where the gleam of it was certain to find its way beneath his eyelids.

In due time, the mansion was finished; next came the upholsterers, with magnificent furniture; then, a whole troop of black and white servants, the harbingers of Mr. Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was expected to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, the noble man, the man of prophecy, after so many ages of

delay, was at length to be made manifest to his native valley. He knew, boy as he was, that there were a thousand ways in which Mr. Gathergold, with his vast wealth, might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and assume a control over human affairs as wide and benignant as the smile of the Great Stone Face. Full of faith and hope, Ernest doubted not that what the people said was true, and that now he was to behold the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountain-side. While the boy was still gazing up the valley, and fancying, as he always did, that the Great Stone Face returned his gaze and looked kindly at him, the rumbling of wheels was heard, approaching swiftly along the winding road.

"Here he comes!" cried a group of people who were assembled to witness the arrival. "Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold!"

A carriage, drawn by four horses, dashed round the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the physiognomy of the old man, with a skin as yellow as if his own Midas hand had transmuted it. He had a low forehead, small, sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and very thin lips, which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together.

"The very image of the Great Stone Face!" shouted the people. "Sure enough, the old proph-

ecy is true; and here we have the great man come, at last!"

And, what greatly perplexed Ernest, they seemed actually to believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of. By the roadside there chanced to be an old beggar woman and two little beggar-children, stragglers from some far-off region, who, as the carriage rolled onward, held out their hands and lifted up their doleful voices, most piteously beseeching charity. A yellow claw — the very same that had clawed together so much wealth — poked itself out of the coach-window, and dropped some copper coins upon the ground; so that, though the great man's name seems to have been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper. Still, nevertheless, with an earnest shout, and evidently with as much good faith as ever, the people bellowed:

"He is the very image of the Great Stone Face!"

But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that sordid visage, and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. What did the benign lips seem to say?

"He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!"

The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy.

He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley; for they saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labor of the day was over, he still loved to go apart and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face. According to their idea of the matter, it was a folly, indeed, but pardonable, inasmuch as Ernest was industrious, kind, and neighborly, and neglected no duty for the sake of indulging this idle habit. They knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him, and that the sentiment which was expressed in it would enlarge the young man's heart, and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts. They knew not that thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books, and a better life than could be molded on the defaced example of other human lives. Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally, in the fields and at the fireside, and wherever he communed with himself, were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him. A simple soul — simple as when his mother first taught him the old prophecy — he beheld the marvelous features beaming adown the valley, and still wondered that their human counterpart was so long in making his appearance.

By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and

buried; and the oddest part of the matter was that his wealth, which was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him but a living skeleton, covered over with a wrinkled, yellow skin. Since the melting away of his gold, it had been very generally conceded that there was no such striking resemblance, after all, between the ignoble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic face upon the mountain-side. So the people ceased to honor him during his lifetime, and quietly consigned him to forgetfulness after his decease. Once in a while, it is true, his memory was brought up in connection with the magnificent palace which he had built, and which had long ago been turned into a hotel for the accommodation of strangers, multitudes of whom came, every summer, to visit that famous natural curiosity, the Great Stone Face. Thus, Mr. Gathergold being discredited and thrown into the shade, the man of prophecy was yet to come.

It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and, after a great deal of hard fighting, had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battle-field under the nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder. This war-worn veteran, being now infirm with age and wounds, and weary of the turmoil of a military life, and of the roll of the

drum and the clangor of the trumpet, that had so long been ringing in his ears, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it. The inhabitants, his old neighbors and their grown-up children, were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically, it being affirmed that now, at last, the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared. An aide-de-camp of Old Blood-and-Thunder, traveling through the valley, was said to have been struck with the resemblance. Moreover the schoolmates and early acquaintances of the general were ready to testify, on oath, that, to the best of their recollection, the aforesaid general had been exceedingly like the majestic image, even when a boy, only that the idea had never occurred to them at that period. Great, therefore, was the excitement throughout the valley; and many people, who had never once thought of glancing at the Great Stone Face for years before, now spent their time in gazing at it, for the sake of knowing exactly how General Blood-and-Thunder looked.

On the day of the great festival, Ernest, with all the other people of the valley, left their work, and proceeded to the spot where the sylvan banquet was prepared. As he approached, the loud voice of the Rev. Dr. Battleblast was heard, beseeching a

blessing on the good things set before them, and on the distinguished friend of peace in whose honor they were assembled. The tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by the surrounding trees, except where a vista opened eastward, and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Over the general's chair, which was a relic from the home of Washington, there was an arch of verdant boughs, with the laurel profusely intermixed, and surmounted by his country's banner, beneath which he had won his victories. Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tiptoes, in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest; but there was a mighty crowd about the tables anxious to hear the toasts and speeches, and to catch any word that might fall from the general in reply; and a volunteer company, doing duty as a guard, pricked ruthlessly with their bayonets at any particularly quiet person among the throng. So Ernest, being of an unobtrusive character, was thrust quite into the background, where he could see no more of Old Blood-and-Thunder's physiognomy than if it had been still blazing on the battlefield. To console himself, he turned towards the Great Stone Face, which, like a faithful and long-remembered friend, looked back and smiled upon him through the vista of the forest. Meantime, however, he could overhear the remarks of various individuals, who were comparing the fea-

tures of the hero with the face on the distant mountain-side.

"'Tis the same face, to a hair!" cried one man, cutting a caper for joy.

"Wonderfully like, that's a fact!" responded another.

"Like! why, I call it Old Blood-and-Thunder himself, in a monstrous looking-glass!" cried a third.

"And why not? He's the greatest man of this or any other age, beyond a doubt."

And then all three of the speakers gave a great shout, which communicated electricity to the crowd, and called forth a roar from a thousand voices, that went reverberating for miles among the mountains, until you might have supposed that the Great Stone Face had poured its thunder-breath into the cry. All these comments and this vast enthusiasm served the more to interest our friend; nor did he think of questioning that now, at length, the mountain-visage had found its human counterpart. It is true, Ernest had imagined that this long-looked-for personage would appear in the character of a man of peace, uttering wisdom, and doing good, and making people happy. But, taking an habitual breadth of view, with all his simplicity, he contended that Providence should choose its own method of blessing mankind, and could conceive that this great end might be effected

even by a warrior and a bloody sword, should inscrutable wisdom see fit to order matters so.

"The general! the general!" was now the cry. "Hush! silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder's going to make a speech."

Even so; for, the cloth being removed, the general's health had been drunk, amid shouts of applause, and he now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him. There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd, from the two glittering epaulets and embroidered collar upward, beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel, and the banner drooping as if to shade his brow! And there, too, visible in the same glance, through the vista of the forest, appeared the Great Stone Face! And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas, Ernest could not recognize it! He beheld a war-worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies, were altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder's visage; and even if the Great Stone Face had assumed his look of stern command, the milder traits would still have tempered it.

"This is not the man of prophecy," sighed Ernest to himself, as he made his way out of the throng. "And must the world wait longer yet?"

The mists had congregated about the distant

mountain-side, and there were seen the grand and awful features of the Great Stone Face, awful but benignant, as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills, and enrobing himself in a cloud-vesture of gold and purple. As he looked, Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radiance still brightening, although without motion of the lips. It was probably the effect of the western sunshine, melting through the thinly diffused vapors that had swept between him and the object that he gazed at. But — as it always did — the aspect of his marvelous friend made Ernest as hopeful as if he had never hoped in vain.

"Fear not, Ernest," said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering him — "fear not, Ernest; he will come."

More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By imperceptible degrees, he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he labored for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels, and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in the calm and well-

considered beneficence of his daily life, the quiet stream of which had made a wide green margin all along its course. Not a day passed by that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbor. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure and high simplicity of his thought, which, as one of its manifestations, took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, flowed also forth in speech. He uttered truths that wrought upon and molded the lives of those who heard him. His auditors, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbor and familiar friend, was more than an ordinary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it; but, inevitably as the murmur of a rivulet, came thoughts out of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken.

When the people's minds had had a little time to cool, they were ready enough to acknowledge their mistake in imagining a similarity between General Blood-and-Thunder's truculent physiognomy and the benign visage on the mountain-side. But now, again, there were reports and many paragraphs in the newspapers, affirming that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and old Blood-and-Thunder, was a

native of the valley, but had left it in his early days, and taken up the trades of law and politics. Instead of the rich man's wealth and the warrior's sword, he had but a tongue, and it was mightier than both together. So wonderfully eloquent was he that, whatever he might choose to say, his auditors had no choice but to believe him; wrong looked like right, and right like wrong; for when it pleased him, he could make a kind of illuminated fog with his mere breath, and obscure the natural daylight with it. His tongue, indeed, was a magic instrument; sometimes it rumbled like the thunder; sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music. It was the blast of war — the song of peace; and it seemed to have a heart in it, when there was no such matter. In good truth, he was a wondrous man; and when his tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success — when it had been heard in halls of state, and in the courts of princes and potentates — after it had made him known all over the world, even as a voice crying from shore to shore — it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him for the presidency. Before this time — indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated — his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face; and so much were they struck by it, that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz. The phrase was con-

sidered as giving a highly favorable aspect to his political prospects; for, as is likewise the case with the popedom, nobody ever becomes president without taking a name other than his own.

While his friends were doing their best to make him president, Old Stony Phiz, as he was called, set out on a visit to the valley where he was born. Of course, he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow-citizens, and neither thought nor cared about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the election. Magnificent preparations were made to receive the illustrious statesman; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the boundary line of the state, and all the people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass. Among these was Ernest. Though more than once disappointed, as we have seen, he had such a hopeful and confiding nature that he was always ready to believe in whatever seemed beautiful and good. He kept his heart continually open, and thus was sure to catch the blessing from on high when it should come. So now again, as buoyantly as ever, he went forth to behold the likeness of the Great Stone Face.

The cavalcade came prancing along the road, with a great clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust, which rose up so dense and high that the visage of the mountain-side was completely hidden

from Ernest's eyes. All the great men of the neighborhood were there on horseback; militia officers, in uniform; the member of Congress; the sheriff of the county; the editors of newspapers, and many a farmer, too, had mounted his patient steed, with his Sunday coat upon his back. It really was a very brilliant spectacle, especially as there were numerous banners flaunting over the cavalcade, on some of which were gorgeous portraits of the illustrious statesman and the Great Stone Face, smiling familiarly at one another, like two brothers. If the pictures were to be trusted, the mutual resemblance, it must be confessed, was marvelous. We must not forget to mention that there was a band of music, which made the echoes of the mountains ring and reverberate with the loud triumph of its strains, so that airy and soul-thrilling melodies broke out among all the heights and hollows, as if every nook of his native valley had found a voice to welcome the distinguished guest. But the grandest effect was when the far-off mountain precipice flung back the music; for then the Great Stone Face itself seemed to be swelling the triumphant chorus, in acknowledgment that, at length, the man of prophecy was come.

All this while the people were throwing up their hats and shouting, with enthusiasm so contagious that the heart of Ernest kindled up, and he likewise threw up his hat, and shouted, as loudly as the

loudest, "Huzza for the great man! Huzza for Old Stony Phiz!" But as yet he had not seen him.

"Here he is, now!" cried those who stood near Ernest. "There! There! Look at Old Stony Phiz and then at the Old Man of the Mountain, and see if they are not as like as two twin brothers!"

In the midst of all this gallant array came an open barouche, drawn by four white horses; and in the barouche, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz himself.

"Confess it," said one of Ernest's neighbors to him; "the Great Stone Face has met its match at last!"

Now, it must be owned that, at his first glimpse of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the barouche, Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountain-side. The brow, with its massive depth and loftiness, and all the other features, indeed, were boldly and strongly hewn, as if in emulation of a more than heroic, of a Titanic model. But the sublimity and stateliness, the grand expression of a divine sympathy, that illuminated the mountain visage and etherealized its ponderous granite substance into spirit, might here be sought in vain. Something had been originally left out, or had departed. And therefore the marvelously gifted statesman had always a weary gloom in the deep caverns of his eyes, as of a child

that had outgrown its playthings or a man of mighty faculties and little aims, whose life, with all its high performances, was vague and empty, because no high purpose had endowed it with reality.

Still, Ernest's neighbor was thrusting his elbow into his side, and pressing him for an answer.

"Confess! confess! Is not he the very picture of your Old Man of the Mountain?"

"No!" said Ernest, bluntly; "I see little or no likeness."

"Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face!" answered his neighbor; and again he set up a shout for Old Stony Phiz.

But Ernest turned away, melancholy, and almost despondent; for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime, the cavalcade, the banners, the music, and the barouches swept past him, with the vociferous crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down, and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again, with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries.

"Lo, here I am, Ernest!" the benign lips seemed to say. "I have waited longer than thou, and am not yet weary. Fear not; the man will come."

The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs, and scatter them over the head

of Ernest; they made reverend wrinkles across his forehead, and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man. But not in vain had he grown old: more than the white hairs on his head were the sage thoughts in his mind; his wrinkles and furrows were inscriptions that Time had graved, and in which he had written legends of wisdom that had been tested by the tenor of a life. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly. College professors and even the active men of cities came from far to see and converse with Ernest; for the report had gone abroad that this simple husbandman had ideas unlike those of other men, not gained from books, but of a higher tone — a tranquil and familiar majesty, as if he had been talking with the angels as his daily friends. Whether it were sage, statesman, or philanthropist, Ernest received these visitors with the gentle sincerity that had characterized him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermost, or lay deepest in his heart or their own. While they talked together, his face would kindle, unawares, and shine upon them, as with a mild evening light. Pensive with the fullness of such discourse, his guests took leave and went their way; and passing up the valley, paused to look at the

Great Stone Face, imagining that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities. Often, however, did the mountains which had been familiar to him in his childhood lift their snowy peaks into the clear atmosphere of his poetry. Neither was the Great Stone Face forgotten, for the poet had celebrated it in an ode, which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips. This man of genius, we may say, had come down from heaven with wonderful endowments. If he sang of a mountain, the eyes of all mankind beheld a mightier grandeur reposing on its breast, or soaring to its summit, than had before been seen there. If his theme were a lovely lake, a celestial smile had now been thrown over it, to gleam forever on its surface. If it were the vast old sea, even the deep immensity of its dread bosom seemed to swell the higher, as if moved by the emotions of the song. Thus the world assumed another and a better aspect from the hour that the poet blessed it with his happy eyes. The Creator had bestowed him, as the last best touch to his own handiwork.

Creation was not finished till the poet came to interpret, and so complete it.

The effect was no less high and beautiful when his human brethren were the subject of his verse. The man or woman, sordid with the common dust of life, who crossed his daily path, and the little child who played in it were glorified if they beheld him in his mood of poetic faith. He showed the golden links of the great chain that intertwined them with an angelic kindred; he brought out the hidden traits of a celestial birth that made them worthy of such kin. Some, indeed, there were, who thought to show the soundness of their judgment by affirming that all the beauty and dignity of the natural world existed only in the poet's fancy. Let such men speak for themselves, who undoubtedly appear to have been spawned forth by Nature with a contemptuous bitterness, she having plastered them up out of her refuse stuff, after all the swine were made. As respects all things else, the poet's ideal was the truest truth.

The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He read them after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage-door, where for such a length of time he had filled his repose with thought, by gazing at the Great Stone Face. And now as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

"O majestic friend," he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away, had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man, whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the railroad, and, in the decline of the afternoon, alighted from the cars at no great distance from Ernest's cottage. The great hotel, which had formerly been the palace of Mr. Gathergold, was close at hand, but the poet, with his carpetbag on his arm, inquired at once where Ernest dwelt, and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

Approaching the door, he there found the good old man, holding a volume in his hand, which alternately he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

"Good evening," said the poet. "Can you give a traveler a night's lodging?"

"Willingly," answered Ernest; and then he added, smiling, "Methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger."

The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet held intercourse with the wittiest and the wisest, but never before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural feeling, and who made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them. Angels, as had been so often said, seemed to have wrought with him at his labor in the fields; angels seemed to have sat with him by the fireside; and, dwelling with angels as friend with friends, he had imbibed the sublimity of their ideas, and imbued it with the sweet and lowly charm of household words. So thought the poet. And Ernest, on the other hand, was moved and agitated by the living images which the poet flung out of his mind, and which peopled all the air about the cottage-door with shapes of beauty, both gay and pensive. The sympathies of these two men instructed them with a profounder sense than either could have attained alone. Their minds accorded into one strain, and made delightful music which neither of them could have claimed as all his own, nor distinguished his own share from the other's. They led one another, as it were, into a high pavilion of their thoughts, so remote, and hitherto so dim, that they had never entered it before, and so beautiful that they desired to be there always.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that

the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

"You have read these poems," said he. "You know me, then — for I wrote them."

Again, and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features; then turned towards the Great Stone Face; then back, with an uncertain aspect, to his guest. But his countenance fell; he shook his head, and sighed.

"Wherefore are you sad?" inquired the poet.

"Because," replied Ernest, "all through life I have awaited the fulfillment of a prophecy; and, when I read these poems, I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you."

"You hoped," answered the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face. And you are disappointed, as formerly with Mr. Gathergold, and old Blood-and-Thunder, and Old Stony Phiz. Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. You must add my name to the illustrious three, and record another failure of your hopes. For — in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest — I am not worthy to be typified by yonder benign and majestic image."

"And why?" asked Ernest. He pointed to the volume. "Are not those thoughts divine?"

"They have a strain of the Divinity," replied the poet. "You can hear in them the far-off echo of a heavenly song. But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my thought. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived — and that, too, by my own choice — among poor and mean realities. Sometimes, even — shall I dare to say it? — I lack faith in the grandeur, the beauty, and the goodness which my own works are said to have made more evident in nature and in human life. Why, then, pure seeker of the good and true, shouldst thou hope to find me in yonder image of the divine?"

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants that made a tapestry for the naked rock, by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a

niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure, with freedom for such gestures as spontaneously accompany earnest thought and genuine emotion. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each, with the departing sunshine falling obliquely over them, and mingling its subdued cheerfulness with the solemnity of a grove of ancient trees, beneath and amid the boughs of which the golden rays were constrained to pass. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. It was not mere breath that this preacher uttered; they were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them. Pearls, pure and rich, had been dissolved into this precious draught. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so

worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance, with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world.

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so imbued with benevolence, that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft and shouted:

"Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!"

Then all the people looked and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the GREAT STONE FACE.

APPENDIX

STORY-TELLING

In one of Kipling's greatest stories, *The Brushwood Boy*, the author tells us about a boy who liked to have his mother tell him stories, and who found one night, to his great surprise, that he could go on spinning the tale after his mother had said good-night and had left him. The boy found this such a delightful game that he spent many a happy hour telling himself stories.

From the very earliest time, people have enjoyed the telling of stories of great deeds and adventure and travel. The men who could best tell these old stories that were enjoyed before there were printed stories were called minstrels. They went about from castle to castle and from crossroads to village smithy, telling their stories to eager groups who did not have the imaginative gift that they had, but who found pleasure in listening to the minstrels' tales and songs. Wherever the minstrel sang and played on his harp, people thronged to hear him. In this way, many of the world's greatest stories were preserved from generation to generation. Each country has its own folklore and legends that have been passed down from father to son. Minstrels have been called by different names in various countries, but their mission has been the same: to satisfy the needs of people who enjoy the imaginative tales that the story-teller can create or recount. People

never grow too old to be interested in the magic phrase, "Once upon a time."

If you look intently at the faces of the people in the picture called *Reading from Homer*, you will see how eager they are to hear the stories of Greek heroes. Perhaps you have read some of the stories from *The Arabian Nights*, stories of King Arthur and the Round Table, of Robin Hood and his merry men, and perhaps

Alma Tadema

READING FROM HOMER

also some of the stories of the marvelous adventures of Baron Munchausen, whose humorous exploits have delighted generations of story-lovers.

A story is usually told by narrating the events in order. There is generally in the story one central idea or theme that holds our attention throughout the action, and at least one person upon whom our interest is fixed. The modern story-teller usually arranges a series of events so that they lead to a high point of interest, called the climax of the action.

There are many kinds of stories, differing from one

Lothrop, Lee & Shepard

A Story-Teller in India

another in length or type. There is the story that gives an account of a process, or that enumerates details. *The Thousand Year Old Pine* by Enos Mills is a good example of this type of story. Another kind of story is the true narrative, such as those that your grandfather tells you about his experiences, or that great writers have told about men and women who are famous in history. There are stories of adventure, real and imagined, stories of travel, sketches, diaries, and memoirs, or accounts of what the author remembers. Sometimes these memoirs are not true, but are imagined. They are then classed as fiction, because such stories are not true. Often these memoirs are humorous, like *The Real Diary of a Real Boy*, and *Memoirs of a Baby*. Stories are sometimes told in the form of letters written by the various characters.

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

THE FIRST INSPIRATIONS OF COLUMBUS

A statue by Monteverde.

Stories interest us because they bring us new ideas and make us think. We like to talk about these stories with our friends, and sometimes we make the stories

over to please ourselves or continue the plot as we should like to have it continued. Look at the picture of *The First Inspirations of Columbus*. What kind of story do you think he has been reading? Does he not seem to you to be dreaming of lands beyond his own horizon, and planning the voyages that he wants to make when he is a man?

After you have read the stories in this book, perhaps you, too, will wish to "sail away in fancy" and steer the ship of your imagination into new ports. You may wish to try to write some of the stories that come into your minds as you read about Cynthia or Tom Sawyer or the little minstrel. It is an interesting game to tell continued stories in class, or to have your group plan the writing of a story. When your stories are complete, your group will have its own collection of legends, adventures, or fairy tales. Some of you can illustrate these stories, and others can find pictures in magazines to decorate the book cover and make the stories more attractive. Perhaps some of you can even print your stories on your own school press.

May each brave ship of fancy have a happy voyage and reach the home port richly laden!

NOTES, QUESTIONS, AND TOPICS FOR STUDY

[The meanings of words in the following word lists fit the text.]

BETSY HAS A BIRTHDAY

Word List

accurate: correct
appalling: discouraging, distressing
casually: lightly
coign of vantage: good position, advantage
compendiously: briefly
competently: ably, capably
consternation: alarm
corrugated: ridged, wrinkled, contracted into folds
dauntingly: fearfully
evaporate: disappear
exultingly: triumphantly
facetious: witty, merry
formula: rule
grittier: more spirited, more courageous
hilariously: merrily, gleefully, noisily
incredulous: unbelieving
indignant: angry
languidly: without spirit, listlessly, indifferently
meditate: think
momentary: brief
momentous: important
portly: stately
proclaimed: told
reassuringly: with ease, giving the idea that all is well
responsibility: duty
surrey: four-wheeled, two-seated pleasure carriage
vender: one who sells

Dorothy Canfield

Dorothy Canfield Fisher, author of *Betsy Has a Birthday*, a selection from *Understood Betsy*, was born in Lawrence, Kansas, in 1879, and was graduated from Ohio State University in 1899. She received the degree

of Doctor of Philosophy from Columbia University in 1904, and has received honorary degrees from Middlebury College, Dartmouth College, and the University of Vermont. Mrs. Fisher is one of the greatest writers in this country, and is ranked high by critics abroad.

Harcourt, Brace and Company

DOROTHY CANFIELD

Among her books are *What Shall We Do Now?*, *Hillsboro People*, and *The Home-Maker*. *Home Fires in France* is founded upon Mrs. Fisher's service in France during the World War. Mrs. Fisher is a noted authority on the training of boys and girls, and is the mother of a family. She shows her sympathy with boys and girls in *Understood Betsy*.

Notes, Questions, and Topics for Study

From her home in Arlington, Vermont, Mrs. Fisher writes:

The boys and girls who read *Understood Betsy* may be interested to know that the scene is laid here in Arlington, in a country of which I know every foot, from having trotted around over it as a little girl, and from having brought my own children up in it. The "Wolf-Pit" is just up the hill from our house, and the little country school where Betsy went is the same one where my great-grandfathers all learned their letters, and where my children learned theirs. The big rock from which Betsy watched the stars one night is one we pass every time we go down our hill to the mail-box, and the County Fair, in which the scene of chapter ten is laid, is an annual event in our district, which I have attended for more years than I can remember. They may also be interested to know that the book has been translated into a good many different languages, and that I often wonder what children who aren't Americans can make out of the very little Vermont story. But then, I often wonder what children who have been brought up in the West and South, can make out of our Vermont scenes and people. I'm always interested in letters from readers of *Understood Betsy*, for this reason.

With best regards and good wishes,

Sincerely yours,
DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

Questions and Topics for Study

1. How does the author succeed in giving a friendly tone to this story?
2. Explain why this natural and sincere tone suits the story.
3. Do you think that this story is founded on fact?
4. What qualities did Betsy have that helped her in

this emergency? What is initiative? Illustrate your definition by telling an incident from your own observation.

5. Who do you think was most responsible for Betsy's having been left behind at the fair?

6. What kind of woman was the one who said that Betsy simply wanted more money for the side-shows?

7. What do you think Betsy would have done if she had missed the train or taken the wrong train?

8. Why had the Putneys not praised Betsy much, before this incident?

9. What vocation might Betsy follow when she grows older?

10. If you have read all of *Understood Betsy*, compare Aunt Frances and Cousin Ann.

11. What effect did Cousin Ann's training have on Betsy?

12. What would you do if you were separated from your parents in a strange city?

13. What is meant by *family spirit?*

14. What is meant by *school spirit?*

15. What ideals did the Putneys have that could be included in a class code?

16. What does this story teach one about ideals?

17. If you are a worthy member of your home, in what ways will your home training help you in school and in later life?

18. Use the following words in sentences: restriction, consternation, facetious, dauntingly, coign, vantage, confident, languidly, responsibility, sympathetic, casual, momentous.

Suggestions and Titles for Oral and Written Composition

1. A letter to Mrs. Fisher, telling her what you like best about *Understood Betsy.*
2. A Visit to the Putney Farm
3. Shep
4. Cousin Ann's Conversation with Mrs. Wendell after the Fair
5. Uncle Henry's Story about Betsy at the Fair
6. Earning My First Dollar
7. A Vacation in Vermont
8. Betsy Entertains Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm

Suggest other titles.

TOM SAWYER WHITEWASHES THE FENCE

Word List

absorbing: intense, deeply interesting
alacrity: eagerness, cheerful readiness
anticipation: dream, plan
attain: get, secure
bight: loop or turn in a rope
continent: vast expanse
decanter: ornamental glass bottle
delectable: delightful, pleasing, ideal
foibles: faults
gauge-cocks: cocks placed one above and the other below the water line in a steam boiler to show the water level
labboard: for *larboard*, the port or left side of the ship
locust: a tree with beautiful, fragrant flowers
marvel: incorrectly used for *marble*
personating: playing the part of, assuming the character of, pretending to be, disguising one's self as
philosopher: wise man, one who lives and thinks wisely
ponderously: with hard work, laboriously
skylarking: frolicking
stabboard, starboard } right side of a ship
tranquilly: calmly, peacefully, quietly
wend: go

Appendix

Mark Twain

(Samuel Langhorne Clemens)

Samuel Langhorne Clemens was born in Florida, Missouri, in 1835. Like Hamlin Garland, he spent his boyhood in the pioneer land of the Middle West. He knew the hard conditions of pioneer life. He learned there the essential soundness and the honor in human nature, and saw also the foibles that he afterward ridiculed. He did not have much formal education, but was apprenticed in a printing house.

The call of the Mississippi River was so insistent, however, that he left the printing office to become a pilot. He was in the Civil War, but did not see active service. After the war, he did newspaper work in Nevada, engaged in mining for a time, visited California and the Hawaiian Islands, and after traveling in Europe, edited the *Buffalo Express* for several years before settling in Hartford, Connecticut, which was his home until his death in 1910.

When Clemens began to write, he used for his pen name one of the calls of the Mississippi boatmen when taking soundings, "Mark twain." His stories are so dramatic and humorous, his wit so droll, and the material of his work so full of the understanding of human nature, that they attract new and larger audiences every day. A really great humorist has depth of wisdom, keen observation, wide and kindly sympathies, and serious interest in the welfare of all kinds of people. Mark Twain had all these qualities, but often chose to hide the profound in the humorous. This is often

Underwood & Underwood

MARK TWAIN

an excellent way to reveal truth. It is Mark Twain who has written two of our distinctly native books, *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn.*

Other stories that you will enjoy are *The Jumping Frog, The Prince and the Pauper, Innocents Abroad, Roughing It, A Tramp Abroad, Life on the Mississippi, A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court, Following the Equator.*

Joan of Arc, his masterpiece in serious vein, is the work in which he took the greatest pride. You will some time enjoy reading Mark Twain's letters and his autobiography.

Questions and Topics for Study

1. Tom Sawyer is one of the most striking figures in American fiction. He is what we call an *individual character,* like Rip Van Winkle, because he has qualities which set him apart from the rank and file of people. Frequently the individual character is whimsical, humorous, and magnetic. Like Tom's Aunt Polly, we forgive the odd qualities in this type of person, because of what is lovable in his or her character.

a. Describe Tom.

b. Describe Ben's imitation of the *Big Missouri.*

c. Give the meaning of: Let your outside turn over slow — spring line — stabboard — bight.

d. Can you find and explain other terms of the same kind?

2. Dramatize the whitewashing scene.

3. Explain: "If he had been a great and wise philosopher, like the writer of this book . . . "

4. Discuss the remainder of the sentence in 3.

a. Why do sailors sing as they row?

b. Why do lumbermen have "chanteys"?

c. Why do soldiers sing on a long march?

5. What made the difference between Tom's first half-hearted dallying with the brush and his second attack on the fence?

6. What made Tom's wealth valuable?

7. Do you think that the guides on Mt. Blanc regard what they do as work or as diversion?

8. What is your favorite sport? What other hobbies have you? Of what value are they?

9. Make a list of the diversions with which you fill your leisure.

10. Did Tom have a sense of humor? Illustrate this point.

11. What qualities did Tom display when he hesitated to let Ben whitewash?

12. Reproduce for the class the conversation that took place between Tom and his Aunt Polly when he reported to headquarters.

Suggestions and Titles for Oral and Written Composition

Clemens took his pen name from the call of the Mississippi boatmen, who measure the amount of water that the boat is drawing by lowering a pole into the water and reading the mark up to which the water has come. He then calls out, "Mark one," or "Mark twain," according to the reading. What do you think of the use of this term for a pen name, and of the use of the places with which the author is familiar, as material

for fiction? Where do you get the material for your stories?

1. My First Encounter with a Paint Pot
2. Painting the Play-House
3. Tom's Account of the Morning's Advertising, as he told it to Sid
4. Why I Like *Tom Sawyer*
5. Why I Like *Emmy Lou*
6. Why I Like *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*
7. When Aunt Polly Was a Girl

A group from your class may volunteer to read the rest of *Tom Sawyer*, and to dramatize for the class some of his other adventures. What did Tom's Aunt Polly mean in chapter xix when she said, "It's a good lie"? Look up *paradox* and explain what she meant.

A NIGHT RIDE IN A PRAIRIE SCHOONER

Word List

battalion: body of an army, division, company
comprehend: understand
contempt: disdain
coulee: valley
disdain: consider unworthy
dispiriting: discouraging, disheartening
domain: possession, land
foreboding: fear, prediction of coming evil or misfortune
imperious bugling: calling in a commanding way
indelible: fixed, not to be removed, permanent, lasting
joint: junction, place where two parts unite
mane: long hair on the neck of a horse
momentary: lasting for a moment only
noozle: nose
platoon: company
prairie schooner: long canvas-covered wagon used for crossing the prairie
quavering: trembling
querulous: fretful
ravine: depression or gully made by running water

resounding: echoing
roan mare: chestnut-colored female horse
skim: pass lightly
sod: turf, earth
supple: pliant
vibrant: resonant
whipple trees: bars to which the traces of a harness are fastened for drawing a cart or carriage

Hamlin Garland

Hamlin Garland was born in West Salem, Wisconsin, in 1860. He was graduated from Cedar Valley Seminary, Osage, Iowa, in 1881. The next year he taught school in Illinois. He took up a claim in McPherson County, Dakota, where he spent one bitterly cold winter, but left the West in order to study in Boston. Mr. Garland has written you about this period of struggle and achievement.

His life, like his work, is an inspiration to boys and girls who may consider themselves handicapped by lack of means and opportunity. Mr. Garland did not complain, but, like Lincoln, studied and got ready and worked — and his day came. In 1921, Mr. Garland received the Pulitzer Prize for his *Daughter of the Middle Border*.

In 1899 he married Zulime Taft, an artist, and sister of the famous American sculptor, Lorado Taft.

Among Mr. Garland's books are *Main-Travelled Roads*, *Other Main-Travelled Roads*, *A Little Norsk*, *Boy Life on the Prairie*, *Rose of Dutcher's Cooly*, *The Life of Ulysses S. Grant*, *Prairie Songs*, *The Eagle's Heart*, *The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop*, *Hesper; Cavanagh, Forest Ranger; They of the High Trails*, *The Long Trail*, *The Forester's Daughter*, *The Light of the Star*, *Prairie Folks*.

HAMLIN GARLAND

Notes, Questions, and Topics for Study

Mr. Garland has written this letter to you about *Boy Life on the Prairie*, from which *A Night Ride in a Prairie Schooner* was taken:

Dear Boys and Girls:

The writing of this book [*Boy Life on the Prairie*] came about in this way. In 1885 I was living in Boston, a young and penniless Westerner, in an actual garret, earning just enough to pay my board, when, one afternoon, while sitting at my one little window, I heard a man shoveling coal into the cellar. Something in the ring of the coal as it left the shovel reminded me of the time when I at the close of day used to shovel my load of corn into the crib. It was in late October, a dark and windy evening, and it was not difficult for me to think myself back into those far-off days on the Iowa prairie.

In the spirit of the homesick exile, I began to write an article which was afterward published under the title, *The Western Corn-Husking*. In this essay I depicted the pains and pleasures of the corn harvest, and called attention to the differences between husking in the broad field and the "husking bee" celebrated by the poets of New England. I put in the mud and the cold winds as well as the charm of the flying clouds and the migrating wild fowl. So far as I know I was the first to put this work into literature.

The article was so successful that I went on to write of other seasons: wheat harvest, haying, winter sports, seeding, and the like. In short, these subjects became chapters in the book which for more than a quarter of a century has been in circulation as *Boy Life on the Prairie*. Not all the experiences of this volume were mine, but most of them were. The "Stewart" boys were, in truth, my brother Franklin and myself. "Rance Knapp" was a lad by the name of Burton Babcock who afterward went with me into the upper waters of the Yukon. The scenes of the book are all of Mitchell County, Iowa. The time is from 1871 to 1881. The county town was Osage. "Duncan Stewart" was my father, Richard Garland.

Appendix

It was a beautiful land in those days, just as I have described it, and my brother and I grew up on horseback, herding the cattle and chasing the wolves almost exactly as I have set it down. The prairies are all gone now. Wire fences and fields of corn are where the hazel bushes and the tiger lilies used to grow, and no one rides a horse any more. I hope the boys still go skating along the swales in March, but I am in doubt of it. The automobile, the telephone, rural free delivery, and the radio have made another world of my boy-life plain. The boys are of an entirely different psychology — and yet they seem to understand and to enjoy my pictures of a day that is gone, and for this I am grateful.

Homes were small and rude; farming was mainly done by hand and at great expense of time and toil; but there were compensations, as I have tried to convey to my readers. The wild birds, flowers, berries, nuts, and animals gave never ending interest to the seasons. No doubt the boys and girls of to-day are happy in other ways, but to me "the golden days of Iowa" were the days of the open prairies over which roamed herds of half-wild cattle and horses, when the horseman was my ideal and the West a region of romance.

It was worth the while of a boy to live in days when the colts roamed free as the birds in the air, and I am sure you will forgive me if I seem to turn my back — for the moment — on the present.

O glorious land! My western land
Outspread beneath the setting sun,
Once more amid your swells I stand
Or cross your sod-lands dry and dun.
I hear the jocund calls of men
Who sweep amid the ripened grain
With swift stern reapers — once again
The evening splendor floods the plain;
The crickets' chime
Makes pauseless rhyme,
And toward the sun
The colors run
Before the wind's feet in the wheat!

HAMLIN GARLAND

Questions and Topics for Study

1. Why does this title arouse your interest?

2. This story is founded upon Mr. Garland's own experience. Quote lines which convince you that the author knows intimately the country which he describes and the incidents which he tells.

3. The book from which this story was taken is a boy's epic of the settling of our great West. What makes you think that Lincoln is the kind of boy that will bravely do his share in the work of opening up a new country?

4. What is your feeling as you complete the reading of this story?

5. What is the effect on the reader of the use of such expressions as: "Big Prairie"; "he considered himself a man"; "cheerily"; "Forward march!"; "vibrant voice"; "resolute men"; "we're almost home"?

6. Mr. Garland is one of our greatest American prose-writers. Quote lines which tell you that Mr. Garland is a poet, as well.

7. Mr. Garland's work reflects the best in American life and ideals. It is full of rugged vigor and the breadth of vision of the big prairie. The author's work has tenderness, too, and humor, and a master's sense of plot and character. Find passages to illustrate these qualities.

8. Describe scenes which you would like to have illustrated in color.

9. Give examples, from this story, of words representing color, sound, action.

10. How long did it take you to read this story?

11. After reading it once, answer the following questions. At what time of day does the story open? What is the time of year? In what year do these incidents take place? What is the nationality of the father's name? In what state are the Stewarts traveling? From what state did they come? Ask your classmates other questions to test their memory of this story.

12. Give briefly the thought of the story.

13. Tell the story of another chapter of *Boy Life on the Prairie.*

Titles for Oral and Written Composition

1. The Big Prairie
2. Lincoln Stewart, Pioneer
3. A Week in a Prairie Schooner
4. The Edge of the World
5. Mary's Opinion of Prairie Travel
6. A Timeless World
7. The Prairie Horse Race
8. Making a Prairie Home
9. The Prairie Mother
10. Why I Like *Boy Life on the Prairie*
11. Why I Like *The Covered Wagon* by Emerson Hough
12. Why I Like *A Boy's Town* by William Dean Howells
13. *The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop* is a story of Indians and cattlemen. Read it and write a short book report.

A RETURN TO CONSTANCY

Word List

advisory: having power to give counsel

alders: small trees that grow in swampy ground

astuteness: wisdom, sagacity, shrewdness, subtleness, craftiness

barouche: four-wheeled carriage with folding top

compensation: amends, things that make up for a loss, reward

confirmed: established

crescendo: increase in volume

decipher: translate, make out, explain, reveal

deplorable: sad, to be regretted

detrimental: harmful

disheveled: in disorder, tousled, disarranged

efficacy: power

emancipatory: relating to freedom

exploit: adventure

exude: give off

genially: cheerfully, pleasantly

grotesquely: strangely, absurdly, ludicrously

gully: valley worn by water

hummock: rise of ground above the surface of the surrounding ground, a hillock

infallible: not capable of making a mistake

instability: insecurity, inconstancy

ironic: in a mocking manner

juniper: an evergreen

mascot: anything that brings good fortune

minimum: the least

nonchalantly: indifferently, listlessly, lifelessly

octopus: sea-animal with eight arms

ominously: with special meaning, significantly

parable: story with an underlying meaning

patronage: favor, help, encouragement, aid

Sir William Pepperell: a wealthy merchant born in Kittery, Maine, in 1696. He was made lieutenant-general of the British army. From 1756–1758 he was Acting Governor of Massachusetts.

pesky: annoying, irritating

Sir William Phipps: born in Pemaquid, now Bristol, Maine, in 1631. He was one of twenty-six children. He was appointed high sheriff of New England for recovering a treasure ship and cargo valued at $1,400,000. He was made Governor of Massachusetts.

pivot: turn on a point
placid: calm, stolid, undisturbed, quiet, peaceful
plight: sad condition, dilemma
precedent: rule made from former cases like the one in hand
pregnant: weighty, full of meaning
punctuated: dotted as if with punctuation marks
remonstrance: protest, objection
Roderick's men: Roderick was a Spanish hero. He was the last Gothic king.
seething: in violent commotion, boiling
sinister: boding evil or misfortune
sleek: glossy, smooth
tier: row, rank
traverse: cross
unobtrusively: quietly, simply, modestly
unwonted: unusual, unaccustomed
vouchsafe: guarantee, grant, permit
whippoorwill: an American bird that sings plaintively at twilight

Mary Ellen Chase

Like Sarah Orne Jewett, Alice Brown, and Mary Wilkins Freeman, Mary Ellen Chase knows and re-creates for us the New England of which she writes. Her people are true to life. Her settings are realistic. Her plots grow from the soil. The conversation is native and convincing.

Miss Chase's work is uniformly masterly. Her touch is sure. Her minor characters are alive and distinct, even though of necessity rapidly sketched.

Miss Chase sends you this message from Blue Hill, Maine:

It may interest the young people who will read *A Return to Constancy* to know that it is a story based on actual experience. I did have a cow named Constancy; I did drive her to and from pasture from the time I went to grammar school until the day I went away to college; she did torment me by hiding in swamps and thickets; and finally I did go to Augusta with my father and

I dined with the Governor of Maine. The story arose out of the conviction that driving a cow is one of the most wonderful things in all the world.

As for myself, I was born and reared in Blue Hill, Maine, a village which was founded by my direct ancestors in 1762. I went

HOME OF MARY ELLEN CHASE, BLUE HILL, MAINE

to the University of Maine, and was graduated in 1909. I have been for five years Assistant Professor of English in the University of Minnesota.

Sincerely yours,
MARY ELLEN CHASE

Questions and Topics for Study

1. What seem to you to be the most poetic descriptions in this story?
2. Which ones are the most realistic?
3. What are the most humorous passages?
4. What parts make you feel sad?
5. Why did Cynthia plan to give her decision the next morning, instead of the night on which the story opens?

6. Do you think that her father would have asked her to go to Augusta if she had rebelled that evening?

7. Do you think that she would have enjoyed her trip so much, if she had rebelled?

8. What other story in this book gives us the secret of finding joy in work?

9. In what other disguises may the reward for learning this secret come?

10. What features of the Blair family life appeal most strongly to you?

11. What facts in Cynthia's life seem to you to make up for having to wear her sister's outgrown dresses and having to drive Constancy to pasture?

12. Compare the Blair family with other families of whose life you have read.

13. Why did Judge Blair and Cynthia forget the discount?

14. Give a character sketch of Governor Hall.

15. Name several of Mrs. Hall's qualities that would help her to be successful as mistress of the Executive Mansion.

16. What scenes should you like to dramatize?

17. Prove by instances from your own experience or observation that Cynthia is true to life.

18. Be able to use the following words in sentences: original, crescendo, emerge, Roderick, chivalry, nonchalant, juniper, sinister, quest, definite, concession, grotesque, ironic, philosophy, emancipation, compensation, remonstrance, precedent, modify, dubious, unobtrusively, emanate, astuteness, infallible.

Suggestions and Titles for Oral and Written Composition

1. Constancy's View of the Case
2. A letter telling Miss Chase what you like best about her story
3. Shopping with Father
4. A Rebellion Quelled
5. A Dream Come True
6. Budgeting My Allowance
7. Cynthia's Week at the Capital
8. Old Home Week in Petersport
9. The Ten-per-Cent Discount
10. An Hour at the Fashion
11. Benny Webster Becomes a Knight
12. On Wearing Borrowed Gloves
13. Miss De Gracey of the Fashion

Suggest other titles.

COMET

Word List

appraising: appreciating, measuring, or estimating the value of
auspicious: favorable, pleasant, advantageous, favoring
contour: shape
conviction: assurance, strong belief
covey of quail: brood of young game birds
de-luxe: luxurious, rich
enmity: hatred, strong dislike
exuberance: joy, exultation, bliss, ecstasy
ferocity: anger
fiber: slender thread, nerve
gaunt: thin
groggy: unsteady
intent: eager
meditative: thoughtful
milksop: weakling
ordeal: trial
panic: extreme sudden fright
plausible: apparently right, fitted to gain favor
pointer: variety of dog trained to point game for sportsmen
pungent: keen, biting
random: chance
seasoned: trained

sensitive: easily hurt or pleased
setter: a hunting dog somewhat like the spaniel and pointer
staked: wagered
stanch: loyal, sturdy, steady, well-balanced
sulk: be moody and sullen, or obstinate
temperament: disposition
temporizing: bargaining, compromising
tweeds: suit of mixed woolen goods

Samuel A. Derieux

Samuel Arthur Derieux was born in Richmond, Virginia, in 1881, the son of the Reverend William Derieux. He was graduated from Richmond College in 1904, and after studying for two years at the Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore, received his degree of Master of Arts from the University of Chicago in 1910. After teaching at his Alma Mater, Richmond College, at the Missouri State Normal School, and at Lake Forest College, North Carolina, he became a member of the editorial staff of the *American Magazine* in 1917. Hundreds of boys and girls and grown-ups who love animals have delighted in his stories. The animals that he describes he knew well; and the dogs, he loved and understood. His love of nature grew out of a happy, wholesome out-of-door life on his grandfather's plantation and in a little southern town.

SAMUEL A. DERIEUX

Mrs. Mary Derieux, literary editor of the *American*

Magazine, writes in her beautiful and touching preface to *Animal Personalities*, which was published after Samuel Derieux' death, "I knew him first at the University of Chicago, and he spent every spare minute on the lake shore and in Jackson Park, utterly reckless of the weather. He had two passions even then — his writing, and the beauty of the world we live in. Nature had for him that mystic meaning which it had for Wordsworth and Lanier, and I think *Tintern Abbey* and *The Marshes of Glynn* meant more to him than any other poems. . . .

"He was as keen to get away from office duties into the country as he had ever been for vacation to release him from school. He could sit and watch the parleyings of two chipmunks on an old stone fence with as much zest as you would have felt at some highly dramatic entertainment. He would figure out what it was all about, what they were saying, what they were going to do about it — and when he got through you knew each one of those chipmunks, and were all excited for fear something would go wrong with them." Mr. John M. Siddall, editor of the *American Magazine*, has said it was as fascinating to hear him talk about a mule as to hear another man gossip about prime ministers. Mr. Siddall says, "It is impossible for anyone who knew Samuel Derieux to be satisfied to pay tribute to him only as a writer. Back of the work was the man himself; fine, generous, honorable, and courageous; in one word, a thoroughbred. His friends knew this as no one else could know it. But some hint of it is in everything he wrote."

You can see that the personality of the thoroughbred has made *Comet* a great story. You will now want to find the true stories that Derieux wrote about his animal friends in the New York Zoölogical Park. These stories are told in his *Animal Personalities*, which will delight all lovers of animals. Some of you will recognize many of the illustrations. Try to describe your dog or other pet as Derieux describes these animals. Notice the rich vein of humor in *Animal Personalities*. Find the story of the half-starved horse that Mrs. Derieux tells you about in her introduction to *Animal Personalities*, and tell it to your group. What other stories can you tell about animals that have shown marked intelligence? Perhaps your fathers and mothers can tell you some stories of intelligent animals.

Mrs. Derieux closes her preface with this tribute: "I want to thank that father and mother who gave to my husband the background and the training that did so much to make him what he was — who gave him a home in which the simple virtues of courtesy and kindness were practised as a matter of course, and a boyhood lived in close touch with woods and fields, and all the great creative forces of the earth."

Questions and Topics for Study

1. This story of a thoroughbred dog, from *Frank of Freedom Hill*, reveals clearly to us the characters of the people who are most concerned in Comet's career, and at the same time gives a stirring account of Comet's valiant struggles and his victory.

Tell Comet's adventures from his own point of view.

2. Contrast Larsen and Swygert as men; as dog-trainers.

3. Why was Thompson unable to persuade Mr. Devant that Larsen was not to be trusted?

4. Describe Marian Devant. What qualities do you most admire in her?

5. Describe an evening in Swygert's cottage.

6. What is the secret of Swygert's success in dog-training?

7. What scenes from this story should you like to have illustrated?

8. Why did Larsen believe "Once a gun-shy dog, always a gun-shy dog"?

9. Notice in how few words Derieux gives us the events in Comet's life. This economy is well illustrated in the climax. Describe the action in this scene.

10. If you have ever trained a dog to obey you, explain the way in which you accomplished the best results.

11. What were some of the points of difference between Larsen's methods and Swygert's?

12. Read other stories from *Frank of Freedom Hill*, and tell to your class the story that you consider the most effective.

Suggestions and Titles for Oral and Written Composition

1. Naming the Puppy
2. My Favorite Dog Story
3. A Journey in a Crate
4. The Light That Dogs Like to See in Human Eyes
5. Wade Swygert

6. A Story Swygert Told Me
7. Running Away
8. Facing the Gun
9. Write the letter that Marian Devant might have written to a school friend, describing this field trial.
10. If you had been a newspaper reporter at Breton Junction that day, what might you have written about the National Championship?
11. The Test of Swygert's Wise Training
12. Reproduce the conversation that Mr. Devant and Thompson might have had after the field trial.
13. Swygert Describes the Trial to His Wife
14. How I Trained My Dog to Obey
15. Discuss this topic: A Boy Scout Does Not Laugh at a Gun-shy Dog.

Suggest other titles.

IN THE SOUTH SEAS

Word List

fez: brimless Turkish red felt hat with a black tassel
gecko: a small lizard
hawser: thick, heavy rope
hemp: plant used for making cloth and cordage
junk: large vessel without keel used by Chinese and Japanese sailors
Moros: Mohammedans of the South Philippine Islands
nautical: pertaining to the sea
nipa huts: cottages made of the thatch of leaves from the nipa palm
offset: made up for, balanced
rattan: slender, flexible stem of several species of palm
rickshaw carriage: drawn by coolies in China and Japan
splice: to join by weaving end to end
squatting: crouching
tacking: steering a vessel so that by changing direction the captain can bring the wind around to the other side of the vessel

Virginia Lynch

Dear Girls and Boys:

Long ago, when I was a little girl, what fun I used to have paddling into the edge of the sea which broke in long white fluffy combers on the hard silver beach! And then, what shrieks of joyous terror and what a vain wild rush when a huge crest broke almost over one, drenching one thoroughly, while the oncoming rushing tide bore one irresistibly on! Tired of this, at last, what a delight it was to lie or loll on the gray beach, digging one's toes into the deliciously cool wet sand and looking far away to the distant horizon — that endless wonder — where blue sky and bluer sea seemed to mingle in an alluring purple haze!

Many of you have done this, have you not? And you have wondered and wondered, as countless generations of boys and girls have, what was on the other side of the sea's rim; or, if you live in a valley, or on a plain, you have wondered what might be over the mountains, or beyond the plain. And you have dreamed, perhaps, that some fine day you would go over the edge and see what was there.

Then came school days; and when one got to be quite old, twelve, perhaps, and was very wise, one no longer was puzzled by the endless horizon stretching on and on.

Often, on bright spring days, when birds rested for a brief time in the garden trees, for New York had real gardens then, one's fancy tried to picture the summer islands from which the feathered tourists may have come; and, in geography hour, one wondered whether the tiny specks which peppered the map of the great Pacific and made the mind dizzy merely to contemplate could possibly be big enough for even these wandering birds to light on.

There was Christmas Island, for instance. Isn't that a beautiful name for an island? And there were Wake Island and Midway Island and the Ladrone Islands which, in Spanish, sounds more polite than Thieves' Islands. You have seen these specks on the map, have you not? I wonder if you, too, have tried to imagine whether boys and girls, or indeed whether anybody, lived there. And perhaps you have read *Treasure Island* and have pictured those captivating pirates burying their treasure on

one of these beguiling specks. Perhaps you dreamed day-dreams of abandoned ships, or wondered about Magellan, who died long ago on one of the Philippines.

Then came travel days — to Europe; later to the distant East, across the blue Pacific. And some of the specks on the map rose out of the sea as though a magician had touched them with his wand; and what was once a childish wonder became a real island, often quite extensive, with houses and trees and long white surf breaking on the glittering coral beach. Of course many of these islands are really quite small. Midway Island, for instance, is just about big enough to serve as a cable station, through which news goes around the world. Would you enjoy being a cable operator, away out there on the ocean? It is a rather lonely life, for ships call only infrequently.

Now a queer thing about this queer world of ours is that, if you sail across the Pacific from east to west, that is, from San Francisco to Manila, you will, somewhere on the broad Pacific, lose a day. You will get up some fine bright morning, thinking that it is not a *blue* Monday, but a pretty fine Monday. Then the captain of the ship, if he be a nice cheerful sort of man, as ship captains generally are, will make you feel a bit blue, when he blithely tells you, on your remarking rather casually that to-day, Monday, is your birthday, that you have lost your birthday; for though yesterday was Sunday, just as surely is to-day Tuesday. Can any of you boys and girls explain that?

In spite of this lost birthday, however, the big white ship plows steadily ahead. By night, strange bright stars appear, quite new to our northern eyes. And how the wonderful Southern Cross holds one's gaze! By day, we watch the flying fish, or an occasional sail, while at night the luminous phosphorescence of the sea fascinates one.

Then blue clouds seem to rise out of the sea above the horizon. These must be more islands; for you remember, earlier in the voyage, how Diamond Head and the Hawaiian Islands shaped themselves just so. Finally you see, quite clearly, a perfect cone — and are told it is Mount Mayon, a volcano, on one of the Philippines. And ever your wonder grows that Magellan and Drake, in whose track you are sailing, dared to go so far in their

small and toy-like vessels. You see, in fancy, some bold buccaneer hiding behind the palms on yonder island. You even speculate on possible adventures you yourself may have, among the Borneo head-hunters or the head-hunters of northern Luzon, which is the largest island of the Philippine group. And you think of that somber Spanish king whose name is remembered chiefly because clever men, like Magellan, did great things during his reign.

At last the prow of the big white ship turns into a strait, where, some twenty-five years ago, Dewey's fleet pursued the Spanish fleet and made a new page in history. Before us is a wide bay, Manila Bay, on which junks and ships of all nations are sailing, carrying out cocoanut oil, hemp, and copra. Then one sees the white church towers peering over the gray walls of old Manila, the Pearl of the Orient. It is the Fourth of July and our Stars and Stripes float above the city which has seen four different flags floating from its walls.

It is such a long story that I cannot tell you everything in a letter. But how I wish I could show you the happy Filipino boys and girls at school, saluting the flag as you do, learning English and playing tennis and baseball. And I wish you knew how much Uncle Sam has done to help these islands. Then I should love to take you, on a fine ship, across to China, over the China Sea, the beloved haunt of the fierce typhoon; and you would feel a deep pity for the people who are having an unhappy struggle to establish a firm government. A great Chinese statesman, Wu Ting Fang, told me that he thought our country the happiest land on earth. I wonder if we appreciate our blessings! Perhaps if you should see thousands of little Chinese boys and girls working ten hours a day, merely for a few rags and a handful of food, you would not grumble because you have to study in nice, clean, bright classrooms. And these hard-working little laborers are cheerful, too. Sometimes when you are not prompt in minding Mother or in doing chores or errands, think how many girls and boys would look on your lot with a generous envy.

And how I wish we could visit that great walled city of Peking, with its temples and pagodas, which Marco Polo saw. And I should love to tell you about the ragged but smiling little Chinese boy who ran or walked beside my donkey for twenty-two miles,

in a pouring rain, when I went out to see the Great Wall, winding its sinuous way over the hills and up and down for fifteen hundred miles. Then we would visit Korea and pass over into the Island Kingdom of Japan which, while a leader in western civilization, still holds to many of its interesting medieval customs. But my story would be too long; so, whether you ever try to go over the horizon's rim or not, your fancy may carry you to these far-away places and you may read interesting books which will picture these strange scenes. And if you read the newspapers, you will see how Stefansson, MacMillan, Beebe, and others, are exploring the Polar Seas or the ocean's floor or scaling Everest's dizzy height, thus answering some of the questions we wonder and wonder over, even when one is a grown-up.

Cordially yours,
VIRGINIA LYNCH

Questions and Topics for Study

1. What kind of story is *In the South Seas?*

2. Trace on a map the journey which the boys took, and mark the cities which they visited.

3. Read in Stoddard's lectures, or in Burton Holmes' lectures, descriptions of some of these places.

4. With what British author do you associate the South Seas?

5. *Jolo* is pronounced hō-lō. Describe the boys' visit to Jolo.

6. The Japanese take off their street shoes when they enter their homes and use only house-sandals on their clean, matting-covered floors. Mention some other eastern customs, and give the reasons for them.

7. Mention some of our customs that might seem strange to a traveler from the Orient.

8. A writer who knows the Chinese people well says that they have the gift of saying profound things lightly. What is your opinion of this gift?

9. In what respects do Westerners and Easterners resemble one another?

10. Mention some ways in which the bonds of understanding between us may be strengthened.

Titles for Oral and Written Composition

1. A Trip to Hong Kong
2. How Pearl Buttons Are Made
3. A Jungle Town
4. Bob's Letter to a Scout Friend
5. A Gateway in Old Manila
6. What the Sea Shell Sang
7. Our Eastern Brothers
8. The Old City Wall
9. The Pearl Fishery
10. A South Sea Laundry
11. On Board the *Arrow*
12. Old Canton
13. My First Voyage
14. A Western Boy's First Glimpse of the East
15. Why I Like *Moby Dick* by Herman Melville

THE GARDEN TEA

Word List

arbor: vine-covered garden seat having lattice-work top and sides; a bower
bass: a spiny-finned fish
despise: dislike
fortnight: two weeks
gnarled: knotted, misshapen
impart: tell, reveal
industrious: busy
offend: hurt

packet: small boat used for passengers, mail, and freight
radiant: happy, joyful, bright
relent: to be less harsh or severe
subscription-paper: paper signed by people who promise to give money or other support for some object

Sarah Orne Jewett

Sarah Orne Jewett was born in South Berwick, Maine, in 1849. She spent her girlhood in a beautiful colonial homestead where she learned much that was of great literary value from her father, Dr. Theodore H. Jewett, a professor in the Bowdoin Medical School. She used to drive with him when he went out into the country to see his patients.

Houghton Mifflin Co.
SARAH ORNE JEWETT

Miss Willa Cather, who has written a sympathetic introduction to *The Best Stories of Sarah Orne Jewett*, says of her, "From childhood she must have treasured up those pithy bits of local speech, of native idiom, which enrich and enliven her pages. The language her people speak to one another is a native tongue. No writer can invent it. . . . It is a gift from heart to heart."

Sarah Jewett traveled extensively, but made her home in Boston and in South Berwick, Maine. She

stands in the foremost rank of American writers, because she had the power to recreate for us in her stories the realities and the soul of the people and the experiences that she knew. Her humor is in great measure due to the spirit of fun that sees the ludicrous in folk even while it understands and forgives and overlooks it. She knows her characters, of whatever age, intimately. She says of Betty Leicester's friend, Mary Beck, "Becky's sensitiveness and prejudice were sometimes very tiresome, but they made nobody half so miserable as they did Becky herself; the talk she had always heard at home was very narrowing; a good deal of fruitless talk about small neighborhood affairs went on continually and had nothing to do with the real interests of life. It was a house where there was very little to show for the time that was spent. Mary Beck and her mother let many chances for their own usefulness and pleasure slip by, while they said mournfully that everything would have been so different if Mary's father had lived. Betty Leicester was taught to do the things that ought to be done."

Questions and Topics for Study

1. What qualities give Betty charm? Which of these qualities would you like to have? Why? Name several ways in which you might cultivate one of them.

2. What qualities do you admire in Harry Foster? What kind of friend would he be?

3. Compare Betty and Mary Beck.

4. If you have read all of *Betty Leicester*, try to account for Mary Beck's disposition.

5. Give one conversation that took place between Mary and Mrs. Beck on Mary's return from the party.

6. What do you think Aunt Barbara and Aunt Mary said to each other after the garden tea?

7. Why does Betty have as happy a time in Tideshead as she does in London?

8. Read *The Sin Books*, chapter 7 of *Betty Leicester*, and tell it briefly to the class.

9. This story was written more than a generation ago, but it has been such a favorite that it has been printed forty-two times. Account for the fact that *Betty Leicester* still attracts us.

10. What other stories by Sarah Orne Jewett have you read?

11. Read *The White Heron* and tell the story to the class.

12. Can you see any likeness between the work of Sarah Orne Jewett and that of Miss Chase, the author of *A Return to Constancy?*

Titles for Oral and Written Composition

1. Betty's Visit to My Town
2. The Picnic
3. Harry Foster Redeems His Father's Name
4. A Conversation between Aunt Barbara and Harry
5. Harry's Fishing Trip
6. Harry Tells His Mother about the Party
7. Earning My First Dollar
8. Betty's Letter to Dr. Leicester That Night
9. My Favorite Book-Friends

10. The Party from Aunt Mary's Viewpoint
11. Why I Like *Betty Leicester*
12. Betty's Tideshead Friends

Suggest other titles.

ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS

Word List

accentuated: marked, pronounced, emphasized
amo: Latin verb meaning *I love*
Bastille: famous prison in Paris
callously: in a hardened manner
Camelot: the site of many battles among the knights of the Round Table
Cavaliers: members of the court party at the time of King Charles I, opposed to the Roundheads
condescension: patronage, the act of showing that one feels superior to another
consorted: united, associated
Cornish knight: knight of Cornwall, England
dight: adorned
docile: easily managed, leadable
dolorous: full of grief, sad
environing: surrounding, hemming in
firmament: the air, sky, heavens
fobbed off: cheated, imposed on
frigate: a war vessel
frost-nipped copse: frost-bitten thicket or grove of small growth
helm: helmet
knights of the Round Table: heroes of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*
Lancelot: one of the Knights of the Round Table
monochrome: in one color
paddock: inclosure for pasture, meadow
Palamides the Saracen: a famous Mohammedan leader
proverbial: according to a proverb, commonly known
redressing: repairing (an injury), remedying
reverberant: echoing, resounding
rig: frolic, trick, undertaking
Roundheads: the Parliament party in Charles I's time opposed to Cavaliers

sea-girt realm: region bounded by the sea
shaw: thicket, small wood or grove
Sir Kay: a knight of the Round Table, steward of King Arthur's court
transitory: passing, temporary
Tristram: one of the knights of the Round Table
uncouth: unfamiliar, strange, odd, awkward
veritable: true, real, actual

Kenneth Grahame

The home of Kenneth Grahame, author of *The Golden Age*, the delightful book from which this story was taken, is in London. Mr. Grahame has written only a few books, but he has given to boys and girls some of the best stories in all their world of books. You will enjoy reading *The Wind in the Willows* and *Dream Days*, in which Mr. Grahame writes with distinct charm and originality.

If you enjoy a ghost story, you should turn to *The Blue Room* in *The Golden Age*. If you are interested in history, you will enjoy *The Roman Road* in the same book. *The Secret Drawer* tempts one with its mystery. Perhaps you can make up an end for the story, or think of a possible plot centering around the secret drawer.

Questions and Topics for Study

1. Our literary style, or way of writing, depends upon the words that we choose to express our thoughts. Words must not limp lamely along, but must leap, dance, or march, according to our will. Study Mr. Grahame's choice of words. Find examples of words expressing color, action, and sound. Why do you like

these expressions: "scarlet flamed," "bits jingled," "clinked and clattered"?

2. Explain the ways in which Mr. Grahame's style suits his subject.

3. Discuss the meaning of the title.

4. Quote the expressions which tell you that the setting is in the country, in England.

5. Perhaps members of the class can tell some of the stories of King Arthur and his knights.

Titles for Oral and Written Composition

1. Lost in the Woods
2. Lost One Mile from Home
3. Why the Battle Was Postponed
4. Why I Like *The Wind in the Willows*
5. Why I Like *Dream Days*
6. Why I Like *Puck of Pook's Hill*
7. How We Play (some incident in American history)

Suggest other titles.

THE FOUR HUNDRED

Word List

armadillo: toothless South American animal covered with bony plates
boar: wild hog
bowlder: massive rock
bully: bragging fellow, coward
carrion bird: vulture, bird that eats dead bodies
condor: a large American bird of prey
crag: high rugged rock
deftly: cleverly
gully: channel worn by the current of a stream
hamper: hinder
jointed: joined
puma: panther
sinew: muscle
snag-toothed: with projecting teeth
spitted: placed on a long pointed rod for roasting
vicious: wicked, evil, erring

Appendix

Charles J. Finger

Mr. Finger was born in Willesden, England, in 1871. He attended King's College, London, and studied music at Frankfort, Germany. Mr. Finger has traveled extensively in South America and Africa, has sailed before the mast, and has answered the lure of the Klondike and Mexico. For four years he was general manager of a system of railways in Ohio. In 1919 he became editor of *Reedy's Mirror*, and in 1920, of *All's Well*. Among his works are: *The Choice of the Crowd*, *In Lawless Lands*, and *Highwaymen*.

CHARLES J. FINGER

The South American legends from which the selection in this book was taken are the result of wide travel and scholarly study of the lore of the Silver Lands. Mr. Finger has reproduced the stories with artistic regard for the spirit and color of the original tale. These stories are the more valuable because of the personal touch which Mr. Finger gives in telling us the setting in which he heard them, and a sketch of the people who told him the tales.

Mr. Finger sends you this message from Fayetteville, Arkansas:

I was born in 1871 and don't like to remember how long ago that was, because so many years were spent in odd places, in wild places, in strange lands — and I saw so much that I dare not tell it because it wouldn't be believed.

What does matter, it seems to me, is what one gets out of life. For instance, I know that it is a fine thing to realize that it is a good thing to enjoy, to laugh, to be amused, but a bad thing to sacrifice the comfort of others to one's own amusement; still a worse to indulge in silly giggling at ill-natured gossip.

I'm sure that those who can look on life as a high-hearted game (like the Four Hundred) are lucky.

I'm sure that they are also lucky who grasp experience firmly and who are not defeated, but urged to greater efforts when they lose. And if I could see those who will read this, I'd say to them that they are extremely wise if, in spite of rebuffs, they will hold fast to their vision, their hope, their ideal, whatever it may be.

Questions and Topics for Study

1. This is a South American legend that gives the origin of one of the mountains of the Silver Land. Make a list in your notebook of any unfamiliar words which you find in this story and learn their meanings.

2. Discuss the effect on style of the use of simple words.

3. What are the qualities of leadership?

4. What qualities did the Four Hundred have as a group?

5. What gave them so much group spirit?

6. What gave them courage to pass the "glittering diamonds"?

7. Explain the meaning of this story.

8. Can you give in a proverb the thought of this story?

9. Account for the success of the Four Hundred.

10. Comment on "For it was a new life in which to enter with eyes bright and shining . . ."

11. What ideals have you and your classmates in common with the Four Hundred?

12. What was the result of the wise choice of these youths?

13. Read aloud the passages that appeal most strongly to you.

14. You will enjoy reading the other stories in *Tales from Silver Lands*.

15. Give briefly the story of the *Calabash Man*.

16. List the qualities which led to the success of the army, such as unity of purpose.

17. What is the meaning of the three victories over the apes, the cavemen, and the desire for gain, before the great fight with the giant?

18. The old woman tested and tempted them, but when they chose the right, she helped them. What meaning do you see below the surface here?

19. Compare the Four Hundred with Ulysses; with Parsifal the Pure; with Sir Galahad.

Titles for Oral and Written Composition

1. The Land of the Giants
2. The Far Mountains
3. The Silver Shield
4. The Plumed Helmet
5. The Way of the Forest
6. Tricks of Lake and Stream
7. The Land of Priceless Stones
8. Guarding the Pass

9. The World's Edge
10. The Magic Lake
11. The Enchanted Cave
12. White Witchery
13. The Giant Sea-Crab
14. A Challenge to Tipacna
15. Slaying Our Dragons
16. The Crouching Giant
17. The Legend of Pendulum Rock
18. Fairy Mountain
19. The Giant's Armchair
20. Sea Magic
21. Fairies of the Foam

THE COMING OF LAD

Word List

acclamation: assent, approval, applause
accuracy: exactness
ægis: protection
affix: fasten
agile: active, alert, nimble, quick
alluring: charming
aspect: appearance
assail: attack
athwart: across
avid: greedy
blithe: merry
canine physiologist: one who studies the life processes of a dog
career: life-work
caste: fixed order or class of society
casual: chance
chrysalis: shell, case
compromise: make an agreement
console: comfort
convoy: escort
coquettishly: coyly, shyly
cowed: frightened
crave: long for
craven: cowardly, spiritless
defiant: challenging
deft: apt, skilled, expert
deign: consent, condescend
deities: gods
delectable: delightful

delusion: error, deception
depredation: plundering, pillaging
desolation: sorrow
devise: contrive
Dick Turpin's Black Bess: Dick Turpin was a noted highwayman who was executed at York in 1739. He is famous in legend and ballad. He rode from London to York on his horse, Black Bess, that fell dead when they reached York.
disreputable: shameful
distorted: misshapen
eerie: weird, strange, mysterious
elusive: uncertain
emergency: sudden event, crisis
entranced: charmed, delighted with
ferocious: fierce, angry
flinch: wince, shrink
flush: abreast with, even with, up to
formidable: alarming
furlong: forty rods, one-eighth of a mile
genuine: real, actual, veritable
gliding: moving smoothly
heritage: gifts from one's fathers
hospitably: agreeably
illogical: contrary to rules of sound reasoning
illusion: unreal image, fancy, wrong impression
imperceptible: not easily seen or understood
impersonally: without partiality
imposing: impressive, grand
inaudible: not heard
incredulous: not believing, doubting
indifferent: neutral, not interested
induce: persuade, influence
infinitely: immeasurably, without limit
instinctive: natural
intermittent: occasional
intricate: not simple, involved, complex, tangled
intruder: one who is not welcome
investigate: study, find out
irresolute: uncertain, wavering, not decided
Jack Sheppard's Ranter: Sheppard was the son of a carpenter. He was a highwayman who twice escaped from Newgate Prison and was hanged at Tyburn in 1724. He is the hero of Defoe's novel, *Jack Sheppard*.
limited: within certain bounds
lineage: ancestry
lithe: pliant, flexible
ludicrously: in a laughable manner, ridiculously
manifestly: plainly, clearly
marauder: one who plunders
maxim: wise saying, proverb

meager: few, lean, thin, insufficient
melancholy: sad
menace: threat, warning
momentum: force, impetus
myriad: very many
mysterious: strange
negotiating: putting into effect, making
neurotic: nervous
nocturnal: pertaining to the night
oblivious: unmindful of, indifferent to, unconscious of
pathetic: sad, appealing
peculiar: special
pedigree: descent, line of ancestry
perplexed: confused
phase: part
phlegmatic: not easily excited, calm, stoical
portable: movable
precaution: warning
professional: expert
Raffles: thief who dresses like a gentleman
raid: attack
ranging: varying, differing in scope or kind
ravaging: stealing, spoiling, wasting
rebuff: rebuke
rebuke: reprove, scold
redeeming: saving
remotest: vaguest
restrain: hold in
restriction: limitation, check
retrieve: regain, find again, recover
ruse: trick, stratagem
salvo: greeting
scourged: whipped
seeped: oozed out, leaked
silhouette: profile portrait or outline in black
skirting: surrounding, covering
smolder: to burn and smoke without flame
solitude: loneliness
staple: U-shaped piece of metal with pointed ends, driven into wood to hold objects together
steed: horse
steeled: made hard, strong
stocky: short and thick-set
tawny: yellowish-brown
tedious: tiresome
tense: rigid, stretched tightly
tentative: trial, experimental
tolerate: bear with, stand
trait: quality, distinguishing feature, peculiarity
type: kind
uncanny: weird
unison: agreement, union
utter: absolute
veritable: real, true, actual, genuine
wax: grow
weird: strange, mysterious
wistaria-clad: covered with wistaria vines, having a blue-lavender flower

Albert Payson Terhune

Albert Payson Terhune, a son of the American novelist "Marion Harland," who was Mrs. Edward P. Terhune, was born in Newark, New Jersey, in 1872. He was graduated from Columbia University in 1893 and spent the next year traveling on horseback through Syria and Egypt. Until 1920 Mr. Terhune was a member of the staff of the New York *Evening World*. Among his favorite stories for young people are *Lad: a Dog*, *Bruce*, *Buff: a Collie*, *Further Adventures of Lad*, *His Dog*, and *Lochinvar Luck*.

Underwood & Underwood

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Mr. Terhune's home is in New York City. He spends his summers at "Sunnybank," Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, where he raises prize collies like Lad. Mr. Terhune's dog stories are deservedly famous, as they represent lifelike pictures both of the dogs and their traits, and of their masters or mistresses.

He delights in telling us that a thoroughbred dog well trained by a thoroughbred man or woman will be true to his training. Mr. Terhune is an acute observer and painter of people, and a master in the art of telling an absorbing dog story.

Questions and Topics for Study

1. How does the introduction prepare you for the climax?

2. Quote the first touch of humor in the story.

3. Describe Lad as he first appeared at the Place.

4. Describe the way in which Lad wins his master's heart.

5. Explain Lad's training in the Law.

6. Describe Lad's idea of night.

7. Describe Lad's adventure with the burglar. Tell the story from Lad's point of view.

8. Tell the incident briefly from the burglar's viewpoint.

9. Give the explanation of Lad's heroism as the mistress told it to a friend.

10. Tell the story as the master told it to a neighbor.

11. What qualities does the word *thoroughbred* suggest to you?

12. How would you characterize Mr. Terhune's style?

13. Compare Mr. Terhune's style with that of some other writer whose work you enjoy.

14. Describe the setting of this story.

15. Plan another story which this background suggests to you.

16. Outline a story in which Lad, a Boy Scout, and a tourist from the West figure.

17. What scenes from this story should you like to have illustrated?

18. What is the highest point of interest in the story?

19. Why does the author give us the description of Lad and explain his nature in such skillful detail?

20. In what incidents does Lad prove that he is a thoroughbred?

21. What expressions in this story pleased you most?

Titles for Oral and Written Composition

1. The Thoroughbred
2. The Look of Eagles
3. A Family Treasure
4. The Gray House under the Oaks
5. Traveling by Crate — A Letter from Lad
6. A White Elephant
7. Lad's Diary
8. A Kennel for Rent
9. My Collie
10. Lad and the Worried Hen
11. A Conversation between Lad and His Mistress
12. Lad's Lessons in the Law
13. Playmates
14. Training a Watchdog

Suggest other titles.

THE BOY WHO WAS SAVED BY THOUGHTS

Word List

brace: support, hold firmly
hazardous: dangerous
hurly-burly: confusion, noise
jutted: projected, hung out
plight: misfortune, miserable condition
unscathed: unhurt, unharmed

Cyrus McMillan

Dr. McMillan is a professor at McGill University, Montreal, Canada. Professor McMillan's summer

home is in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Canada. In the book of Canadian fairy tales, from which this story was taken, Dr. McMillan has written many picturesque stories that you will enjoy reading. Some of these Indian tales are: *Saint Nicholas and the Children*, *How Raven Brought Fire to the Indians*, *The Boy Who Overcame the Giants*, *The Boy in the Land of Shadows*, and *The Boy of the Red Twilight Sky*.

As you will see from reading these Indian legends, Professor McMillan knows the Indian and his woods and streams and writes these stories as he has heard them in autumn twilights and sunny afternoons on lake and ocean. He makes the "romantic Canadian past" live again in the vivid pages that he has written.

Questions and Topics for Study

1. Are there many words in this legend whose meanings you do not know?

2. What have you noticed about the language of legends?

3. Tell the story, keeping as nearly as possible the language and spirit of the legend.

4. Give in one sentence the struggle or conflict of this story.

5. Ask the question to be solved.

6. What are the means used to solve the problem?

7. In what ways or from what source do you think the Indians learned the power of thought and gained their wisdom?

8. Would it have been necessary for Great Eagle really to talk in order to make the Indian boy understand him?

9. Explain why the story is more effective for having the eagle talk.

10. What was the secret of the old woman's power?

11. What nations besides the Indians call the fairies the "Little People"?

12. Explain the meaning of "Thoughts are eternal." Give examples of thoughts that have outlived ancient cities.

13. Try to write this legend in the form of a poem. You may wish to try the *Hiawatha* meter.

14. If you have an Indian curio, bring it to show to the class, and, if possible, tell the story in connection with it.

Suggestions and Titles for Oral and Written Composition

1. Plan an original legend in which you show that this Indian boy makes use of the lesson that he learned from his experience in the eagle's nest. Tell your legend to your classmates and write it after they have given you suggestions for revising. Test its success by asking yourself questions like these: Have I a worthwhile theme for my legend? Have I life-like characters in my story? Has my story as much conversation as there is in Professor McMillan's legend? Have I used simple language? Have I led successfully to my climax and given a well rounded but brief close to my story?

2. A Wigwam near the Sea
3. Deep Sea Fishing
4. A Storm at Sea
5. A Canadian Hiawatha
6. The Battle of the Winds

7. Beaver Town
8. Legend of the Singing Reeds
9. The Little People of the Hills
10. The Flight from the Cliff
11. The Legend of the Surf
12. The Legend of Indian Chief Rock
13. A Visit to an Indian Village
14. An Indian Seeress

THE QUEST FOR A MAGIC NAME

Word List

Benares: a city in British India
burnished: highly polished
fruitless: useless, vain, of no avail
funeral pyre: pile on which a dead body is to be burned
mediate: make an agreement, make peace
moody: out of humor, peevish, sulky, of changeful disposition
overbearing: overpowering, tyrannical, domineering
spire: steeple, pointed turret or tower

Florence Griswold

Mrs. Florence Griswold, who wrote *The Quest for a Magic Name*, from *Hindu Fairy Tales*, is a noted American lecturer and author. Her birthplace was Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. She was graduated from Columbia University in 1907. Since 1904, Mrs. Griswold has been a director of clubs and community centers in the city of New York.

Mrs. Griswold is a lecturer on such topics as child welfare, folklore, and other educational and sociological subjects. Mrs. Griswold writes to you this message:

Woodstock, New York
August 6, 1925

Dear Boys and Girls:

While I am writing this letter to you, I am sitting under an old apple tree that is still beautiful and bearing good fruit. As I look up into it for inspiration, the thought comes to me that *The Quest for a Magic Name* is very much like this tree. The story was told under the trees in India ages and ages ago by a great schoolmaster to his pupils. I selected this one from many told by the master because I thought it had a message for the boys and girls who live to-day whose hearts I know. You see, I have many godchildren whom I love and who I am sure love me. That is why I believe the story, like the apple tree, is still beautiful and fruitful.

Very faithfully yours,
FLORENCE GRISWOLD

Questions and Topics for Study

1. This is a Hindu tale taken from the *Jataka*, a collection of East Indian lore. The *Jataka* is composed of very ancient legends many of which, like this one, give a helpful truth in the guise of a story. This type of literature is called *didactic*. What is the truth which this story gives us?

2. What is your opinion of judging a person by his name?

3. When and by what standards may we judge a person?

4. Why is it right that a person should have pride in his name? Read the humorous argument on this in A. A. Milne's one-act play, *Wurzel-Flummery*.

5. What is your opinion of Base's conclusion that changing his name would bring him good fortune?

6. Cite some ways in which you may make your name command respect.

7. Why did the teacher advise Base to go in search of a name? What is your opinion of the advantages of travel?

8. Whom did Base at first like best? Of whom did he afterward learn to think first?

9. What were some of the truths that Base had to learn before he could be really happy?

10. Compare this story with *The Blue Bird.*

Suggestions for Oral and Written Composition

Write an allegory in which such characters as Truth, Justice, Honor, Kindness, and Loyalty play parts. Your principal character may be a boy who has a great deal done for him, like Base, and who is still ungrateful and ungracious and unsocial, or a poor boy or girl with the qualities of honor, self-respect, and kindness. Or you might use both of these contrasting types.

Suggest other material and titles for allegories.

HOW CUCHULAIN GOT HIS NAME

Word List

allot: distribute shares, grant
artificer: an artistic worker in metals
boy-corps: organized division of any army of boys
counter-stroke: stroke in the opposite direction, stroke in return for
deference: respect
formidable: dangerous
garb: costume, dress, apparel
rampart: fort, defense, barricade, wall
retinue: suite, followers, pageant, retainers, train of attendants
savory: pleasing to the organs of taste and smell
vat: large vessel, tub
vexed: annoyed
viands: food
wont: custom, habit

Appendix

Eleanor Hull

Miss Hull, the author of *How Cuchulain Got His Name*, from *The Boy's Cuchulain*, knows well the legends upon which these stories are founded, but also the heart of boyhood. In the brave youth who stood his ground against many opponents and against the savage dog, we see the boy who dares to conquer as well as the boy who patiently and with good sportsmanship acquires skill and strength in games.

Miss Hull has written other books that you will find in the library and will enjoy reading: *The Cuchulain Saga in Irish Literature*, *Pagan Ireland*, and *Christian Ireland*.

How Cuchulain Took Arms, and *Cuchulain's First Feats of Championship*, and *How Cuchulain Went to Fairy-Land* are other stories from *The Boy's Cuchulain* that you will enjoy reading.

Questions and Topics for Study

1. This is the story of the Irish hero, Cuchulain, who represents in Ireland what King Arthur does in England and Wales.

The story opens during the struggle between Conor, who has usurped the throne of Ulster, and Queen Meave of Connaught, who with her husband, Ailill, and Conor's son, Cormac, is helping to defend the rightful king, Fergus mac Roy, against Conor and his warrior mother, Ness. Queen Meave has just consulted a seeress, only to find that neither of the contestants is fated to conquer, but that a youth called Cuchulain, foster-son of

Conor and Fergus, "a lad not old in years, but great in weapon-feats," and with the "hero light" on his brow, will guard Ulster from her foes.

The setting is at the entrance to the royal tent which is in the foreground of our picture. Describe what may be seen from the tent door.

Read the story silently and tell it to your class. Contrast the manners and customs of Cuchulain's day and ours.

2. Describe the scene in which the story of Cuchulain's name was told.

3. What qualities that you admire did Setanta have? Illustrate by telling incidents in the story.

4. How do you think Setanta acquired so much skill?

5. Describe Culain's home on the night of the feast.

6. Describe Culain's hound.

7. Tell the story from Setanta's point of view.

8. What is your opinion of Culain?

9. Discuss Setanta's self-imposed punishment.

10. Compare Cuchulain with some other hero whom you admire.

11. Compare Cuchulain with Base in *The Quest for a Magic Name.*

12. Choose a group of your class to tell you about other Irish legends, and groups to tell you about Danish, Japanese, Chinese, Hawaiian, or any other folklore that you may choose.

13. In what ways did Setanta's prowess in games help him to overcome the hound?

Suggestions and Titles for Oral and Written Composition

1. A Modern Cuchulain
2. The Camp Fire
3. Culain, the Smith
4. The Boy-Corps
5. The Prophecy
6. A Hard-Fought Game
7. Setanta's Victory (a ballad)
8. The Rod of Setanta
9. Culain's Guard
10. Write a story in which you give this ancient plot a modern setting. Be sure that you emphasize the boy's courage and resourcefulness. Change the plot in any way that may be necessary.
11. Write a letter that Cuchulain might have written for the youth of to-day to read.

THE STORY OF GERAINT AND THE MAIDEN ENID

Word List

apparel: dress
Arthur's Court: famous heroes of whom Tennyson sings in *Idylls of the King*
bullock: young ox
Caerleon upon Usk: an old town in Monmouthshire, England
chastise: punish
churlish: surly, rude, uncouth
comely: beautiful
costrel: bottle hung from the waist
counsel: advice (noun)
discreetly: modestly, wisely
disencumbered: free from hindrances or obstacles
earldom: domain of an earl
fetch: go and get
foal: young horse
ford: shallow place where a stream may be crossed
Forest of Dean: a royal forest in Gloucestershire, England
hoary-headed: white-haired

joust: single combat tilting match between two knights with blunt lances
lamentation: grief, sorrow
lance: long shaft with a spear head
maintain: assert, believe
manchet bread: fine wheat bread
mead: drink made of fermented honey and water
mien: bearing, manner, appearance
proclamation: announcement, notice
stag: male red deer
surcoat: cloak worn over a suit of armor
valiant: brave, hardy, stalwart, enduring, gallant, unafraid
wrest: take by force

Padraic Colum

Padraic Colum, one of the greatest of the Irish poets and dramatists, has written charming stories for boys and girls. Mr. Colum was born in Longford, Ireland, in 1881. His plays were presented in the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, Ireland, where, since 1904, 216 Irish plays have been presented. The Abbey was the first "Little" theater.

Mr. Colum's first book of poems, *Wild Earth*, was published in 1909. His work is full of beautiful imagery and shows a love of nature as well as deep poetic feeling.

Some of Mr. Colum's works are: *Broken Soil*, *The Land*, *Studies*, *Thomas Muskerry*, *My Irish Year*, *The Desert*, *The Fiddler's House*, *Castle Conquer*, and *The King of Ireland's Son*.

Questions and Topics for Study

1. In *The Island of the Mighty*, from which this story was taken, Mr. Colum has not only kept the spirit and the beauty and color of old Welsh romance, but he

has made his version of the Arthurian stories poetic. Quote lines which have the lilt and grace of poetry.

2. Later you will read Tennyson's version of the story in the beautiful poetry of *Idylls of the King*. Tell the story of Geraint and the Maiden Enid, keeping the poetic tone and old style of conversation of the original.

3. What parts of the story do you like best?

4. Describe the character that you like best in this story.

5. What descriptions have the greatest poetic beauty?

6. Describe some scene from this story so clearly that one of your classmates can represent it on the blackboard.

7. Describe Enid as Geraint first saw her.

8. Describe Geraint's entrance to the realm of the Sparrow Hawk.

9. Describe the tournament in which Geraint was victorious.

10. Compare this story with some other version of the King Arthur cycle, as for instance Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*. In what respects does this version differ from Mr. Colum's?

11. Mr. Colum drew his material from Lady Charlotte Guest's translation of a manuscript called *The Red Book of Hergest*, which is now in Oxford University, England. Lady Guest's collection, *The Mabinogion*, was published in 1849. The name *Mabinogion* means, in Welsh, stories that a young bard, or apprentice to a Celtic minstrel, was expected to know. Read a story

from Sidney Lanier's *Boy's Mabinogion* and tell the plot to your group.

Titles for Oral and Written Composition

1. The Forest of Dean
2. The White Stag
3. The Steward of the Household
4. The Huntsman's Horn
5. The Road to the Forest
6. The Hunting Lodge
7. The Golden-hilted Sword
8. The Purple Scarf
9. The Sign of the Golden Apple
10. The Dwarf and the War Horse
11. The Tall Knight
12. The Marble Bridge
13. The Old Earl's Story
14. The Sparrow Hawk
15. The Challenge (a poem)
16. The Broken Lance (See E. R. Sill's poem, *Opportunity*)

What other titles does this story suggest to you?

THE KINGDOM OF LITTLE CARE

Word List

commit: do, perform
conceal: hide
decree: order, command
determination: resolve, purpose
devastation: destruction
entangle: catch
grievous: unfortunate
horizon: line where earth and sky seem to meet
magnificence: beauty
monarch: ruler
ponder: wonder
remedy: cure
vague: dim

Appendix

Cornelia Meigs

Cornelia Meigs, whose work is represented in this book by the allegory, *The Kingdom of Little Care*, was born in Rock Island, Illinois. She was graduated from Bryn Mawr in 1907. Miss Meigs has written several delightful books, among which are *The Kingdom of the Winding Road*, *Master Simon's Garden*, *The Pool of Stars*, *Windy Hill*, *Helga and the White Peacock*, *The New Moon*.

Miss Meigs' play, *The Steadfast Princess*, was the Drama League prize play for 1916.

Miss Meigs' work is artistic, full of beauty, and rich in imagery.

From Miss Meigs' home in Keokuk, Iowa, she sends you this message:

Although dragons, gnomes, and fairies seem to have gone out of existence and even kings and golden-haired princesses are disappearing very rapidly from the earth, there is no reason to believe that magic, the best kind of magic, is gone out of people's lives. The story of my life would seem very dull reading to anyone who looked only for facts; for I was born in Illinois and have lived all my life in Keokuk, a little town in Iowa, set in a great bend of the big Mississippi river. Nothing very exciting has ever happened to me; I have not traveled very far, except for spending much time in New England, nor have I ever done anything very tremendous. But in my own eyes, my life has been full of interesting, delightful, and enchanting things, with many events so wonderful that they quite border on the magical.

I live where the West is still so new that many people still remember the Indians and the time when the place was covered with woods and overrun with deer and other wild things. I had, for years, a neighbor who had made the trip to California in the days of the great gold rush, and who could tell me every sort of tale of those exciting days. My home is a thick-walled stone

cottage, that might be the abode of Snow White and the Dwarfs, except for being somewhat bigger. It stands at the edge of a tall bluff above the river, so that you can see nothing beyond it but a big oak tree and a sky full of stars. Such a place is very suggestive of stories; but any place is full of stories and romance and wonderful things, if people only look about them.

CORNELIA MEIGS

Questions and Topics for Study

1. Since this story is an allegory, it has a meaning beneath the surface. After reading the story silently, tell it to the class, keeping the tone that the author has used.

2. What qualities do the characters represent?

3. Describe the little Schoolmaster.

4. Contrast the discontented prince of the first part of the story with Prince Otto after he had journeyed to the land of his heart's desire.

5. Why was it fortunate that the prince wished to travel?

6. If you have read the rest of *The Kingdom of the Winding Road*, from which this story was taken, describe the beggar as he appears in some other story.

7. Whom do you think the beggar represents?

8. What other problems can you suggest that the prince might have been asked to solve?

9. Could you have opened the pot of treasure?

10. What other names have writers given this place of dreams besides the Kingdom of Little Care?

11. Why was Prince Otto still discontented, even though he had found his utopia?

12. Give the conversation between Otto and the king of this magic country.

13. Change the end of the story from the point where the boys have this conversation.

14. What other questions does this story suggest to you?

Titles for Oral and Written Composition

1. The Crossroad
2. The Piper
3. The Beggar in Red
4. The Winding Road
5. The Sand Bar
6. Sea-Treasure
7. The Copper Pot
8. The White Road
9. Red Roofs
10. A Journalist in Otto's Eldorado
11. The Postern Door
12. A Turn in the Road
13. King for a Year

Suggest other titles.

THE WONDERFUL TUNE

Word List

bower: arbor
brocade: silk fabric woven with raised designs
cascade: waterfall, fountain
civil: courteous, polite, polished, urbane, agreeable
cymbals: musical instrument of two brass disks to clash together
diligently: industriously, patiently, busily
din: noise, confusion

fantastic: strange, weird, fanciful
festival: celebration
generously: whole-heartedly
harmonious: musical, melodious, pleasing, blending agreeably
harpsichord: a forerunner of the piano
jesting: joking
laggard: slow fellow
league: a distance differing from two to four miles
loom: wooden frame in which cloth is woven by crossing the lengthwise warp with the woof threads
majestic: superb
minstrel: poet, bard, singer of ballads to the harp accompaniment
mishap: accident, misfortune
motley: dress of the professional jester or court fool. It was varied in color: one part scarlet, one yellow.
pageant: brilliant, colorful spectacle; festival
pilgrim: wayfarer
pursing: puckering
quest: adventure
rogue: rascal
squire: an attendant on a knight
stately: dignified, of noble bearing
stature: size, height
strain: melody, tune, air, motive, music, phrase, measure
summon: call, order
superb: magnificent, majestic, beautiful
tarry: wait, linger, bide, abide
terrace: raised level lawn having two or more sloping sides
twain: two
vagabond: wanderer

Henry B. Beston

Henry Beston is described by a friend as "a great tall fellow with brown hair and brown eyes, who has a way of running off to sea every once in a while and likes to get into his old sailor clothes and read books by a driftwood fire." He was born in the old city of Quincy on the Massachusetts coast, and educated at Harvard and the University of Lyons, France. The war gathered him up two years after the completion of his term in France, and he returned to join the French

forces in 1915. After serving with distinction at Verdun, he returned to America, and when the United States entered the war, he sailed off with the United States Navy, first as a correspondent, and then as an enlisted man. He was for a long while with the submarines, and is very proud to be called "shipmate" by fellow sailors of the under-seas. In common with many other writers who served in the ranks, he emerged from the storm with a profound resolve that it "never must happen again."

His two books of wonder tales, *The Firelight Fairy Book* and *The Starlight Wonder Book*, were put together in the years following the war, and the tale called *The City under the Sea* was actually founded on a plot invented and jotted down during the author's submarine experiences. In the author's own words, the tales were written "to get the war out of my mind." He has also said, "I do not consciously write anything so old-fashioned as a 'moral' into my story, but I should be sorry if three things were not to be found in my wonder tales — the praise of courage, the appreciation of kindliness and good will, and the sense of the incredible mystery and wonder of life."

Mr. Beston lives at Eastham on Cape Cod, in a tiny house he calls the "Fo'castle." "My house," he writes, "is on the most eastern stretch of the most exposed eastern beach in the United States; the surf thunders at my door, often so heavily that the beach shakes beneath the crash; sometimes I see whales 'blowing' out at sea." Mr. Beston is an indefatigable traveler all over the earth.

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HENRY B. BESTON

Questions and Topics for Study

1. Notice the pleasing rhythm of Mr. Beston's sentences. Quote several passages that appeal to you because of this singing quality. It is this melody and color in the words, and the beauty in the theme that make Mr. Beston's stories poetic. Compare Mr. Beston's style with Mr. Grahame's.

2. Describe the scenes in this story that you would like to see illustrated in colors.

3. If you compare the Kingdom of Music to the world, who is the little minstrel? Who is the king? Who is the Court Musician? Who are the country lad and lass? What does Lady Amoret represent? In what respects may we compare the minstrel with Ulysses and Tannhäuser?

4. Describe the Court Jester. Shakespeare makes his jesters not only merry, but wise. Compare Mr. Beston's jester with others that you may know, as Wamba, the jester in *Ivanhoe*, Dagonet, the jester in *Idylls of the King*, and Touchstone, the jester in *As You Like It.*

5. Can you suggest a name for the little minstrel?

6. Give orally the scene in which the king gives to the little minstrel, the Violinist-in-Chief, the Lord Organist, and the Grand Harper "ideas of his own on the matter."

7. What do you think this story means?

8. Why did not Mr. Beston give in the story this melody of nine notes?

9. Give the story and meaning of each note.

10. Do you think that you might find a note of this

tune tucked away "in the gloom" in your own home? Tell the story of this note and what you are doing with it.

11. Tell the story of the nobleman's castle and his squires.

12. Tell the story of the note that had sailed the seas.

13. Why did the minstrel spend such a long time in finding the last note, even though he was near it physically?

14. Why did the jester befriend the minstrel?

Titles for Oral and Written Composition

1. The Minstrel of the Wind
2. The Maker of Tunes
3. The Highway Piper
4. The Little Green Door
5. The Court Musician
6. The Fairy Orchestra
7. The Kingdom of Music
8. The World Orchestra
9. The Little Home in the Wood
10. The Brown Bowl's Treasure
11. The Magic Loom (a poem)
12. Castle Courageous
13. Yestereve's Argosy
14. The Old Ship's Secret
15. The Kingdom of the Blue Lakes
16. Queen Amoret's Court
17. The Jester's Bower
18. A Belated Guest

19. The Golden Boat
20. A Woodland Pageant
21. The Chamber in the Eaves
22. The Magic Candle
23. The Music of the Hemispheres
24. The Voice of the Wind
25. The Little House near the Sea

THE FAIRIES IN ROME

Word List

achievement: success

Ariel: an airy spirit in Shakespeare's comedy, *The Tempest.* His master is Prospero.

Arthur Rackham: an artist and illustrator

As You Like It: one of Shakespeare's most delightful comedies

Athens: ancient center of Greek art, literature, and culture

Belphoebe: a beautiful Greek goddess

caparisoned: adorned, dressed, decked

Chaucer: the "Father of English Poetry," author of *The Canterbury Tales.* 1340–1400

Cupid and Psyche: lovers in classic (Greek) mythology

device: arrangement

Diana: Greek goddess of the hunt and of the moon

Elizabeth: Queen of England in the golden age of English literature. 1558–1603

epistle: letter

Hermia: daughter of Egeus of Athens, who promised her in marriage to Demetrius. Hermia loves Lysander. You will find her story in *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Hippolyta: Amazon queen and wife of Hercules, who killed her during his ninth task

lamentable: sad

lichen: a moss

Mendelssohn: a German composer, born in Hamburg in 1809. Full name, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

Moth: a page in Shakespeare's comedy, *Love's Labour's Lost.* He is page to the fantastical Spaniard, Don Adriano de Armado. Moth is cunning, versatile, and playful.

Oberon: king of the fairies and husband of Titania

Ovid: a Latin poet of Augustus Caesar's time

Pan: god of the shepherds

Peter Quince: the carpenter in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* who produces the lamentable comedy of *Pyramus and Thisbe*, a play within the play. Pyramus and Thisbe loved each other but were forbidden to meet.

Pluto: god of the underworld

pored over: studied industriously

Portia: heroine of Shakespeare's comedy, *The Merchant of Venice*

production: presentation

Proserpina: wife of Pluto

Puck: a merry household fairy in Oberon's train. See Kipling's Puck in *Puck of Pook's Hill*.

saffron: deep orange color from the stigma of the saffron flower

Spenser: English poet who wrote *The Faerie Queen* in honor of Elizabeth

Theseus: hero of Athens who slew the minotaur

thorough: through

Titania: queen of the fairies

Tuscan: relating to Tuscany, a province of Italy

Gertrude Slaughter

Gertrude Elizabeth Taylor Slaughter was born in Cambridge, Ohio, in 1870. She belongs on her mother's side to an old Quaker family of New England; on her father's side to a family that moved from Virginia to a farm in Ohio. Her father was a colonel in the Civil War, but was recalled from the front to be Judge Advocate. Colonel Taylor represented his congressional district in Congress for many years. It therefore happened that Mrs. Slaughter's childhood was spent in her home in Ohio, a temporary home in Washington, and her Quaker mother's home in a Maine village; her experiences were varied and delightful.

Her mother having died when Mrs. Slaughter was sixteen, she and her brother attended boarding schools.

After a very irregular preparation, she entered Bryn Mawr College in the fall of 1889. Her college work was chiefly in Greek and Latin and English literature. She was tied with two of her classmates in the contest for the honor of the best essay-writing during the college course.

In June, 1893, the same month of her graduation, she was married to Moses Stephen Slaughter, at that time professor of Latin in Iowa College, and went with her husband for a year of study and travel in Germany, Italy, and Greece. Two years later, her husband was called to be head of the Latin department in the University of Wisconsin and since that time, save for occasional years in Europe, their home has been in Madison. They had two daughters, Elizabeth and Gertrude, who died in one year — the year in which the World War began. Elizabeth was sixteen and Gertrude thirteen years old.

Through all changes, Mrs. Slaughter's life in Madison has shown a combination, none too usual, of æsthetic and practical power. Until a few years ago she did not take time to write much for publication, but divided her conspicuous gifts between her home and the town of which the great university is the pulse and heart. Her sure taste, joined to a vigor of leadership, has helped materially to nurture art and literature and music in the community.

In educating her daughters, Mrs. Slaughter took them in 1910 to Paris for a winter, her husband returning to his work from Rome where they had all been spending a year. After the children died, Mrs. Slaughter wrote

a book called *Two Children in Old Paris*, which incorporates the experiences of seeing Paris through the eyes of two little American girls of twelve and eight. The book was published by Macmillan in 1918 and met with an immediate response from lovers of France and lovers of children.

This book was written by Mrs. Slaughter in such hours as she was not giving to work throughout the state of Wisconsin on behalf of children orphaned by the war. She served as publicity officer for the Allies Relief Committee. As the war went on, Mr. and Mrs. Slaughter received many appeals from their Italian friends to come to the help of Italy. A request for their services was also made to our government, and in the spring of 1918 they were allowed to enlist together in the Red Cross. Arriving in Italy, they were placed in charge of the district of Venetia with headquarters in Venice, Mr. Slaughter ranking as Captain (later Major) and Director. They had under them all branches of the work — civil, medical, and military. Their work won many expressions of public as well as private gratitude. In addition to Mr. Slaughter's honors, Mrs. Slaughter received from the city of Venice a brooch with the arms of St. Marks, set in jewels, and by the Third Army — the famous army that defended Venice — she was decorated with the White Cross of Savoy. This decoration was given her in Trieste after she helped to feed and clothe thousands of Italian soldiers pouring down from Austrian prisons. At one time there were more than 100,000 of these destitute men, massed together on the docks behind gates guarded by machine guns.

The experience of this year of war work Mrs. Slaughter has dealt with in essays published in the *North American Review* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. A number of her essays have been published from time to time on literary subjects such as the poetry of Meredith, Hardy, and Shelley.

In *Shakespeare and the Heart of a Child*, the child, playing and played upon by the poet, is again Mrs. Slaughter's elder daughter, Elizabeth, living on in her mother's books. It is illustrated by the famous artist, Eric Pape.

Mrs. Slaughter sends you this message from Madison, Wisconsin:

The children of this story are my own little girls who traveled at an early age and had the best of times doing it. In Rome, where they spent a year, they readily picked up the Italian language, and they enjoyed everything more, both here and there, because of the stories and poems they knew. They enjoyed the out-of-doors far more because they also enjoyed books. That is the one thing I wish our young people could realize. I have seen children quite unmoved in woods and fields and beside charming brooks; while others, who love books, would have seen such places filled with heroes and fairies of old romance. To them, things would have been happening in those places!

Questions and Topics for Study

1. *Shakespeare and the Heart of a Child*, from which this story was taken, tells the stories of many of Shakespeare's plays through the adventures of Barbara and Peggy. Tell the story of the play that is described in *The Fairies in Rome*. You will find this in Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*.

2. Describe the Italian setting for this play.

3. What does this story tell you of the stage in Shakespeare's time?

4. Describe Barbara's mother and father.

5. What would a girl like Barbara contribute to your literature or composition class?

6. Why do you think book-land seemed so real to her?

7. Of what value is Barbara's plan for acting Shakespeare's plays?

8. Describe Barbara's Italian home.

9. Do you think that Barbara's letter is well written? Explain your opinion.

10. Give suggestions for playing some scene from *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* What part should you like to play?

11. Why do you understand the play better by acting it?

Suggestions and Titles for Oral and Written Composition

1. Write a letter to a friend, telling the story of some play, poem, or story that you have read.

2. Write a letter to a friend, giving the action of a motion picture that you have seen presented at your school.

3. Fabrics for Fairies

4. A Play within a Play

5. A Story within a Story

6. "Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's Child"

7. Puck

8. Fairy Music

9. Acorn Furniture

10. Titania's Fête
11. Proserpina (a poem)
12. A Fairy Pageant
13. A Masque of the Fairies
14. Elfland Music
15. Shakespeare at Our Dramatic Club
16. The Magic Forest
17. Midsummer Night
18. An Edict from Oberon
19. The Magic Wall
20. Marketing with Pasqua

QUEEN ALICE

Word List

conjuring trick: charm or sleight-of-hand trick done by a magician

decanter: a vessel for holding drink

lolling: resting, lying at ease, acting lazily

piteous: miserable, able to excite pity. *Note:* pitiful, full of pity; pitiable, to be pitied

suety: fat made of suet, the fat tissue from the loins of sheep or oxen

treacle: molasses, syrup obtained by refining sugar

tureen: deep dish for holding soup at the table

Lewis Carroll

(Charles Lutwidge Dodgson)

Carroll seems a very real man to you who have laughed over *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass*. This great humorist's real name was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. He was born in Daresbury, England, in 1832, when Lincoln was twenty-three years old. He went to Oxford University and took

deacon's orders in 1861. For twenty-six years he taught mathematics at Christ Church. He was a noted scholar and a mathematician of rare power. Among his technical works are: *Euclid and His Modern Rivals*, *A Syllabus of Plane Algebraical Geometry*, and a treatise on determinants. With this talent for profound thought went the gift of laughter and of making other people enjoy the absurdities that amused him. The fruits of this gift were the books already mentioned and *The Hunting of the Snark*, *Sylvie and Bruno*, and *Sylvie and Bruno Concluded*.

Questions and Topics for Study

1. *Alice in Wonderland*, and its sequel, *Through the Looking-Glass*, from which this story was taken, are famous because they are delightfully whimsical stories. What seems to you the most humorous situation in *Queen Alice?* What seems to you the most humorous conversation? Be sure merely to reproduce, not explain, the humor.

2. Dramatize this story after choosing several members of your class for each part. There will be several ready to play the part of Alice; another group, the Red Queen; a third, the White Queen.

3. Suggest other nonsensical questions and answers that might have been given in Alice's examination for the strange rôle of Queen of Looking-Glass Land.

4. Suggest other precepts in Looking-Glass etiquette for queens.

5. What do you think of the Red Queen's power of reasoning?

6. Discuss this sentence: "Manners are not taught in lessons."

7. Describe the Looking-Glass banquet.

Titles for Oral and Written Composition

1. On Talking to One's Self
2. Why I Like *Eileen's Adventures in Wordland*
3. Royal Roads
4. Alice's Dinner Party
5. Sums in Subtraction
6. The White Queen's Diploma
7. The White Queen's Reading
8. The Looking-Glass Calendar
9. Alice's Course in Logic
10. How to Remove Lumps of Thunder from the House
11. Putting the White Queen's Hair in Papers
12. The Queen's Siesta
13. Answering the Door
14. Economy in Looking-Glass Land
15. A Toast to Alice (in rhyme)
16. Animated Candles

THE GREAT STONE FACE

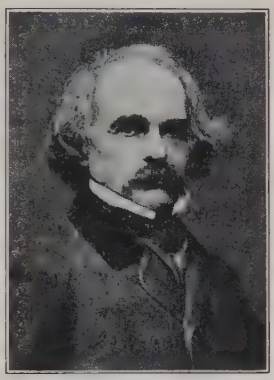
Word List

ardor: passion, fire
auditors: those who hear
beneficence: charity
benign: kind, gentle, benevolent, loving, kindly
buoyant: cheerful, optimistic, joyous, light-hearted, happy
cavalcade: company of riders or carriages
celestial: heavenly
chaotic: confused, disturbed
commodity: necessary article
commune: talk, communicate
congregate: gather

contemptuous: scornful
countenance: face, appearance, bearing
counterpart: copy, duplication, likeness
cultivate: prepare, till, foster
decease: death
discern: see or understand, distinguish
draught: drink
edifice: building
editor: one who has charge of a publication
emulation: rivalry, effort to excel or equal, competition
endowment: gift
exterior: outside
faculty: gift, power
harbinger: bird that brings news or tidings
ignoble: unworthy, of low birth, common
illustrious: noted, brilliant, famous
inevitably: unavoidably
inscrutable: mysterious, not easily understood
intact: whole, unharmed, uninjured
involuntarily: without one's own will's acting
lofty: high, noble, inspiring, towering, worthy, superb
majestic: queenly, noble, grand, magnificent, manly
manifestation: sign, evidence, proof, exhibition, display, show
militia: a body of troops
ode: a poem suited to being sung
pensive: thoughtful, dreamy, wistful, meditative
perpendicular: straight, exactly upright or vertical
phenomenon: miracle, strange or unusual happening
philanthropist: one who loves his fellow men
physiognomy: face
potentate: ruler
precipice: deep overhanging rock
prophecy: foretelling of something to come
purport: meaning, import
relic: something that is left, remainder, souvenir
reverberating: echoing, vibrating, resounding
ruthlessly: cruelly, pitilessly
similitude: likeness, similarity
sordid: unworthy, base, common
spawn: issue
sylvan: woody, rural, country-like, woodsy, green, pastoral
Titanic: like Titan, a demi-god and a giant of great power; enormous, vast, great
transmutation: change
truculent: ruthless, destructive, fierce
veneration: respect, reverence
verdant: green, fresh
vista: view, prospect

Nathaniel Hawthorne

In a severe, modest little house on a "side street" in Salem, Massachusetts, Nathaniel Hawthorne was born, July 4, 1804. As you peer at the quaint old house, and as you go through room after old-fashioned room of the famous House of the Seven Gables near by, you seem to be greeting old friends, so clearly has Hawthorne painted the atmosphere of loneliness and Puritanical convention.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

It is not hard to imagine the little fatherless boy gazing out to sea and wondering why his father did not come home; the lonely widow trying to comfort the little four-year-old who cannot understand about the sea captain's last long journey.

After a lonely, sensitive boyhood, Hawthorne entered Bowdoin College, where he made several life-long friends, among whom were Horatio Bridge and Franklin Pierce. Hawthorne's friends encouraged him in his literary efforts, helped publish his work, and made him accept loans of money when he was in need.

His marriage and family life were ideally happy. He had not enjoyed the routine of the Boston Custom-house, nor his experiences at the literary colony of Brook Farm, but when he settled in the Old Manse in Concord, he found congenial friends in Emerson,

Thoreau, and their group, and later, through Pierce, secured a position in the Salem Customhouse. When his term was completed, the great writer took his family to the Berkshires for a year; then to West Newton, and again to Concord, where he wrote *The Life of Franklin Pierce*. When Pierce became President, he made Hawthorne consul at Liverpool. Next followed several years of travel and of living in Italy and England, while Hawthorne filled his famous notebook with valuable impressions and word sketches of people and manners, and worked on his novels. Hawthorne brought his family home to the Wayside in Concord in 1860, and died four years later. When you go to Concord, you will see the homes of Hawthorne and the other great American writers who loved its beautiful serenity.

Among Hawthorne's works are *Twice Told Tales*, *Tanglewood Tales*, *Ethan Brand*, *The Scarlet Letter*, *The House of the Seven Gables*, *A Wonder Book for Boys and Girls*, *The Blithedale Romance*, *The Marble Faun*, *Mosses from an Old Manse*.

Questions and Topics for Study

1. What was the origin of the legend of the Great Stone Face?

2. What kind of people still had faith in the prophecy? What kind of people believed it an "idle tale"?

3. Explain in what way the valley might have owed its fertility to the influence of the Great Stone Face.

4. Of what importance was it to Ernest to form high ideals so early?

5. Why could Ernest see what other people could not?

6. Where might chapter division be made in this story? Give each chapter a brief title. Choose the one that best fits the thought of the section.

7. What is the significance of each proper name in this story?

8. Name other authors who you know use names allegorically.

9. Describe Mr. Gathergold.

10. Does Ernest desert his ideal even when the prophecy is not fulfilled?

11. Explain in what way the noble mountain could teach Ernest.

12. Compare Ernest's meditation about the mountain with the poem, *I Have an Understanding with the Hills*, by Grace Hazard Conkling, whose daughter Hilda's verse you probably know.

13. How may people who cannot see the mountains keep their thoughts upon the heights?

14. What other features of nature might inspire you to hold high ideals?

15. Why do you think the people twice applauded the wrong man?

16. Give the reasons that Ernest's neighbors did not see his resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

17. Can you find a sentence that gives the secret of Ernest's strength and purity of manhood?

18. Why did Old Stony Phiz's eyes look weary?

19. Can you think of any Americans who were like Ernest?

20. Why did Ernest like the great poet's work?
21. Compare Ernest and the poet.
22. Why were Ernest's words helpful to people?
23. Do you think that the people would ever have found, without the poet's insight, that Ernest was like the Face?
24. Are you disappointed because Ernest does not believe that the prophecy is fulfilled?
25. What qualities make him hope still to see a wiser and better man than he is?
26. Who do you think does more good, the famous poet whose life is unworthy, or the good man who lives in a small place, as Ernest did?
27. Give the conversation between Ernest and the poet. What are the *household words* mentioned?

Suggestions and Titles for Oral and Written Composition

1. An allegory in which Riches, Military Power, Statesmanship, Social Position, Genius, and Strength of Character figure.
2. Ernest in Boyhood
3. Ernest in Youth
4. Ernest in Middle Age
5. Ernest in Old Age
6. My Aims
7. The Great Stone Face as a Symbol
8. Sir High Ideals Conquers Sir False Standards
9. Emerson, the Original of Ernest
10. Andrew Jackson, Old Blood-and-Thunder
11. Daniel Webster, Old Stony Phiz
12. Pulpit Rock

13. The Cañon
14. A Story My Mother Told Me
15. On Friendship
16. Famous Friendships
17. Ideals of Friendship
18. Why I Like *Who Owns the Mountains?* by Henry van Dyke

A LIST OF GOOD STORIES

FOLKLORE, LEGENDS, AND HEROES

Babbitt, E. C.: *Jataka Tales — More Jataka Tales*

Baldwin, James: *Story of Siegfried — Sampo: Hero Adventures from the Finnish Kalevala*

Blumenthal, Verra de: *Folk Tales from the Russian*

Buckley, Elsie Finnimore: *Children of the Dawn*

Bulfinch, Thomas: *Legends of Charlemagne — The Age of Chivalry, or the Legends of King Arthur*

Carrick, Valery: *Russian Picture Tales*

Chapin, A. A.: *Tales from Wagner*

Church, A. J.: *The Iliad for Boys and Girls — The Odyssey for Boys and Girls*

Colum, Padraic: *The Boy Who Knew What the Birds Said — The Adventures of Odysseus and the Tale of Troy — The Children of Odin — Boy of Eirinn — The Children's Homer — The King of Ireland's Son — The Golden Fleece and the Heroes Who Lived before Achilles*

Comstock, Harriet T.: *A Boy of a Thousand Years Ago*

Cooper, Frederic T.: *An Argosy of Fables*

Coussens, Penrhyn W.: *The Jade Story Book*

Cox, John Harrington: *A Chevalier of Old France*

Curtin, Jeremiah: *Hero-Tales of Ireland — Wonder-Tales from Russia*

Darton, F. J. Harvey: *A Wonder Book of Old Romance*

Davis, E. C.: *Tales of Serbian Life*
Dunlap, Maurice: *Stories of the Vikings*
Eastman, Elaine G.: *Indian Legends Retold*
Eels, Elsie S.: *The Islands of Magic*
Evans, C. S.: *Reynard the Fox*
Fillmore, Parker: *The Laughing Prince — Mighty Mikko*
Fleming, R. M.: *Ancient Tales from Many Lands — Stories from the Early World*
French, Allen: *The Story of Rolf and the Viking's Bow — The Story of Grettir the Strong*
French, Harry W.: *The Lance of Kanana*
Glinski, A. J.: *Polish Fairy Tales*
Greene, Francis N., and Dolly Kirk: *With Spurs of Gold: Heroes of Chivalry and Their Deeds*
Grierson, Elizabeth: *Children's Tales from Scottish Ballads — Children's Book of Celtic Stories*
Hall, Maude M.: *Ballads and Other Narrative Poems*
Hare, Christopher: *Bayard*
Harris, Joel Chandler: *Nights with Uncle Remus — Uncle Remus and His Friends — Uncle Remus and the Little Boy — Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings — Uncle Remus Returns*
Hawthorne, Nathaniel: *Wonder Book — Tanglewood Tales*
Hearn, Lafcadio: *Japanese Fairy Tales*
Herzberg, Max J.: *Myths and Their Meaning*
Irving, Washington: *The Alhambra — Dolph Heyliger — Rip Van Winkle — The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*
Jacobs, Joseph: *Book of Wonder Voyages*
Janvier, Thomas Allibone: *Aztec Treasure-House — In the Sargasso Sea*

Jewett, Eleanore Myers: *Wonder Tales from Tibet — Egyptian Tales of Magic*

Judson, Katharine B.: *Old Crow Stories — Old Crow and His Friends*

Kingsley, Charles: *Hereward, the Wake — The Heroes, or Greek Fairy Tales — The Odyssey*

Laboulaye, E. R. L. de: *Abdullah — The Quest of the Four-Leaved Clover*

Lamb, Charles: *Adventures of Ulysses*

Lamprey, L.: *Children of Ancient Britain — Children of Ancient Rome — Children of Ancient Greece*

Lanier, Sidney: *Knightly Legends of Wales, or the Boy's Mabinogion — The Boy's King Arthur — The Boy's Percy*, from Bishop Thomas Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*

Larned, W. T.: *American Indian Fairy Tales*

Leland, Charles G.: *Algonquin Legends of New England*

Mabie, Hamilton Wright: *Myths Every Child Should Know — Norse Stories*

MacGregor, Mary: *Story of France*

MacKenzie, D. A.: *Wonder Tales from Scottish Myth and Legend*

MacLeod, Mary: *A Book of Ballad Stories — Stories from "The Faerie Queene"*

Malory, Sir Thomas: *The Boy's King Arthur*

Morris, William: *Stories of the Earthly Paradise*

Newbolt, H. J.: *The Book of the Happy Warrior*

O'Hagan, John A. M.: *The Song of Roland*

Pease, Cyril A.: *The Toils and Travels of Odysseus*

Percy, W. C.: *The Boys' Iliad*

Plummer, Mary Wright: *Stories from the Chronicle of the Cid*

Porter, Jane: *Scottish Chiefs*

Poulsson, Emilie and Laura: *Top of the World Stories*

Pyle, Howard: *Men of Iron — The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood — The Story of the Grail and the Passing of Arthur — The Story of the Champion of the Round Table — The Story of King Arthur and His Knights*

Pyle, Katherine: *Tales of Folk and Fairies — Wonder Tales Retold*

Rasmussen, Knud: *Eskimo Folk Tales*

Remington, Frederic: *The Book of the American Indian*

Renninger, E. D.: *The Story of Rustum and Other Persian Hero Tales from Firdusi*

Riis, Jacob A.: *Hero Tales of the Far North*

Rolleston, T. W.: *The High Deeds of Finn*

Scudder, Horace E.: *The Children's Book of Fables and Folk Stories*

Shedlock, M.: *Eastern Stories and Legends*

Smedley, Constance, and Anne Armfield: *Tales from Timbuktu — Wonder Tales of the World*

Smith, N. G. R.: *Una and the Red Cross Knight, and Other Tales from Spenser's "Faerie Queene"*

Spence, Lewis: *Legends and Romances of Brittany*

Stedman, Amy: *Legends and Stories of Italy for Children*

Steele, Edward R.: *A Russian Garland of Fairy Tales*

Tappan, E. M.: *In the Days of Alfred the Great — Robin Hood: His Book*

Tatlock, Jessie M.: *Greek and Roman Mythology*

Tolstoi, Count L. N.: *The Long Exile and Other Stories*
Wheeler, Post: *Russian Wonder Tales*
Williston, T. P.: *Japanese Fairy Tales*
Wilmot-Buxton, E. M.: *Stories of Norse Heroes, from the Eddas and Sagas — Stories from Old French Romance — Stories of Persian Heroes*
Yeats, W. B.: *Irish Fairy and Folk Tales*

FAMOUS STORIES RETOLD

Carter, Thomas: *Stories from Shakespeare*
Cunningham, Susan: *Stories from Dante*
Darton, F. J. H.: *Story of the Canterbury Pilgrims*
Dawson, L. H.: *Stories from "The Faerie Queene"*
Lamb, Charles and Mary: *Tales from Shakespeare*
MacLeod, Mary: *Shakespeare Story Book*
McSpadden, J. W.: *Stories from Chaucer*
Pierce, Grace Adele: *The Red Cross Knight*
Tappan, E. M.: *The Chaucer Story Book*

MYSTERY STORIES

Beard, Dan: *The Black Wolf Pack*
Green, Fitzhugh: *The Mystery of the Eric*
Knipe, E. B. and A. A.: *The Flower of Fortune*
Lange, D.: *Lost in the Fur Country*
Meigs, Cornelia: *The Pool of Stars*
Singmaster, Elsie: *John Baring's House*
Smith, Elva S.: *Mystery Tales*
Snell, Roy J.: *Mystery Stories for Boys — The Purple Flame*

STORIES OF THE OUT-OF-DOORS

Alexander, Charles: *The Fang in the Forest*
Allen, Alice: *Little Aunt Emmie*
Baker, Olaf: *Dusty Star — Shasta of the Wolves*
Baynes, Ernest Harold: *Jimmy — Polaris, the Story of an Eskimo Dog — The Sprite*
Beard, Dan C.: *American Boys' Book of Wild Animals*
Bertelli, Luigi: *Prince and His Ants*
Bonsels, Waldemar: *Adventures of Maya the Bee*
Chaillu, Paul du: *Wild Life under the Equator*
Derieux, Samuel A.: *Animal Personalities*
Eaton, Walter Prichard: *On the Edge of the Wilderness*
Fabre, J. H.: *Insect Adventures*
Farrar, Captain Charles A. J.: *Wild Woods Life, or, A Trip to Parmachenee*
Fraser, William A.: *Mooswa*
Gautier, Judith: *The Memoirs of a White Elephant*
Grahame, Kenneth: *The Wind in the Willows*
Greene, Anne Bosworth: *Greylight*
Hawkins, Chauncy J.: *Ned Brewster's Year in the Big Woods*
Hooker, F. C.: *Star: the Story of an Indian Pony*
Hornibrook, Isabel: *Camp and Trail*
Kellogg, Vernon: *Insect Stories*
Kent, Rockwell: *Wilderness*
Lange, D.: *In the Great Wild North — The Threat of Sitting Bull — The Lure of the Mississippi*
London, Jack: *The Call of the Wild*
Loti, Pierre: *Iceland Fisherman*
Maeterlinck, Maurice: *Children's Life of the Bee*
Mills, Enos A.: *The Grizzly — Your National Parks —*

The Story of Scotch — The Story of a Thousand-Year Pine

Muir, John: *Stickeen*

Norwood, Edwin P.: *The Adventures of Diggeldy Dan*

Roberts, C. G. D.: *Kindred of the Wild*

Schwartz, Julia: *Wilderness Babies — Wonderful Little Lives*

Seton, Ernest Thompson: *Biography of a Silver Fox — Lives of the Hunted — Two Little Savages — Wild Animals I Have Known*

Sexton, Bernard: *Gray Wolf Stories — Indian Mystery Tales of Coyote, Animals, and Men*

Snell, Roy J.: *Captain Kituk — Soolook, Wild Boy*

Squier, Emma Lindsay: *On Autumn Trails — The Wild Heart*

Stefansson, Vilhjalmur, and Violet Irwin: *Kak, the Copper Eskimo*

St. Nicholas: *Outdoor Stories Retold*

Underwood, W. L.: *Wild Brother*

Whitney, Elliott: *Boss of the Bighorns*

SEA STORIES

Bullen, Frank: *The Cruise of the Cachalot*

Carey, Arthur A.: *Boy Scouts at Sea*

Dana, Richard: *Two Years before the Mast — Great Sea Stories — Great Pirate Stories — Sagas of the Seas*

Hawes, Charles Boardman: *The Great Quest — The Dark Frigate*

Kipling, Rudyard: *Captains Courageous, a Story of the Grand Banks*

Marryat, Captain Frederick: *Masterman Ready*

Melville, Herman: *Moby Dick*
Slocum, Joshua: *Sailing Alone around the World*
Tucker, George F.: *The Boy Whaleman*
Verne, Jules: *Around the World in Eighty Days — Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea*
Verrill, A. Hyatt: *Deep Sea Hunters in the Frozen Seas*

TRUE STORIES

Boyeson, H. H.: *Boyhood in Norway*
Demetrios, George: *When I Was a Boy in Greece*
Driggs, Laurence La Tourette: *Heroes of Aviation*
Eastman, Charles A.: *Indian Boyhood — From the Deep Woods to Civilization — Indian Heroes and Great Chieftains*
Fitzhugh, Percy K.: *Boy's Book of Scouts*
Godoy, Mercedes: *When I Was a Girl in Mexico*
Grenfell, Wilfred: *Adrift on an Icepan*
Grinnell, George Bird: *Trails of the Pathfinders*
Groot, Cornelia de: *When I Was a Girl in Holland*
Haworth, Paul Leland: *The Trail-Makers of the Northwest*
Hunter, George McPherson: *When I Was a Boy in Scotland*
Johnston, Charles H. L.: *Famous Scouts*
Kaleel, Mousa J.: *When I Was a Boy in Palestine*
Landor, A. H. S.: *In the Forbidden Land*
Lang, Andrew: *The True Story Book*
Lanier, H. W.: *The Book of Bravery*
Lee, Yan Phou: *When I Was a Boy in China*
Maclean, J. K.: *Heroes of the Farthest North and Farthest South*

McMurry, C. A.: *Pioneers of the Rocky Mountains and the West*
Meeker, Ezra: *Ox-Team Days on the Oregon Trail*
Mirza, Youel B.: *When I Was a Boy in Persia*
Mokrievitch-Deborgory, Vladimir: *When I Was a Boy in Russia*
Moore, Rebecca Deming: *When They Were Girls*
Newbolt, Sir Henry: *Book of the Blue Sea — Book of the Happy Warrior*
Parkman, Francis: *The Oregon Trail*
Parkman, M. R.: *Fighters for Peace — Heroines of Service*
Patteson, S. Louise: *When I Was a Girl in Switzerland*
Peary, Josephine D.: *Children of the Arctic — The Snow Baby*
Riis, J. A.: *The Making of an American*
Roosevelt, Theodore: *Stories of the Great West*
Roy, Satyananda: *When I Was a Boy in India*
Sabin, Edwin L.: *Boy's Book of Frontier Fighters — Buffalo Bill and the Overland Trail — Boy's Book of Indian Warriors*
Skinner, Harriet Pearl: *Boys Who Became Famous Men*
Stefansson, Vilhjalmur: *Hunters of the Great North*
Stimpson, Mary Stoyell: *The Child's Book of American Biography — The Child's Book of English Biography*
Synge, M. D.: *Book of Discoveries*
Teslaar, Dr. J. S. van: *When I Was a Boy in Roumania*
Tomlinson, Everett T.: *Scouting with Daniel Boone — Scouting with Kit Carson*
Trolle-Steenstrup, H.: *When I Was a Boy in Denmark*
Turley, Charles: *Voyages of Captain Scott*

Wade, Mary Hazelton: *The Wonder-Workers — The Light-Bringers — Pilgrims of To-day — Leaders to Liberty — Real Americans — The Trail-Blazers*
Wallace, Dillon: *The Long Labrador Trail*
Washington, B. T.: *Up from Slavery*
White, Stewart Edward: *Daniel Boone: Wilderness Scout*

STORIES OF ADVENTURE

Allen, Charles F.: *David Crockett, Scout*
Allen, Willis Boyd: *Cleared for Action*
Altsheler, Joseph A.: *The Horseman of the Plains — The Last of the Chiefs — The Young Trailers — The Texan Triumph*
Ames, Joseph B.: *The Curly Graham Series*
Bridges, T. C.: *Men of the Mist*
Brooks, Noah: *The Boy Emigrants — The Boy Settlers*
Buchan, John: *A Book of Escapes and Hurried Journeys — The Last Secrets — A Lodge in the Wilderness*
Burleigh, Clarence B.: *All Among the Loggers — The Young Guide*
Caldwell, Frank: *Wolf, the Storm Leader*
Canavan, Michael Joseph: *Ben Comee*
Chaillu, Paul du: *Stories of the Gorilla Country*
Cobb, Bertha B. and Ernest: *Anita*
Cooper, James Fenimore: *The Last of the Mohicans*
Defoe, Daniel: *The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*
DeMille, James: *Fire in the Woods*
Dix, Beulah Marie: *Merrylips*
Doyle, A. Conan: *The White Company*

Driggs, Laurence La Tourette: *Arnold Adair with the English Aces*
Dubois, Mary G.: *Elinor Arden, Royalist*
Dumas, Alexandre: *The Count of Monte Cristo*
Duncan, Norman: *Billy Topsail, M. D.*
Fitzpatrick, Sir James P.: *Jock of the Bushveld*
Garland, Hamlin: *The Long Trail*
Gregor, Elmer R.: *Jim Mason, Backwoodsman — Spotted Deer — Red Arrow — Running Fox*
Grinnell, George Bird: *Jack, the Young Ranchman*
Hawkes, Clarence B.: *Silversheene — The Mutineers*
Herzberg, Max J.: *Stories of Adventure*
Holland, Rupert S.: *Knights of the Golden Spur*
Howden-Smith, Arthur D.: *The Doom Trail — Beyond the Sunset*
Kauffman, Reginald Wright: *The Ranger of the Susquehannock*
Kingsley, Charles: *Westward Ho!*
Lange, D.: *The Iroquois Scout — The Lure of the Black Hills — The Raid of the Ottawa — The Silver Island of the Chippewa — The Silver Cache of the Pawnee*
La Varre, William J.: *Up the Mazaruni for Diamonds*
London, Jack: *Brown Wolf and Other Stories — The Call of the Wild*
Longstreth, T. Morris: *The Silent Five*
Masefield, John: *Martin Hyde, the Duke's Messenger*
Mason, Alfred B.: *Tom Strong, Washington's Scout — Tom Strong, Lincoln's Scout*
Mason, A. E. W.: *Four Feathers*
McLane, F. Moulton: *Boy Scouts of the Lighthouse Troop*

Miller, Leo E.: *Adrift on the Amazon*
Moon, Grace: *Lost Indian Magic*
Moran, George N.: *Kwahu, the Hopi Indian Boy*
Munroe, Kirk: *Golden Days of '49 — The Flamingo Feather*
Nordhoff, Charles: *The Pearl Lagoon*
Otis, James: *Toby Tyler, or Ten Weeks with a Circus — The Life Savers*
Pendleton, L. B.: *King Tom and the Runaways — In the Camp of the Creeks*
Pollock, F. L.: *Wilderness Honey*
Pyle, Howard: *The Book of Pirates*
Rihbany, Abraham Mitrie: *Hidden Treasure of Rasmola*
Rolt-Wheeler, Francis: *A Boy with the U. S. Foresters — The Gem Hunters*
Schultz, J. W.: *Lone Bull's Mistake — The Quest of the Fish-dog Skin — With the Indians in the Rockies — The Bird Woman — The Danger Trail*
Sprague, W. C.: *Davy Crockett*
Stevenson, Robert Louis: *The Black Arrow — Treasure Island*
Thompson, Arthur R.: *Gold-Seeking on the Dalton Trail*
Tomlinson, E. T.: *Scouting with Daniel Boone*
Vèrne, Jules: *The Lighthouse at the End of the World*
Verrill, A. Hyatt: *The Boy Adventurers in the Unknown Land*
Wallace, Dillon: *The Lure of the Labrador Wild — The Long Labrador Trail — The Wilderness Castaways*
White, Stewart Edward: *Gold — The Blazed Trail — The Magic Forest*
Wyss, Johann David: *Swiss Family Robinson*

Appendix

BOOKS THAT WILL HELP YOU TO UNDERSTAND HISTORY

Andrews, M. R. S.: *The Counsel Assigned — The Perfect Tribute*

Blaisdell, A. F., and Francis K. Ball: *Heroic Deeds of American Sailors — Pioneers of America — The American History Story-Book — The English History Story-Book*

Boylan, Grace Duffie: *The Pipes of Clovis*

Brooks, E. S.: *Story of the First Empire*

Bullard, F. Lauriston: *Tad and His Father*

Coffin, Charles: *Building the Nation*

Eggleston, George Cary: *Long Knives*

Hasbrouck, Louise S.: *The Boy's Parkman*

Holland, Rupert S.: *The Historic Series*

Huntington, H. S.: *His Majesty's Sloop, Diamond Rock*

Inman, H. E.: *The Ranch on the Oxhide*

Johnson, William Henry: *French Pathfinders in North America*

Lamprey, Louise: *Children of Ancient Rome — Days of the Colonists*

Lange, D.: *On the Trail of the Sioux — The Shawnee's Warning*

Marryat, Frederick: *Children of the New Forest*

Martineau, Harriet: *The Peasant and the Prince; a Story of the French Revolution*

Meigs, Cornelia: *Master Simon's Garden*

Monvel, Boutet de: *Joan of Arc*

Munroe, Kirk: *At War with Pontiac*

Plutarch: *Boys' and Girls' Plutarch*, parts of the *Lives* of Plutarch

Pyle, Howard: *Men of Iron*
Scott, Sir Walter: *Ivanhoe — Quentin Durward — The Talisman*
Seaman, Augusta H.: *Jacqueline of the Carrier Pigeons*
Smith, Mary P. Wells: *The Young Puritans Series — The Old Deerfield Series — The Boy Captive in Canada — Boys of the Border — Boys and Girls of Seventy-Seven*
Snedeker, Caroline Dale: *The Spartan*
Stein, Evaleen: *Gabriel and the Hour Book — Troubadour Tales*
Tappan, Eva March: *In the Days of Alfred the Great — In the Days of William the Conqueror — In the Days of Queen Elizabeth — In the Days of Queen Victoria*
True, John Preston: *Stuart Schuyler Series — Scouting for Washington — Morgan's Men — On Guard against Tory and Tarleton — Scouting for Light-Horse Harry*
Van Loon, H. W.: *The Story of Mankind*
Wallace, Lew: *Ben Hur*
Watson, Virginia: *With La Salle the Explorer — With Cortés the Conqueror*
Wells, R. F.: *With Caesar's Legions*
Wilmot-Buxton, E. M.: *Jeanne d'Arc*

STORIES ABOUT DOGS

Atkinson, Mrs. Eleanor S.: *Greyfriars Bobby*
Brown, John: *Rab and His Friends*
Darling, Esther B.: *Baldy of Noms*
Davis, Richard Harding: *The Bar Sinister*
Derieux, Samuel A.: *Frank of Freedom Hill*
Ives, Sarah N.: *Dog Heroes of Many Lands*

Ollivant, Alfred: *Bob, Son of Battle*
Roberts, C. G. D.: *Jim: Story of the Backwoods Police Dog*
Terhune, Albert Payson: *Lad, a Dog — The Heart of a Dog*

STORIES ABOUT GIRLS

Abbott, Jane: *Laughing Last*
Adams, Katherine: *The Silver Tarn*
Anthony, Lotta Rowe: *The Woodcraft League Books*
Barret, Katherine Ellis: *Girls of the High Sierras*
Blanchard, Amy E.: *A Girl of '76*
Brazil, Angela: *Captain Peggie — Schoolgirl Life in England*
Burnett, Frances H.: *Sara Crewe*
Bush, Bertha E.: *A Prairie Rose*
Chase, Mary Ellen: *The Girl from the Big Horn Country — Virginia of Eels Creek Valley — Sure Dwellings* (*Harper's*, November, 1919) — *Marigolds* (*Harper's*, May, 1919) — *Upland Pastures* (*Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1922) — *The Waste of the Ointment* (*Pictorial Review*, July, 1921) — *Mary Christmas*
Comstock, Harriet T.: *Camp Brave Pine*
Coolidge, Susan: *The Katy Did Series*
Duggan, Janie Prichard: *Little Cuba Libre*
Eastman, Elaine G.: *Yellow Star*
Ellis, Katharine Ruth: *The Wide Awake Girls Series*
Fleming, Marjorie: *Marjorie Fleming's Book*
Gerry, Margarita Spalding: *The Philippa Series*
Hendryx, James B.: *The Connie Morgan Series*

Hooker, Mrs. Forrestine (Cooper): *The Little House on the Desert*

Hornibrook, Isabel: *Ann of Seacrest High — Pemrose Lorry, Camp Fire Girl — Pemrose Lorry, Radio Amateur — Pemrose Lorry, Sky Sailor — Girls of the Morning-Glory Camp Fire — Camp Fire Girls and Mount Greylock*

Hunt, Clara Whitehill: *The Little House in the Woods*

Jackson, Helen Hunt: *Nelly's Silver Mine — Ramona*

Jacobs, C. D.: *Texas Blue Bonnet*

Jarnigin, Dorothy: *Mardee Gray's Choice*

Knipe, E. B. and A. A.: *Powder, Patches, and Patty*

Lagerlöf, Selma: *Liljecrona's Home*

Larcom, Lucy: *A New England Girlhood*

London, Jack: *Dutch Courage and Other Stories*

MacGowan, Alice: *A Girl of the Plains Country*

Martin, G. M.: *Emmy Lou, Her Book and Heart*

Martineau, Harriet: *Feats on the Fiord: a Tale of Norway*

Matlack, Margaret Moore: *Sergeant Jane*

Montgomery, L. M.: *Anne of Green Gables*

Nash, Harriet A.: *Polly's Secret*

North, Grace May: *The Adele Doring Series*

Ray, Anna Chapin: *The Teddy Books*

Richards, Laura E.: *Margaret Montfort — Peggy — Rita — Fernley House — The Merryweathers — Three Margarets — Queen Hildegarde — Quicksilver Sue*

Richards, Lela Horn: *Then Came Caroline — Caroline at College — Caroline's Career*

Silvers, Earl Reed: *Barry the Undaunted*

Singmaster, Elsie: *Emmeline — When Sarah Saved the Day*

Tappan, Eva March: *Ella: a Little Schoolgirl of the '60's*

Thompson, Adele E.: *Brave Heart Elizabeth — A Lassie of the Isles — Polly of the Pines — American Patty*

Thompson, Judge D. P.: *May Martin and Other Tales of the Green Mountains — The Rangers; or, The Tory's Daughter*

Van Osdel (Janet Thomas): *Betty Barker, a Little Girl with a Big Heart*

Waller, Mary E.: *The Little Citizen — A Daughter of the Rich*

Warde, Margaret: *The Betty Wales Books*

Watkins, Shirley: *Jane Lends a Hand*

Webster, Jean: *Just Patty — When Patty Went to College*

Weikel, Anna Hamlin: *Betty Baird*

Widdemer, Margaret: *Camp Fire Series*

Wiggin, K. D.: *A Cathedral Courtship, and Penelope's English Experiences — Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*

Wray, Angelina W.: *Mother Tucker's Seven*

Zwilgmeyer, Dikken: *Four Cousins — What Happened to Inger Johanne*

STORIES ABOUT BOYS

About, Edmond: *The King of the Mountains*

Amicis, Edmondo de: *Heart: a Schoolboy's Journal*

Bassett, Sara Ware: *Paul and the Printing Press — Steve and the Steam Engine — Ted and the Telephone — Walter and the Wireless — Carl and the Cotton Gin*

Britt, Henry Albert: *The Boy's Own Book of Frontiersmen*

Burgess, Thornton W.: *The Boy Scouts of Woodcraft Camp — The Boy Scouts on Swift River — The Boy Scouts on Lost Trail — The Boy Scouts in a Trapper's Cabin*

Burleigh, Clarence B.: *Raymond Benson at Krampton — The Kenton Pines*

Butler, Ellis Parker: *Jibby Jones and the Alligator*

Carter, Russell Gordon: *Bob Hanson, Eagle Scout*

Coffin, Charles C.: *The Boys of '61*

Corcoran, Brewer: *The Boy Scouts Series*

Davis, Richard Harding: *The Boy Scout, and Other Stories*

DeMille, James: *The "B.O.W.C." — The Boys of Grand Pré School*

Dix, Beulah Marie: *Soldier Rigdale*

Drysdale, William: *Beach Patrol: a Story of the Life-saving Service*

Duggan, Janie Prichard: *The Little Acrobat*

Eastman, Charles A.: *Indian Scout Talks*

Eaton, Walter P.: *Boy Scouts of Katahdin — Boy Scouts of Berkshire — Boy Scouts in the Dismal Swamp — Boy Scouts in the White Mountains — Boy Scouts of the Wildcat Patrol — Peanut, Cub Reporter — Boy Scouts in Glacier Park — Boy Scouts at Crater Lake*

Henry, O.: *The Ransom of Red Chief and Other Stories for Boys*

Heyliger, William: *Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol*

Holland, Rupert Sargent: *Boy Scouts of Birch-Bark Island — Boy Scouts of Snowshoe Lodge — Black-*

beard's Island: a Boy Scout Adventure — The Blue Heron's Feather — Peter Cotterell's Treasure

Hornibrook, Isabel: *Drake of Troup One — Scout Drake in War Time — Coxswain Drake of the Seascouts — Drake and the Adventurers' Cup — From Keel to Kite*

Howells, W D.: *A Boys' Town*

Johnson, Owen: *The Varmint — Stover at Yale*

Kellogg, Elijah: *Elm Island Stories — Pleasant Cove Series — Forest Glen Series — Whispering Pine Series — Good Old Times Series*

Kipling, Rudyard: *The Brushwood Boy — Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Scoutmasters — Kim*

Lange, D.: *The Mohawk Ranger — The Sioux Runner — The Threat of Sitting Bull*

Latham, Harold S.: *At the Sign of the Feather*

Leonard, Edward: *The Silver Prince*

Lerrigo, Charles Henry: *Boy Scouts on Special Service — Boy Scouts of Round Table Patrol*

Lynch, Virginia: *Two Boy Scouts in the Far East*

Lynde, Francis: *The Dick and Larry Series*

Mathiews, Franklin K. (editor): *Boy Scouts' Book of Stories — Boy Scouts' Book of Camp Fire Stories*

McFarlane, Arthur E.: *Redney McGaw*

Miller, Warren H.: *Medicine Gold — Boys' Book of Canoeing — Boys' Book of Hunting — Camp Craft — Camping Out — The Boy Explorer Series*

Platt, R. H.: *Mr. Archer, U. S. A.*

Pollock, F. L.: *Northern Diamonds*

Quirk, Leslie W.: *The Boy Scouts of Lakeville High — The Boy Scouts of Black Eagle Patrol — The Boy Scouts on Crusade*

Rolt-Wheeler, Francis: *The Boy with the U. S. Indians*
Schultz, James W.: *Seizer of Eagles — The War Trail Fort — Lone Bull's Mistake — Rising Wolf, the White Blackfoot — Plumed Snake Medicine*
Scoville, Samuel, Jr.: *Boy Scouts in the Wilderness*
Theiss, Lewis E.: *Wireless Stories*
Thompson, Judge D. P. : *The Green Mountain Boys*
Thurston, Ida T.: *The Scoutmaster of Troop 5*
Trowbridge, J. T.: *The Drummer Boy — The Three Scouts — Neighbor Jackwood — Coupon Bonds — Cudjo's Cave*
Van Bergen, R.: *A Boy of Old Japan*
Wallace, Dillon: *Troop One of the Labrador — Ungava Bob*
Warner, C. D.: *Being a Boy*
White, W. A.: *The Court of Boyville*
Zollinger, Guilelma: *Widow O'Callahan's Boys*

HUMOROUS STORIES

Aldrich, T. B.: *Marjorie Daw*
Carroll, Lewis: *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*
Daskam, Josephine Dodge: *The Madness of Philip and Other Stories*
Defoe, Daniel: *The Apparition of Mrs. Veal*
Dickens, Charles: *The Magic Fishbone*
Dudley, A. T.: *The King's Powder*
Hale, Lucretia P.: *The Peterkin Papers — The Last of the Peterkins*
Hegan, A. C.: *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*
Irwin, Wallace: *Mr. Togo, Maid of All Work*

Jerome, J. K.: *Three Men in a Boat (To Say Nothing of the Dog)*

Jessup, Alexander: *Best American Humorous Stories*

Leacock, Stephen: *Nonsense Novels — Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town — Behind the Beyond*

Lear, Edward: *Nonsense Books*

Lofting, Hugh: *The Story of Mrs. Tubbs — The Story of Dr. Dolittle — The Voyages of Dr. Dolittle — Dr. Dolittle's Post Office*

Shute, Henry A.: *The Real Diary of a Real Boy — Sequil*

Stockton, Frank R.: *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine — Rudder Grange — The Queen's Museum and Other Fanciful Tales*

Swift, Jonathan: *Gulliver's Travels*

Tarkington, Booth: *Penrod — Penrod and Sam — Seventeen*

Tassin, Algernon: *The Rainbow String*

Thackeray, William M.: *The Rose and the Ring*

Thomas, Mary Roenah: *The Young Folks' Book of Mirth*

Twain, Mark: *Traveling with a Reformer — The Jumping Frog — The $1,000,000 Bank Note*

Webster, Jean: *Daddy-Long-Legs*

Wiggin, Kate Douglas, and Nora A. Smith: *Tales of Laughter*

CHRISTMAS STORIES

Alden, Raymond: *Why the Chimes Rang*

Coolidge, Susan: *The New Year's Bargain*

Dickens, Charles: *A Christmas Carol*

Dickinson, A. D., and A. M. Skinner: *Children's Book of Christmas Stories*
Dier, J. C.: *The Children's Book of Christmas*
Field, Eugene: *Christmas Tales*
Howells, W. D.: *Christmas Every Day and Other Stories*
Irving, Washington: *Old Christmas*
Jewett, Sarah Orne: *Betty Leicester's Christmas*
Moore, Anne Carroll: *Nicholas*
Pringle, M. P., and C. A. Urann: *Yule-Tide in Many Lands*
Riis, Jacob A.: *Christmas Stories*
Sawyer, Ruth: *This Way to Christmas*
Schauffler, R. H.: *Christmas*
Smitts, E. S., and A. I. Hazeltine: *Christmas in Legend and Story*
Van Dyke, Henry: *The Story of the Other Wise Man — The First Christmas Tree*
Wiggin, Kate Douglas: *The Birds' Christmas Carol*

STORIES OF WONDERLAND

Armfield, Constance: *Wonder Tales of the World*
Barrie, James M.: *Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens — Story of Peter Pan — Peter and Wendy*
Beston, Henry B.: *The Firelight Fairy Book — The Starlight Wonder Book*
Bonsels, Waldemar: *The Adventures of Maya the Bee*
Bowen, William: *The Enchanted Forest*
Brady, Loretta Ellen: *The Green Forest Fairy Book*
Brown, Alice: *The One-footed Fairy*
Browne, Frances: *Granny's Wonderful Chair, and Its Tales of Fairy Time*

Colum, Padraic: *The Girl Who Sat by the Ashes — The Arabian Nights*

Fillmore, Parker: *Czechoslovak Fairy Tales — The Shoemaker's Apron*

Fouqué, F. de la Motte: *Undine*

Gate, Ethel M.: *The Fortunate Days*

Hearn, Lafcadio: *Japanese Fairy Tales*

Housman, Laurence: *A Doorway in Fairyland*

Lang, Andrew: *The Lang Fairy Book Series*

Leblanc, Georgette (Madame Maurice Maeterlinck): *The Blue Bird for Children*

MacDonald, George: *At the Back of the North Wind*

MacDonnell, A.: *Italian Fairy Book*

Mackenzie, J. K.: *History of a Fortunate Youth*

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